THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER, 1906

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Humours of Translation

A month or two ago we called attention to the very startling title under which the French publishers had presented Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. A recent issue of *T. P.'s Weekly* calls attention to a number of similar humours of translation. For instance, Victor Hugo always translated the Firth of Forth as "the First of the Fourth," and swore that he was right, too; while Disraeli noted with amusement the French rendering of the adjective "woebegone" as "Douleur va-t'-en." An early translator of Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* had it as *La Bride de Lammermoor,*" the second word meaning "bridle"; and the same man rendered "Welsh rabbit" by "Lapin du Pays de Galles." The case of *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour* for *Love's Last Shift* is classic, and when the farce *Hit or Miss* was done into French it almost was billed as *Frappé ou Mademoiselle.* That delightful piece, in which Toole was at his funniest, *Walker, London,* was referred to in a French newspaper as *Londres qui se Promène;* the best that the translator could do for the *Stickit Minister* was *Le Ministre Assassiné.* Surprising, but none the less true, is the version of that line of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* "As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away," which appeared as "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe," the last word signifying the small, burrowing creature we all know. Some time ago a French writer addressed, or wrote of, the Bishop of Sodor and Man as "Monseigneur l'Evêque de Syphon d'Homme."

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Kipling and the Camera

For several years his American publishers have been trying to get from Mr. Kipling a new portrait, but the author, having registered a vow that he had done for all time with facing the camera, their efforts were of no avail. A few weeks ago Mrs. Kipling caught her husband strolling about the garden, in an unguarded moment, and the accompanying picture is the result.

❧

The Latest British Atrocity

We shall leave to Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville, Kentucky, the task of dealing with *The London Sketch.* Soft words and self-restraint are out of the question and our own powers of vituperation are inadequate to the occasion. Our indignation is such that it cannot be expressed, and yet mingled with it there is a certain admiring wonder, for we candidly confess that while we have grown accustomed to the Jefferson Bricks, the Elijah Pograms, and the Wilton Sargents, of British novelists, and have learned to accept with perfect complacency and amusement all that our critics from Dickens to Kipling have had to say, we did not before credit the British mind with the diabolical subtlety which *The Sketch* showed on page 284 of its issue of September 12th last. And what makes

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THE KENTUCKY PEACHES

the atrocity worse is that the tone of *The Sketch* is not one of outspoken enmity. On the contrary, it is oily and unctuous. It is Uriah Heepish. It is Pecksniffian.

Most of our readers will remember the space given in the American newspapers to the trip made by a number of Kentucky women to Europe during the past summer. These travellers were rather flippantly spoken of as "The Kentucky Peaches." When they reached London it appears that a serpent in the employ of the infamous *Sketch* insidiously induced some of them to pose for his camera. The result was the obnoxious page in question. The page bears the heading, "Americans of Whom the Beautiful

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BEN M'CUTCHEON

The third brother in a talented family

Parisiennes were Afraid; 'The Kentucky Peaches': The Most Popular Women in America who Recently Visited England and France." At the bottom of the page there was some reading matter telling how "a number of American ladies, winners in a competition in which the readers of an American journal were asked to name their most popular countrywomen, recently visited England and France. Fair Parisiennes, hearing of their arrival, began to fear for their supremacy, for they had heard that their visitors were the most beautiful women in the United States." Without other comment we reproduce from *The Sketch*.

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MRS. TRYPHOSA BATCHELLER

The author of "Glimpses of Italian Court Life"

Lost Thackerayana

Thackerayana sustained a very serious loss last summer when the collection of Major Lambert of Philadelphia was almost entirely destroyed by fire. This collection was unquestionably the greatest and most interesting one on the subject in existence, and to it its owner had given the best years of his life. It contained the most personal series of letters which Thackeray probably ever wrote—those which he sent to Mrs. Brookfield, for whom he cherished so deep an attachment. While the existence of these letters has long been known to all lovers of Thackerayana, their contents have never been made public. Of all the Lambert collection there were saved only some things of minor importance—the manuscript of the *Rose and the Ring* and several stray letters.

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MARY M'NEILL FENOLLOSA (SIDNEY M'CALL)

Sidney McCall

A pseudonym which caused an unusual amount of conjecture a few years ago was Sidney McCall, the name that appeared upon the title pages of *Truth Dexter* and *The Breath of the Gods.* At the time we ventured the opinion that Sidney McCall was a woman. The publishers of these books, in announcing a new novel from the same pen, *The Dragon Painter,* reveal Sidney McCall as Mary McNeil Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, the well-known critic and writer on Japanese art. The theory that Mr. Fenollosa collaborated in any of his wife's stories is strenuously denied.

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A Curious Edition of "Romola"

Before very long Messrs. McClurg and Company of Chicago are to publish an edition of *Romola,* which will give precision to our knowledge of George Eliot's historical researches and serve, also, to impart an atmosphere of still greater authenticity to her descriptions of Romola's Florence. The value of this edition will be twofold. In the first place, it will contain one hundred and sixty or more photographs, by Alinari and others, of the parts of the Florence that George Eliot chose to mention or describe in her novel. Upon these scenes nothing conspicuously modern has been allowed to intrude. "English spoken" will not glare from shopkeepers' windows; no group of twentieth century cabmen will mar a square where imagination awaits the approach of Savonarola; no automobile, rolling through the dark Via de' Bardi, will dispel all hopes of a glimpse at Romola, as she gazes from her upper casement in search of Tito Melema. Clumsily handled, illustrations of this kind might easily make Florence seem as dead as Pompeii; but as to this we shall know more later. At all events these pictures will unquestionably give sharpness and fixity to our notions of fifteenth century Florence, however they may compare in an artistic sense with the illustrations that Sir Frederick Leighton supplied for the first edition. The second reason why the forthcoming edition of *Romola* will be valuable is this: So far as we are aware, George Eliot left no record of the literary sources from which she derived the erudition displayed in her novel; but now the secret is known, and this is how it came to be discovered: Commendatore Guido Biagi, head of the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana at Florence, who not long ago found in the sanitary archives an official report of the burning of Shelley's body, has now come, with an ingenious simplicity which not all scholars possess, upon the very books that George Eliot studied or perused when she was in Florence, whither she had gone in order to gather material for a novel concerning the time of Savonarola.

MRS. HUGH FRASER

The author of "In the Shadow of the Lord"

It had occurred to Signor Biagi that George Eliot must have gone to the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale rather than to any other library in Florence. Knowing precisely the dates and duration of her visits, he wrote to the library and searched the archives for the slips, then more than fifty years old, upon which he assumed that George Eliot had written her application and her name. Among thousands of slips not one bore the signature that he was seeking. Then, guided by a sudden inspiration, he looked under "Lewes." The surmise was right. Whether on diplomatic grounds, or to save his wife from needless drudgery, Lewes had signed the slips, and thus Signor Biagi discovered the most important literary sources of *Romola*—all, at any rate, that George Eliot consulted while she was in Florence. As for the Commendatore's method, nothing could be more ingenious. Yet how admirably simple! This discovery has something of the charm which one feels for the first time on learning that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points."

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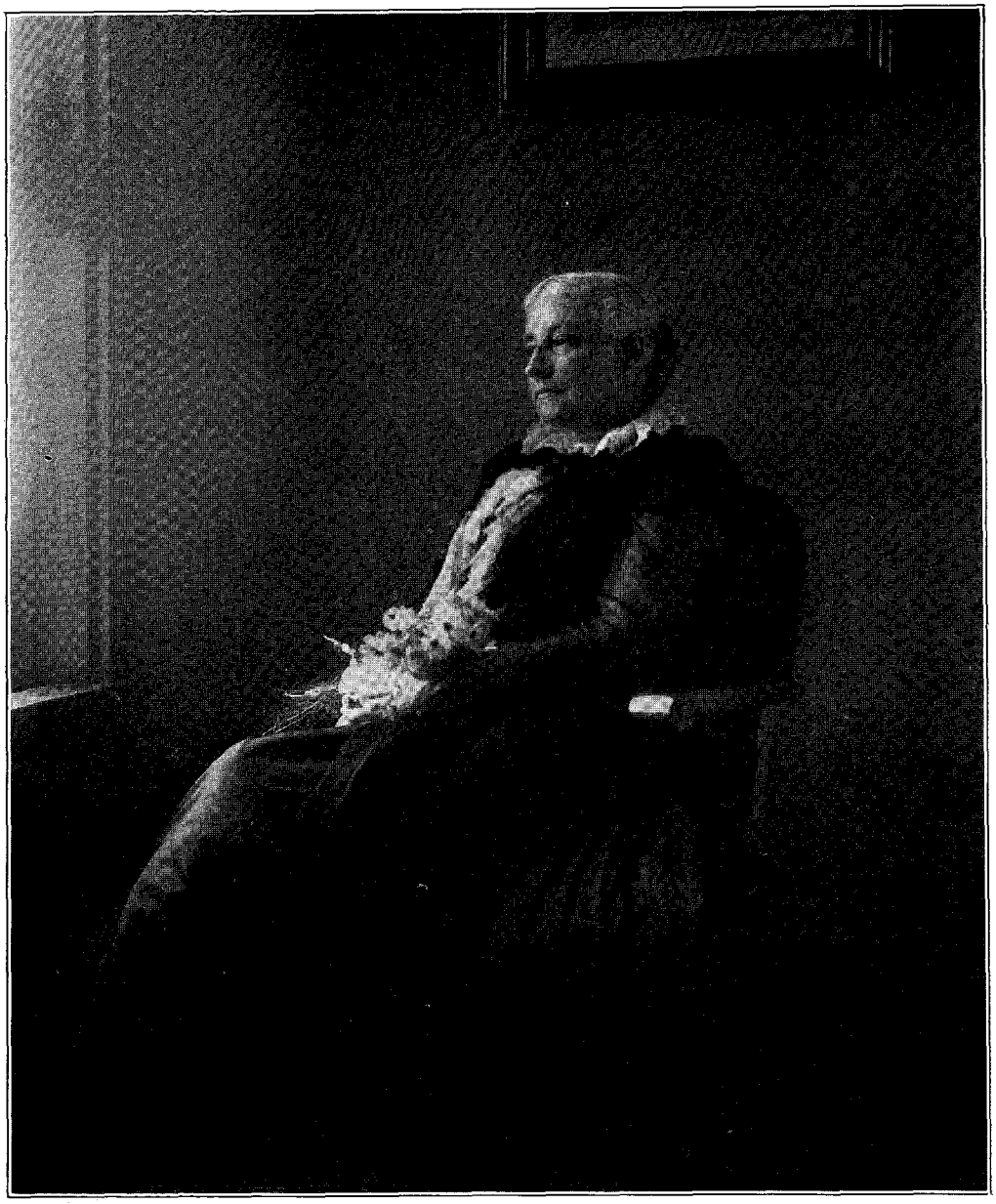

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (MRS. H. D. WARD)

The author of "The Man in the Case"

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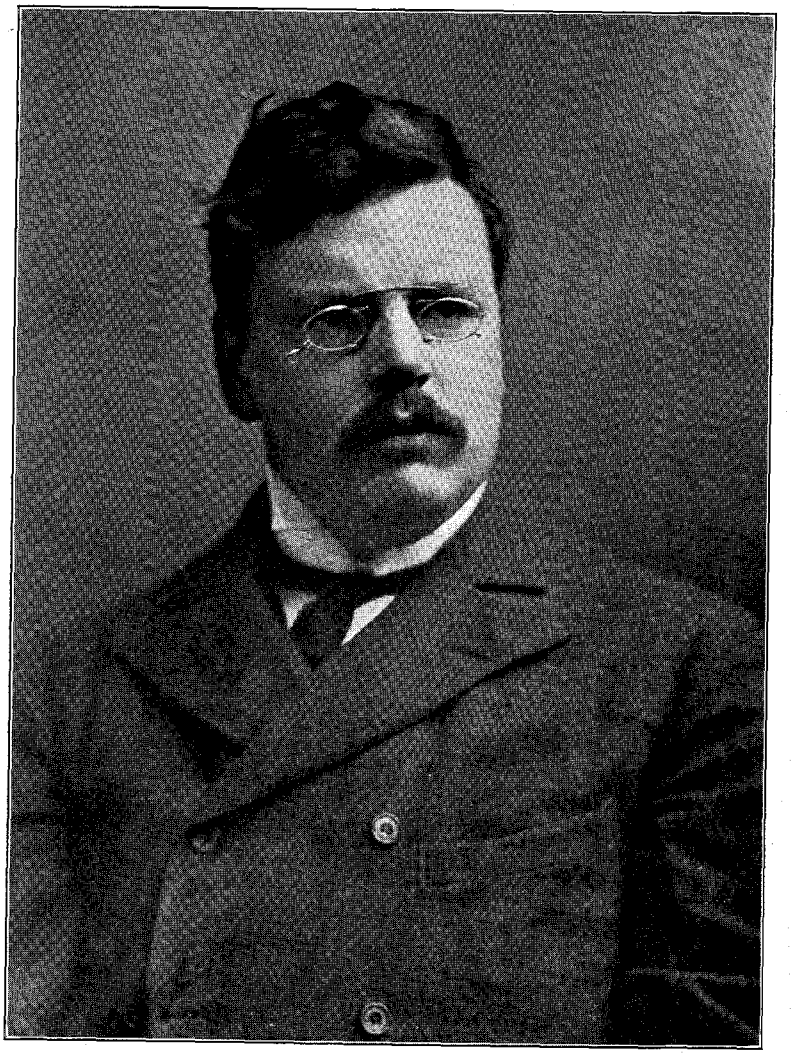

G. K. CHESTERTON

Miss Mary Moss contributes the following:

STUDIES IN STYLE
(G. K. CHESTERTON)

I was going up Fifth Avenue at dinner time; or rather, Fifth Avenue was going up me, the aura of it mounting swiftly, hilariously abundantly into my consciousness with a copious suggestion of shortly breaking out into Blue Points, as the Bronx breaks out in Bear Pits; or rather, as Bear Pits break into the Bronx.

It wasn't that I wanted the Blue Points. It was that the Blue Points wanted me. They wanted me wildly, sanely, courageously as a refuge from the cheap pes-

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simism which refuses Sanctuary to the Oyster too long opened.

Yet who cares whether the waiter serve the Oyster which is dead, since he so perfectly couples it with the Tabasco which cannot die? We know that the Oyster is not clever; but we are not inclined to quarrel with the Oyster because it is not clever. We are more likely to quarrel with cleverness because it is not an Oyster.

❧

The Real Pecksniff

Mr. Chesterton's *Charles Dickens,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has been responsible for a great revival of interest in Dickensiana in England. A great many writers have disagreed with Mr. Chesterton, but no one has ventured to find him uninteresting. One of the most striking of the papers which the book has brought out appeared in the *Independent Review.* It is written by Mr. C. C. Osborne, and deals with the subject "Mr. Pecksniff and His Prototype." According to this article, it has been well known that the original of Dickens's arch humbug was S. C. Hall, for a long time the editor of the *Art Journal.* Mr. Hall was an art critic who knew nothing about art, and who was suspected of taking great advantage of artists. *Punch* used to refer to the *Art Union,* of which Hall was the founder, as "the Pecksniffery." When Hall was involved in a libel action in 1879 several London papers referred to him as Pecksniff. Mr. Osborne, who knew Hall, quotes him as using the following words:

"My dear boy, they say I am Pecksniff! What is there of Pecksniff about me? Do I resemble him in any way? Can any man say I have ever wronged him? Thank God, thank God, I have a clear conscience! The best of all possessions, my dear boy, the best of all possessions; believe me! I will not," continued the venerable speaker, drawing out a huge coloured pocket-handerkchief, and winking with both eyes at once, as it were against his will—"I will not defend myself against such a charge. Every one who knows me knows that I have lived a life of usefulness; that I have tried to do good to my fellow-men; that I have been a good husband, a true friend, an industrious author—I have written and edited over four hundred volumes, and no line has ever come from my pen which as an old man I wish to blot out, no, not one."

At the conclusion of this speech Mr. Hall is pictured as being overcome by emotion, burying his face in the vast folds of his red pocket handkerchief and going through an elaborate attempt to get rid of the superfluous amount of snuff which choked his nose, caked the corners of his mouth, smeared his cheeks and distributed itself over his velvet jacket. Mr. Osborne further, in the following quotations from Dickens, puts phrases that Hall used occasionally into italics: "I think that Mr. Pinch might have done better than choose for his companion one who, at the close of a long intercourse, had endeavoured, as he knew, *to wound my feelings. I am not sure that this was delicate* in Mr. Pinch. *I am not sure that this was kind* in Mr. Pinch. *I will go further and say,* I am not quite sure that this was *even ordinarily grateful* in Mr. Pinch."

❧

"Prisoners"

While the Chesterton *Dickens* has been the book most written about in the English press, there are two novels which are having an unusual amount of attention. These are Miss Mary Cholmondeley's *Prisoners* and William de Morgan's *Joseph Vance.* The tribute to Miss Cholmondeley's book is the more surprising, because it had been anticipated in a pessimistic spirit. Reviewers remembered the big scene in *Red Pottage,* and felt sure that the author could never again approach that in dramatic effect. *Prisoners* has forced them reluctantly to concede that she has introduced a situation which not only equals but surpasses the one in the former novel. But, above all, the English reviewers dwell on Miss Cholmondeley's advance in art. The most conservative journals in their estimates of the book are superlatively outspoken in admiration. Perhaps a typical verdict is that of the London *Academy,* which is never inclined to slop over:

The people who pass over these pages are the ordinary men and women that one meets

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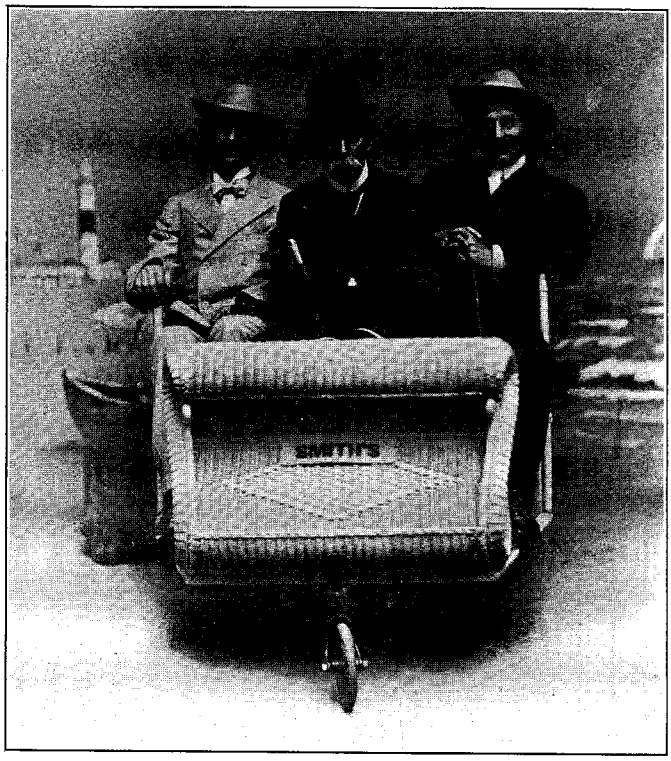

A. B. PAINE. R. W. GILDER. J. LUTHER LONG

in the world. Not one is particularly gifted, not one approaches being anything like a genius, yet they have the passions, ambitions and foibles common to all humanity, and it is in their humanity that the merit of the writer lies. We have seldom read a book that is more suggestive, in the best sense of the word, and conveys to us more of the romance and pain of life which the old minstrels wove into their ballads, and which gives value to the great epics of the past.

The previous work of Miss Cholmondeley was full of promise, but this is more than promise: it is performance. In no modern novel has the female mind been analysed with a more delicate sense. The history of Fay is one to make us wonder that men should ever have sacrificed their lives for a reward so little to be desired as the love of a woman of this kind. Yet it has been so in the past, and we suppose will continue to be so until the end of the world.

There is one line in the *Academy's* criticism which is the keynote of England's opinion of the book. That is that *Prisoners* is more than promise: it is performance.

Mark Twain's Official Biographer

In addition to the autobiographical chapters by Mark Twain which have been appearing in the *North American Review* there is to be an official *Life*. This is to be written by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, whose volume on Thomas Nast was so well received two years ago. Mr. Paine began work on the Mark Twain *Life* last January, and has been with Mr. Clemens a part of almost every day since. Before finishing his task Mr. Paine expects to visit all the principal scenes of Mark Twain's life in this country, and to trace his footsteps in Europe. The accompanying post-card photograph was made in Atlantic City at the time of the Convention of the American Publishers' Association last spring. In the middle is Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, on his left is Mr. John Luther Long, and on his right Mr. Paine.

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FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT IN HER ENGLISH GARDEN

The Author of "Joseph Vance"

William de Morgan, the author of *Joseph Vance,* reviewed elsewhere in this issue, in answer to a number of inquiries, has made a few statements regarding that "Ill-written Autobiography." He says that he wrote the first chapter to try if he could write fiction, and having decided that he could not, put it away in a drawer for a year. His wife found it and made him go ahead with it. He continued it while abed with an attack of influenza, and when he got to "Lossie" got interested. He says: "I wrote all the rest because I was interested with a nascent sense of publication." In regard to its length he tells how his English pub-

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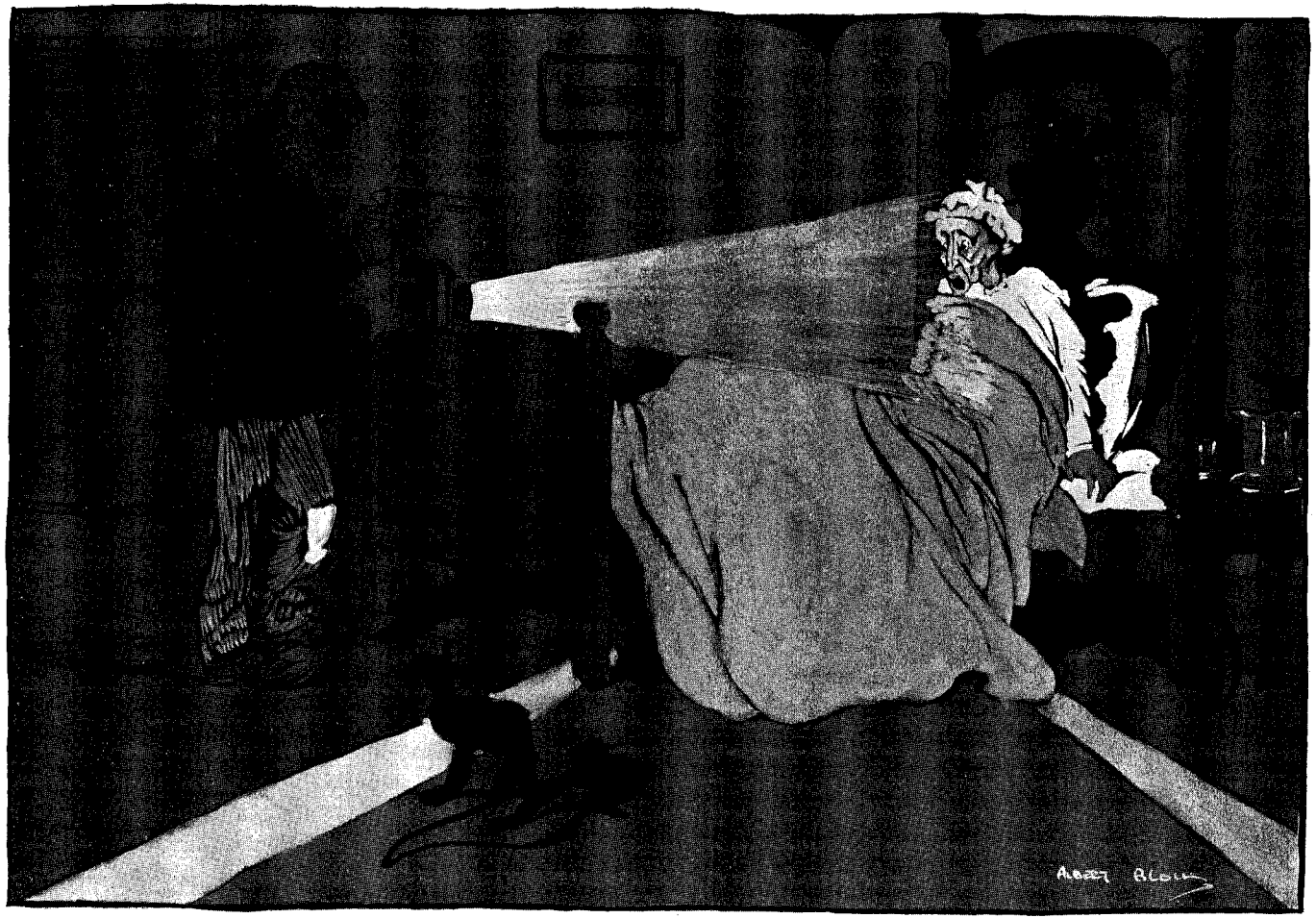

STUDIES IN POPULAR NOVELS

"The Awakening of Helena Richie"

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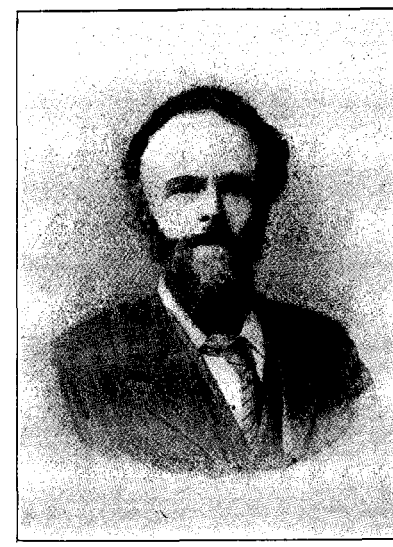
lisher said, "Don't *spoil* the book by cutting it on any account, but do what you can." "I did what I could," writes Mr. de Morgan, "cancelled as many pages as I could wrench out, and sent the rest back again—not the six hundred!" He says that he is quite unable to state what his dominant idea was, and says it "may be the chord of the Waldstein, or the problem of how to dedicate a lifetime of devotion—of sane and human love—to two women at once." Apparently Peter Gunn is the only real person. Of him Mr. de Morgan writes: "His original—poor fellow!—killed a policeman many years ago, and it took eighteen powerful men to convey him to the station." . . . "He is absolutely the only real person in the book." He further adds: "There is not a trace of my own life in the story, except perhaps the pages about engineering patents." "I wish I could convince my lady friends that they are not Lossie and Janey. I could sympathise with my male friends' natural desire to be thought the originals of Beppino."

Mr. de Morgan is over seventy years of age. He is a man of very high education, being closely related to De Morgan the great mathematician. He himself was identified with the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and is an artist of taste and merit. Among other things, he experimented in a certain glaze for tiles, which obtained a great success among architects and decorators. He designed the tiles himself, and they are all very beautiful in design, and the glaze he invented has a lustre which no one else ever approached. De Morgan tiles are a household word among architects and decorators, and as he has now for some years given up this branch of his work, and as apparently no one else knows the secret, they fetch rather high prices.



WILLIAM DE MORGAN

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WHAT IS TRUTH?

(Being two letters written from England to America by Semper Felix and his brother-in-law, John Grumpeigh.)

LETTER FROM FELIX TO HIS SISTER, MARY GRUMPEIGH

LIMEHURST, BULSTRODE HILL,
IPSLEY-BARFORD, OXFORDSHIRE,
ENGLAND, August 7, 1906.

DEAR SISTER MARY: I wish that you had been able to come here with us. How you would like this free outdoor life. And how you would like England!—the country of Dickens and Hardy and Thackeray and Blackmore. To any one who has read as much as you have it is like coming home.

The Nellerbys are ideal hosts. Open air from morning to night. Nellerby is a great outdoor man.

I have an appetite like a horse. And nothing disagrees with me. John would be getting fat if he didn't exercise so much. He grumbles a great deal in private, but I needn't tell his wife that. I think, though, that he is enjoying himself. Nellerby likes him very much, because he is so individual and uncompromising. Won't like anything English if he can help it.

Nellerby says he's a good Englishman if he only knew it. Says he can't imagine him becoming a British citizen like Astor (who is not popular). Nellerby says *he'd* never become an American citizen, no matter how long he might live in America, and he likes John's obstinacy, which he says is thoroughly British. He means it for a compliment, but poor John takes it as an insult, and yet can't resent it because he is a guest.

Yesterday we took an idyllic ride through English lanes, past hawthorne hedges, with glimpses of thatched cottages and farmyards that looked as if they were copies of a steel engraving in an old-fashioned birthday book. And coming home, we met four ploughmen coming home from work, all of them sitting sideways on their heavy horses, exactly as if they were on horse-hair sofas. When we said good evening they all saluted us, bringing their hands to their foreheads very stiffly and solemnly.

We all rode English wheels that, while heavier than ours, seem to run more easily. Probably it's the ideal roads. Such roads!

We climbed an ascent too steep to ride and passed near an old house where Charles II. passed happy hours with Nell Gwynne. You can't imagine what a thrill passed through me as I saw the venerable and picturesque dwelling. Think that his kingly feet trod the very paths over which we were riding on inventions that would have filled him with astonishment.

The "free wheels" are a dream. "Coaster brakes" we call them at home, you know, but I like the English name better. And it's so easy turning to the left (the rule of the road). It seems more logical than our way, as one can better see what he's doing.

Such a glorious view of miles and miles of English country as rewarded our climb. I might write a sonnet upon it, but I can't describe it. I've bought some English photographs that will give you some idea of it. The English certainly know what to photograph. At home we always take the wrong picture, but here they have an inborn sense of the picturesque.

We had tea on a wide old common. A flock of sheep were feeding near us and the shepherd boy lay face down, sound asleep, like Little Boy Blue.

What a sensible idea their afternoon tea is. Quietness and communion with one's own thoughts and perhaps a lark in ether trilling and the fragrant brew so conducive to simple thoughts. We were all superlatively happy—Nellerby, his nephew and niece and John and myself. John didn't say much, but he drank his tea, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he asked for tea every afternoon when he returns.

We "free wheeled" (coasted) almost all the way home, seven miles through scenery that brings tears to one's eyes.

Poor John had a little accident, taking a header into the gorse through his forgetting the sort of machine he was on

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and back pedalling, but only his clothes were torn.

Next Wednesday, alas! we sail. I could live here forever, and yet I think I'm a good American.

Your affectionate brother,

FELIX.

LETTER FROM JOHN TO HIS WIFE, MARY GRUMPEIGH.

LIMEHURST, BULSTRODE HILL,
IPSLEY-BARFORD, OXFORDSHIRE,
(Wouldn't that make you tired?)
ENGLAND, August 7, 1906.

DEAR MARY: What a precious idiot I was ever to leave America to come to a country that my ancestors were glad to leave nearly three centuries ago. You ought to be glad you stayed at home.

Here I am nearly forty, and I'm giving myself over to kids' sport and exercise that keeps me thin and makes me eat so confounded much that it's a wonder I haven't dyspepsia—am expecting it every day. Would have had it long ago in any normal country.

Yesterday nothing would do but a bicycle ride to a place as like this as two peas. Trees, green grass and blue sky there, and that's what it is here. And all as English as Billy Bedam.

Nellerby was indefatigable in his preparations for the seven-mile ride. Put up cake and fruit and bread and butter and milk and a spirit lamp for their everlasting tea, and strapped and tied it to his wheel as if he'd expected to travel six months.

Mary, these English tire me by their confounded thoroughness. Saw a scaffolding in Oxford for some little picayune building, and instead of using scantling and trusting to luck, as they would have done in New York, they used stout young saplings and bound them together so securely that it will be the devil's own job to take them apart when the building is finished.

Nellerby and his niece and nephew and that tomfool brother of yours (who is as happy all the while as if he were in America) and myself made up the party, although if I could have gotten hold of a New York paper and gone up for a read and a snooze in my bedroom I'd have been better content.

Nellerby provided a wheel for me, and I believe it was strong enough to have held a horse instead of my moderate ten stone (that's one hundred and forty pounds, my dear. They don't know what our pounds mean here—think you're talking about money).

And it had a "free wheel"—what that son of ours would call a coaster brake. They must have their own names for everything. Nellerby says why not, since the English are the originals and we're only offshoots. Some of our offshots told. But let those be bygones. I must say the Britishers are a friendly lot, even if they do irritate me by being so different from me.

If I hadn't had an extra brake on that wheel of mine you'd probably be collecting insurance money in a week or so. Free wheel, indeed! When I came to our first hill it was the freeest (that the way to spell it?) wheel I ever saw—regular insubordinate wheel I'd call it. I put on the brake just in time to save myself from plunging into a wagon that *would* turn to the left. I'm too old to learn new tricks, and the senseless custom of turning to the left makes it mighty dangerous for all sensible people who have turned to the right for generations.

Felix hasn't any backbone. He turned to the left at once and tried to forget that he'd ever done anything else. Told me so. Idiotic compliance. This doing as the Romans do just because the Romans occupied this land nineteen hundred years ago strikes me as foolish.

Pretty soon we came to a high hill, and then we all dismounted and Nellerby began to make remarks about the roughness of the road, although I'll admit to you that if we came to a road like that in Connecticut we'd feel like giving thanks. Give the devil his due, and I must say that the English roads are wonders.

Pushing a heavy machine up hill isn't what I'd call sport, but I followed the crowd and at last we came to something of a view. I know it was, because Felix went into ecstasies over it. If he'd let his hair grow he'd be good for nothing but a poet. Rhapsodies! Of course it tickled Nellerby, but I've seen views in

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Connecticut that were higher up and a blamed sight bigger.

Met a lot of yokels sitting sideways on their heavy (thoroughly made) horses. Too lazy to straddle 'em. I thought how different from our cowboys.

After about an hour and a half of walking and riding we came to a place they call Russell Water Common. Idiotic name! Not a drop of water, or anything else, and the common can't hold a candle to Boston Common, but Felix let off a few more verbal fireworks.

We passed a house on the way up where old Charles the Second provided lodging for his Nell Gwynne. People point it out with pride instead of trying to forget they had a king who couldn't behave himself. They also show you a church at Ewelme, near by, where that vicious old reprobate, Henry the Eighth, was in the habit of saying his creed when he wasn't looking up more wives to conquer. Thank Heaven we've never had a wicked President!

After we'd reached the common we had tea on the grass. And I'm nearly forty years old.

Nellerby brewed it, or stewed it, or did whatever you call it, and then the children undid the napkins and brought out a lot of dinky slices of bread already buttered—the way we've tried to teach Bob not to do—and we sat on the grass and made believe we were happy, and looked foolish, and ate bread and drank tea. And Felix said he wished they did it in America. Felix ought to have been born here.

Then we loafed around some and at last started for home on our "free" wheels.

No more for me, if you please. My heart was in my mouth all the way down. If it had been my own American wheel I'd have been as good as the rest of 'em, but as it was I took a header and landed in some gorse.

I never knew what gorse was before.

Now I know "jolly well," as they say here. It's the same as "damn well."

It's a sort of thistle, only built on the substantial English plan. One of them would last an ordinary man a lifetime. Iron spears. And I landed on my back in it. Nellerby says it saved my life. It didn't save my clothes. And they weren't insured.

We sail on Wednesday, and I'll be glad to see you, Mary. I may be one of a derided type, but I say America is good enough for me.

Didn't break the confounded free wheel, but I would have liked to take away its freedom for awhile.

When I get home I'm going to sign the pledge. No more tea.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN.

Charles Battell Loomis.

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CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

II.—"THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM"

TO sit beside a river on a golden afternoon listening to its whispered melody, while the air about one is fragrant with summer, and heavy with the drone of unseen wings!—What ordinary mortal could wish for more?

And yet, though conscious of this fair world about me, I was still uncontent, for my world was incomplete—nay, lacked its most essential charm, and I sat with my ears on the stretch, waiting for Lisbeth's chance footstep on the path and the soft whisper of her skirts.

The French are indeed a great people, for among many other things they alone have caught that magic sound a woman's garments make as she walks, and given it to the world in the one word "frou-frou."

O wondrous word! O word sublime! How full art thou of delicate suggestion! Truly, there can be no sweeter sound to ears masculine upon a golden summer afternoon—or any other time, for that matter—than the soft "frou-frou" that tells him *She* is coming.

At this point my thoughts were interrupted by something which hurtled through the air and splashed into the water at my feet. Glancing at this object, I recognised the loud-toned cricket cap affected by the Imp, and reaching for it, I fished it out on the end of my rod. It was a hideous thing of red, white, blue and green—a really horrible affair, and therefore much prized by its owner, as I knew.

Behind me the bank rose some four or five feet, crowned with willows and underbrush, from the other side of which there now came a prodigious rustling and panting. Rising to my feet, therefore, I parted the leaves with extreme care and beheld the Imp himself.

He was armed to the teeth—that is to say, a wooden sword swung at his thigh, a tin bugle depended from his belt and he carried a bow and arrow. Opposite him was another boy, particularly ragged at knee and elbow, who stood with hands thrust into his pockets and grinned.

"Base caitiff, hold!" cried the Imp, fitting an arrow to the string; "stand an' deliver. Give me my cap, thou varlet, thou!" The boy's grin expanded.

"Give me my cap, base slave, or I'll shoot you—by my troth!" As he spoke the Imp aimed his arrow, whereupon the boy ducked promptly.

"I ain't got yer cap," he grinned from the shelter of his arm. "It's been an' gone an' throwed itself into the river!" The Imp let fly his arrow, which was answered by a yell from the Base Varlet.

"Yah!" he cried derisively as the Imp drew his sword with a melodramatic flourish. "Yah! put down that stick an' I'll fight yer."

The Imp indignantly repudiated his trusty weapon being called "a stick"—"an' I don't think," he went on, "that Robin Hood ever fought without his sword. Let's see what the book says," and he drew a very crumpled paper-covered volume from his pocket, which he consulted with knitted brows, while the Base Varlet watched him, open-mouthed.

"Oh, yes," nodded the Imp; "it's all right. Listen to this!" and he read as follows in a stern, deep voice:

"'Then Robin tossed aside his trusty blade, an' laying bare his knotted arm, approached the dastardly ruffian with many a merry quip and jest, prepared for the fierce death-grip.'"

Hereupon the Imp laid aside his book and weapons and proceeded to roll up his sleeve, having done which to his satisfaction, he faced round upon the Base Varlet.

"Have at ye, dastardly ruffian!" he

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cried, and therewith ensued a battle, fierce and fell.

If his antagonist had it in height, the Imp made up for it in weight—he is a particularly solid Imp—and thus the struggle had lasted for some five minutes without any appreciable advantage to either, when, in eluding one of the enemy's desperate rushes, the Imp stumbled, lost his balance, and next moment I had caught him in my arms. For a space "the enemy" remained panting on the bank above, and then with another yell turned and darted off among the bushes.

"Hallo, Imp!" I said.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!" he returned.

"Hurt?" I inquired.

"Wounded a bit in the nose, you know," he answered, mopping that organ with his handkerchief; "but did you see me punch 'yon varlet' in the eye?"

"Did you, Imp?"

"I think so, Uncle Dick; only I do wish I'd made him surrender. The book says that Robin Hood always made his enemies 'surrender an' beg their life on trembling knee!' Oh, it must be fine to see your enemies on their knee!"

"Especially if they tremble," I added.

"Do you s'pose that boy—I mean 'yon base varlet' would have surrendered?"

"Not a doubt of it—if he hadn't happened to push you over the bank first."

"Oh!" murmured the Imp rather dubiously.

"By the way," I said as I filled my pipe, "where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Well, I chased her up the big apple-tree with my bow an' arrow."

"Of course," I nodded. "Very right and proper!"

"You see," he explained, "I wanted her to be a wild elephant an' she wouldn't!"

"Extremely disobliging of her!"

"Yes, wasn't it? So when she was right up I took away the ladder an' hid it."

"Highly strategic, my Imp!"

"So then I turned into Robin Hood. "I hung my cap on a bush to shoot at, you know, an' 'the Base Varlet' came up an' ran off with it."

"And there it is," I said, pointing to where it lay. The Imp received it with profuse thanks, and having wrung out the water, clapped it upon his curls and sat down beside me.

"I found another man who wants to be my uncle," he began.

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes, but I don't want any more, you know."

"Of course not. One like me suffices for your every-day needs—eh, my Imp?"

The Imp nodded. "It was yesterday," he continued. "He came to see Auntie Lisbeth, an' I found them in the summer-house in the orchard. An' I heard him say, 'Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!' "

"Did he though, confound him!"

"Yes, an' then Auntie Lisbeth looked silly, an' then he saw me behind a tree an' he looked silly, too. Then he said, 'Come here, little man!' An' I went, you know, though I do hate to be called 'little man.' Then he said he'd give me a shilling if I'd call him Uncle Frank."

"And what did you answer?"

" 'Fraid I'm awfull' wicked," sighed the Imp, shaking his head, " 'cause I told him a great big lie."

"Did you, Imp?"

"Yes. I said I didn't want his shilling, an' I do, you know, most awfully, to buy a spring pistol with."

"Oh, well, we'll see what can be done about the spring pistol," I answered. "And so you don't like him, eh?"

"Should think not," returned the Imp promptly. "He's always so—so awfull' clean, an' wears a little moustache with teeny sharp points on it."

"Any one who does that deserves all he gets," I said, shaking my head. "And what is his name?"

"The Honourable Frank Selwyn, an' he lives at Selwyn Park—the next house to ours."

"Oho!" I exclaimed, and whistled.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp, breaking in upon a somewhat unpleasant train of thought conjured up by this intelligence, "will you come an' be 'Little-John under the merry greenwood tree'? Do."

"Why, what do you know about 'the merry greenwood,' Imp?"

"Oh, lots!" he answered, hastily pulling out the tattered book. "This is all about Robin Hood an' Little-John.

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Ben, the gardener's boy, lent it to me. Robin Hood was a fine chap, an' so was Little-John, an' they used to set ambushes an' capture the sheriff of Nottingham an' all sorts of caddish barons, an' tie them to trees."

"My Imp," I said, shaking my head, "the times are sadly changed. One cannot tie barons—caddish or otherwise—to trees in these degenerate days."

"No, I s'pose not," sighed the Imp dolefully, "but I do wish you would be Little-John, Uncle Dick."

"Oh, certainly, Imp, if it will make you any happier; though of a truth, bold Robin," I continued after the manner of the story books, "Little-John hath a mind to bide awhile and commune with himself here; yet give but one blast upon thy bugle horn and thou shalt find my arm and quarter-staff ready and willing enough, I'll warrant you!"

"That sounds awfull' fine, Uncle Dick, only—you haven't got a quarter-staff, you know."

"Yea, 'tis here!" I answered, and detached the lower joint of my fishing rod. The Imp rose, and folding his arms, surveyed me as Robin Hood himself might have done—that is to say, with an 'eye of fire.'

"So be it, my faithful Little-John," quoth he, "meet me at the Blasted Oak at midnight. An' if I shout for help—I mean blow my bugle—you'll come an' rescue me, won't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Aye; trust me for that," I answered, all unsuspecting.

"'Tis well!" nodded the Imp, and with a wave of his hand he turned and scrambling up the bank disappeared.

Of the existence of Mr. Selwyn I was already aware, having been notified in this particular by the Duchess, as I have told in the foregoing narrative.

Now, a rival in air—in the abstract, so to speak—is one thing, but a rival who was on a sufficiently intimate footing to deal in personal compliments, and above all, one who was already approved of and encouraged by the powers that be, in the person of Lady Warburton—Lisbeth's formidable aunt—was another consideration altogether.

"Miss Elizabeth, you're prettier than ever!"

Somehow the expression rankled.

What right had he to tell her such things?—and in a summer-house, too;—the insufferable audacity of the fellow!

A pipe being indispensable to the occasion, I took out my matchbox only to find that it contained but a solitary vesta.

The afternoon had been hot and still hitherto, with never so much as a breath of wind stirring; but no sooner did I prepare to strike that match than from somewhere—Heaven knows where—there came a sudden flaw of wind that ruffled the glassy waters of the river and set every leaf whispering. Waiting until what I took to be a favourable opportunity, with infinite precaution I struck a light. It flickered in a sickly fashion for a moment between my sheltering palms, and immediately expired.

This is but one example of that "Spirit of the Perverse" pervading all things mundane, which we poor mortals are called upon to bear as best we may. Therefore I tossed aside the charred match, and having searched fruitlessly through my pockets for another, waited philosophically for some "good Samaritan" to come along. The bank I have mentioned sloped away gently on my left, thus affording an uninterrupted view of the path.

Now as my eyes followed this winding path I beheld an individual some distance away who crawled upon his hands and knees, evidently searching for something. As I watched, he succeeded in raking a panama hat from beneath a bush, and having dusted it carefully with his handkerchief, replaced it upon his head and continued his advance.

With some faint hope that there might be a loose match hiding away in some corner of my pockets I went through them again more carefully, but alas! with no better success; whereupon I gave it up and turned to glance at the approaching figure.

My astonishment may be readily imagined when I beheld him in precisely the same attitude as before—that is to say, upon his hands and knees.

I was yet puzzling over this phenomenon when he again raked out the panama on the end of the hunting-crop he car-

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ried, dusted it as before, looking about him the while with a bewildered air, and setting it firmly upon his head, came down the path.

He was a tall young fellow, scrupulously neat and well groomed from the polish of his brown riding boots to his small, sleek moustache, which was parted with elaborate care and twisted into two fine points. There was about his whole person an indefinable air of self-complacent satisfaction, but he carried his personality in his moustache, so to speak, which, though small, as I say, and precise to a hair, yet obtruded itself upon one in a vaguely unpleasant way. Noticing all this, I thought I might make a good guess as to his identity if need were.

All at once, as I watched him—like a bird rising from her nest—the devoted panama rose in the air, turned over once or twice and fluttered (I use the word figuratively) into a bramble bush. Bad language was writ large in every line of his body as he stood looking about him, the hunting crop quivering in his grasp.

It was at this precise juncture that his eye encountered me, and pausing only to recover his unfortunate headgear, he strode toward where I sat.

"Do you know anything about this?" he inquired in a somewhat aggressive manner, holding up a length of black thread.

"A piece of ordinary pack-thread," I answered, affecting to examine it with a critical eye.

"Do you know anything about it?" he said again, evidently in a very bad temper.

"Sir," I answered, "I do not."

"Because if I thought you did——"

"Sir," I broke in, "you'll excuse me, but that seems a very remarkable hat of yours."

"I repeat if I thought you did——"

"Of course," I went on, "each to his taste, but personally I prefer one with less 'gymnastic' and more 'stay at home' qualities."

The hunting crop was raised threateningly.

"Mr. Selwyn?" I inquired in a conversational tone.

The hunting crop hesitated and was lowered.

"Well?"

"Ah, I thought so," I said, bowing, "permit me to trespass upon your generosity to the extent of a match—or, say, a couple."

Mr. Selwyn remained staring down at me for a moment, and I saw the points of his moustache positively curling with indignation. Then, without deigning a reply, he turned on his heel and strode away. He had not gone more than thirty or forty paces, however, when I heard him stop and swear savagely—I did not need to look to learn the reason—I admit I chuckled. But my merriment was short-lived, for a moment later came the feeble squeak of a horn followed by a shout and the Imp's voice upraised in dire distress.

"Little-John! Little-John! to the rescue!" it called.

I hesitated, for I will freely confess that when I had made that promise to the Imp it was with small expectation that I should be called upon to fulfil it. Still, a promise is a promise: so I sighed, and picking up the joint of my fishing rod, clambered up the bank. Glancing in the direction of the cries, I beheld Robin Hood struggling in the foe's indignant grasp.

Now, there were but two methods of procedure open to me as I could see—the serious or the frankly grotesque. Naturally I chose the latter, and quarter-staff on shoulder, I swaggered down the path with an air that Little-John himself might well have envied.

"Beshrew me!" I cried, confronting the amazed Mr. Selwyn, "who dares lay hands on bold Robin Hood?—away, base rogue, hie thee hence or I am like to fetch thee a dour ding on that pate o' thine!"

Mr. Selwyn loosed the Imp and stared at me in speechless astonishment, as well he might.

"Look ye, master," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing, "no man lays hand on Robin Hood whiles Little-John can twirl a staff or draw a bow-string—no, by St. Cuthbert!"

The Imp, retired to a safe distance, stood hearkening in a transport till, bethinking him of his part, he fished out the tattered book and began surrep-

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titiously turning over the pages; as for Mr. Selwyn, he only fumbled at his moustache and stared.

"Aye, but I know thee," I went on again, "by thy sly and crafty look, by thy scallopped cape and chain of office, I know thee for that same Sheriff of Nottingham that hath sworn to our undoing. Go to! didst' think to take Robin—in the greenwood? Out upon thee! Thy years should have taught thee better wisdom. Out upon thee!"

"Now will I feed,"—began the Imp, with the book carefully held behind him, "now will I feed fat mine vengeance—to thy knees for a scurvy rascal!"

"Aye, by St. Benedict!" I nodded, "'twere well he should do penance on his marrow-bones from hither to Nottingham Town, but as thou art strong—be merciful, Robin."

Mr. Selwyn still curled the point of his moustache.

"Are you mad," he inquired, "or only drunk?"

"As to that, good master Sheriff, it doth concern thee nothing—but mark you! 'tis an ill thing to venture within the greenwood whiles Robin Hood and Little-John be abroad."

Mr. Selwyn shrugged his shoulders and turned to the Imp.

"I am on my way to see your Aunt Elizabeth, and shall make it my particular care to inform her of your conduct, and to see that you are properly punished. As for you, sir," he continued, addressing me, "I shall inform the police that there is a madman at large."

At this double-barrelled threat the Imp was plainly much dismayed, and coming up beside me, slipped his hand into mine, and I promptly pocketed it.

"Sweet master Sheriff," I said, sweeping off my cap in true outlaw fashion, "the way is long and something lonely; methinks,—we will therefore e'en accompany you, and may perchance lighten the tedium with quip and quirk and a merry stave or so."

Seeing the angry rejoinder upon Mr. Selwyn's lips, I burst forth incontinent into the following ditty, the words extemporised to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee":

There lived a sheriff in Nottinghamshire,
With a hey derry down and a down;
He was fond of good beef, but was fonder of beer,
With a hey derry down and a down.

By the time we reached the Shrubbery gate the Imp was in an ecstasy and Mr. Selwyn once more reduced to speechless indignation and astonishment. Here our ways diverged, Mr. Selwyn turning toward the house, while the Imp and I made our way to the orchard at the rear.

"Uncle Dick," he said, halting suddenly, "do you think he will tell—really?"

"My dear Imp," I answered, "a man who wears 'points on his moustache' is capable of anything."

"Then I shall be sent to bed for it, I know I shall!"

"To run into a thread tied across the path must have been very annoying," I said, shaking my head thoughtfully, "especially with a brand-new hat!"

"They were only 'ambushes,' you know, Uncle Dick."

"To be sure," I nodded. "Now, observe, my Imp, here is a shilling; go and buy that spring-pistol you were speaking of, and take your time about it; I'll see what can be done in the meanwhile."

The Imp was reduced to incoherent thanks.

"That's all right," I said, "but you'd better hurry off."

He obeyed with alacrity, disappearing in the direction of the village, while I went on toward the orchard to find Lisbeth. And presently, sure enough, I did find her—that is to say, part of her, for the foliage of that particular tree happened to be very thick and I could see nothing of her but a foot.

A positively delicious foot it was, too, small and shapely, that swung audaciously to and fro; a foot in a ridiculously out-of-place little patent-leather shoe, with a sheen of slender silken ankle above.

I approached softly, with the soul of me in my eyes, so to speak, yet, despite my caution, she seemed to become aware of my presence in some way—the foot faltered in its swing and vanished as the

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leaves were parted and Lisbeth looked down at me.

"Oh, it's you?" she said, and I fancied she seemed quite pleased. "You'll find a step-ladder somewhere about—it can't be very far."

"Thanks," I answered, "but I don't want one."

"No; but *I* do; I want to get down. That little wretched Imp hid the ladder, and I've been here all the afternoon," she wailed.

"But then you refused to be an elephant, you know," I reminded her.

"He shall go to bed for it—directly after tea!" she said.

"Lisbeth," I returned, "I firmly believe your nature to be altogether too sweet and forgiving——"

"I want to come down!"

"Certainly," I said; "put your left foot in my right hand, take firm hold of the branch above and let yourself sink gently into my arms."

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, "here's Mr. Selwyn coming," and following her glance, I saw a distant panama approaching.

"Lisbeth," said I, "are you anxious to see him?"

"In this ridiculous situation—of course not!"

"Very well then, hide—just sit there and leave matters to me and——"

"Hush," she whispered, and at that moment Selwyn emerged into full view. Catching sight of me he stopped in evident surprise.

"I was told I should find Miss Elizabeth here," he said stiffly.

"It would almost appear that you had been misinformed," I answered. For a moment he seemed undecided what to do. Would he go away? I wondered. Evidently not, for after glancing about him he sat himself down upon a rustic seat near-by with a certain resolute air that I did not like. I must get rid of him at all hazards.

"Sir," said I, "can I trespass on your generosity to the extent of a match—or say a couple?" After a brief hesitation he drew out a very neat silver match-box, which he handed to me.

"A fine day, sir?" I said, puffing at my pipe.

Mr. Selwyn made no reply.

"I hear that the crops are looking particularly healthy this year," I went on.

Mr. Selwyn appeared to be utterly lost in the contemplation of an adjacent tree.

"To my mind an old apple tree is singularly picturesque," I began again, "nice nobbly branches, don't you know."

Mr. Selwyn began to fidget.

"And then," I pursued, "they tell me that apples are so good for the blood."

Mr. Selwyn shifted his gaze to the toe of his riding boot, and for a space there was silence, so much so, indeed, that an inquisitive rabbit crept up and sat down to watch us with much interest, until—evidently remembering some pressing engagement—he disappeared with a flash of his white tail.

"Talking of rabbits," said I, "they are quite a pest in Australia, I believe, and are exterminated by the thousand; I have often wondered if a syndicate could not be formed to acquire the skins—this idea, so far as I know, is original, but you are quite welcome to it if——"

Mr. Selwyn rose abruptly to his feet.

"I once in my boyhood possessed a rabbit—of the lop-eared variety," I continued, "which overate itself and died. I remember I attempted to skin it with dire results——"

"Sir," said Mr. Selwyn, "I beg to inform you that I am not interested in rabbits, lop-eared or otherwise, nor do I propose to become so; furthermore——"

But at this moment of my triumph, even as he turned to depart, something small and white fluttered down from the branches above, and the next moment Selwyn had stooped and picked up a lace handkerchief. Then, while he stared at it and I at him, there came a ripple of laughter and Lisbeth peered down at us through the leaves.

"My handkerchief—thank you," she said, as Selwyn stood somewhat taken aback by her sudden appearance.

"The trees hereabouts certainly bear very remarkable, not to say delightful fruit," he said.

"And as you will remember I was always particularly fond of apple trees," I interpolated.

"Mr. Selwyn," smiled Lisbeth, "let me introduce you to Mr. Brent."

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"Sir," said I, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance; have heard Her Grace of Chelsea speak of you—her friends are mine, I trust?"

Mr. Selwyn's bow was rather more than distant.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting this—this very original gentleman before, and under rather peculiar circumstances, Miss Elizabeth," he said, and forthwith plunged into an account of the whole affair of the "ambushes," while Lisbeth, perched upon her lofty throne, surveyed us with an ever-growing astonishment.

"Whatever does it all mean?" she inquired as Mr. Selwyn made an end.

"You must know, then," I explained, leaning upon my quarter-staff, "the Imp took it into his head to become Robin Hood; I was Little-John, and Mr. Selwyn here was so very obliging as to enact the rôle of Sheriff of Nottingham——"

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Selwyn indignantly, turning upon me with a fiery eye.

"Every one recollects the immortal exploits of Robin and his 'merrie men,'" I continued, "and you will, of course, remember that they had a habit of capturing the Sheriff and tying him up to trees and things. Naturally the Imp did not proceed to that extreme. He contented himself with merely capturing the Sheriff's hat—I think that you will agree that those 'ambushes' worked like a charm, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Miss Elizabeth," he said, disdaining any reply, "I am aware of the affection you lavish upon your nephew; I hope that you will take measures to restrain him from such pranks—such very disgraceful pranks—in the future. I myself should suggest a change of companionship [here he glanced at me] as the most salutary method. Good-afternoon, Miss Elizabeth." So saying, Mr. Selwyn raised his hat, bowed stiffly to me, and turning upon an indignant heel, strode haughtily away.

"Well!" exclaimed Lisbeth, with a look of very real concern.

"Very well, indeed!" I nodded, "we are alone at last."

"Oh, Dick! but to have offended him like this!"

"A highly estimable young gentleman," I said, "though deplorably lacking in that saving sense of humour which——"

"Aunt Agatha seems to think a great deal of him."

"So I understand," I nodded.

"Only this morning I received a letter from her, in which, among other things, she pointed out what a very excellent match he would be."

"And what do you think?"

"Oh, I agree with her, of course; his family dates back ages and ages before the Conqueror, and he has two or three estates besides Selwyn Park, and one in Scotland."

"Do you know, Lisbeth, that reminds me of another house—not at all big or splendid, but of great age; a house which stands not far from the village of Down, in Kent; a house which is going to rack and ruin for want of a mistress. Sometimes, just as evening comes on, I think it must dream of the light feet and gentle hands it has known so many years ago, and feels its loneliness more than ever."

"Poor old house!" said Lisbeth softly.

"Yes, a house is very human, Lisbeth, especially an old one, and feels the need of that loving care which only a woman can bestow, just as we do ourselves."

"Dear old house!" said Lisbeth, more softly than before.

"How much longer must it wait—when will you come and care for it, Lisbeth?"

She started, and I thought her cheeks seemed a trifle pinker than usual as her eyes met mine.

"Dick," she said wistfully, "I do wish you would get the ladder, it's horribly uncomfortable to sit in a tree for hours and——"

"First of all, Lisbeth, you will forgive the Imp—full and freely, won't you?"

"He shall go to bed without any tea whatever."

"That will be rank cruelty, Lisbeth; remember he is a growing boy."

"And I have been perched up here—between heaven and earth—all the afternoon."

"Then why not come down?" I inquired.

"If you will only get the ladder——"

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"If you will just put your right foot in my——"

"I won't!" said Lisbeth.

"As you please," I nodded, and sitting down, mechanically took out my pipe and began to fill it, while she opened her book, frowning. And after she had read very studiously for perhaps two minutes, she drew out and consulted her watch; I did the same.

"A quarter to five!" I said.

Lisbeth glanced down at me with the air of one who is deliberating upon two courses of action, and when at length she spoke, every trace of irritation had vanished completely.

"Dick, I'm awfully hungry."

"So am I," I nodded.

"It *would* be nice to have tea here under the trees, wouldn't it?"

"It would be positively idyllic!" I said.

"Then if you will please find that ladder——"

"If you will promise to forgive the Imp——"

"Certainly not!" she retorted.

"So be it!" I sighed, and sat down again. As I did so she launched her book at me.

"Beast!" she exclaimed.

"Which means that you are ready to descend?" I inquired, rising and depositing the mal-treated volume side by side with my pipe on a rustic table near-by; "very good. Place your right foot in——"

"Oh, all right," she said quite pettishly, and next moment I had her in my arms.

"Dick! put me down—at once!"

"One moment, Lisbeth; that boy is a growing boy——"

"And shall go to bed without any tea!" she broke in.

"Very well, then," I said, and reading the purpose in my eyes, she attempted, quite vainly, to turn her head aside.

"You will find it quite useless to struggle, Lisbeth," I warned. "Your only course is to remember that he is a growing boy."

"And you are a brute!" she cried.

"Undoubtedly," I answered, bending my head nearer her petulant lips. "But think of the Imp in bed, lying there, sleepless, tealess, and growing all the while as fast as he can."

Lisbeth surrendered, of course, but my triumph was greatly tempered with disappointment.

"You will then forgive him for the 'ambushes' and cherish him with much tea?" I stipulated, winking away a tress of hair that tickled most provokingly.

"Yes," said Lisbeth.

"And no bed until the usual hour?"

"No," she answered, quite subdued; "and now please do put me down." So I sighed and perforce obeyed.

She stood for a moment patting her rebellious hair into order with deft, white fingers, looking up at me meanwhile with a laugh in her eyes that seemed almost a challenge. I took a hasty step toward her, but as I did so the Imp hove into view, and the opportunity was lost.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he exclaimed, eyeing her wonderingly; then his glance wandered round as if in quest of something.

"How did she do it, Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Do what, my Imp?"

"Why, get out of the tree?" I smiled and looked at Lisbeth.

"Did she climb down?"

"No," said I, shaking my head.

"Did she—jump down?"

"No, she didn't jump down, my Imp."

"Well, did she—did she fly down?"

"No, nor fly down—she just came down."

"Yes, but how did she——"

"Reginald," said Lisbeth, "run and tell the maids to bring tea out here—for three."

"Three?" echoed the Imp. "But Dorothy has gone out to tea, you know—is Uncle Dick going to——"

"To be sure, Imp," I nodded.

"Oh, that is fine—hurrah, Little-John!" he cried, and darted off toward the house.

"And you, Lisbeth?" I said, imprisoning her hands, "are you glad also?"

Lisbeth did not speak, yet I was satisfied nevertheless.

(To be continued.)

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HERE AND THERE

The Word of a Gentleman

The question raised by R. V. M. last month and answered by us has brought two more letters which we shall publish here. The first and longer of the two is as follows:

"Your answer to R. V. M. last month seems to me a little sophistical. Whether the President should go bear hunting is not a vital question, even (in the light of his Alabama experience) to the bears. But whether he should run for what would be practically a third term is. That Mr. Roosevelt's declaration was made after and not before the election, and so did not influence any votes, is true; but the word of a gentleman is so much more than any material considerations, and it certainly inspired confidence. He had put behind him all hope of reward. He could be quite uninfluenced—as the seeker for office never can be—by purely personal ambitions, and so he would be free to work solely for the good of the people as he conceived it.

"He gave his word with the blare of trumpets; he got the sensation of a very widespread popular approval; and people believed that he meant what he said, and began to talk of his successor. He cannot, therefore, 'change his mind' without exposing himself to the charge of being a frivolous and, in a sublimated and unpractical sense (considerations of honour usually are sublimated and unpractical), a dishonourable person. There are still some of us who believe that the 'good man' is one who 'sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.'

"H. B."

The second letter is from R. V. M., who wrote us last month. He says:

"After reading your defence of the President, I am convinced to a certain extent. He certainly, after putting forth a mere 'expression of intention,' was entitled to change his mind. But should he not do so immediately, if at all? Every one is now beginning to look to the next presidential election. The President's 'expressed intention' keeps him out of the running. Plans are made and ambitions are formed for and by various Republican aspirants, on the theory that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said in 1904. Is there not a time limit beyond which an expression of intention becomes converted by circumstances *into a definite pledge and promise*? If the President should say no word until the eve of the next National Convention, and should then change his mind, would you not then consider that he had broken his word in every sense?

"R. V. M."

It seems to us that both these letters contain substantially the same general thought, and we should find it very hard to answer the last question put to us by R. V. M. except in the affirmative. Circumstances would indeed have converted an expressed intention into a pledge of honour. The President's defenders in that case would have to fall back upon some of the explanations which have lately been put forth and which we think can hardly be agreeable to the President himself. Thus, the New York *Sun* argues that genius is superior to all rules and obligations which bind the ordinary man. A writer in the *North American Review* who signs himself "Q" advances the extraordinary plea that, as princes and persons of royal rank are traditionally and by common consent released from the restraints of morality, so the President, as the peer of monarchs, may claim a like exemption. Comment upon such arguments as this would seem to be superfluous; and so we shall close the discussion at this point and shall not reopen it, unless perhaps it should be necessary to do so in 1908.

The Rise of Mr. Hearst

Whatever one may think of the politics or the personality of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, his extraordinary leap to so conspicuous a place among the public men of to-day is a remarkable phenomenon.

If any one, four years ago, had predicted that in 1906 Mr. Hearst would be seriously and even timorously thought of as a possible Governor of the State of New York, with the presidency looming up before him, such a person would have been regarded as a madman. In the early months of 1904, the newspapers

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were all agreed in keeping the name of Mr. Hearst out of their columns. When he began to gather delegates for the National Democratic Convention of that year, no mention of the fact was made even in the news columns for a while. But when he secured the delegations of Illinois, Iowa, California and Rhode Island, the conspiracy of silence had to be broken through, and since that time his name has been printed almost as often as that of the President himself. Last year, on a third ticket, he came within three thousand votes of an election to be Mayor of New York City. Now he has made himself the master of the Democratic party in New York State, while his lieutenants have wrought a political upheaval in commonwealths as widely separated as California and Massachusetts. He has, for the moment at least, sent Mr. Bryan into an eclipse. Whether one admires him or whether one loathes him, he has become a potent factor in American politics.

The Democratic Convention at Buffalo which nominated him for the governorship afforded a most nauseating spectacle. Cowardice, imbecility and greed swayed it from first to last. Not one episode of the whole affair was other than repulsive. But Mr. Hearst himself was by far the most respectable figure in that maze of intrigue and treachery. To be sure, he showed himself quite insincere in accepting a nomination at the hands of a man whom he had himself denounced as worthy of a convict's stripes. But after all, it was not Mr. Hearst who came to Murphy. It was rather Murphy who cringed and cowered at the feet of Mr. Hearst. The latter was the master; the former became the menial.

As to the result of the impending election, only this much can be said. If the Republicans shall lose, they will lose because of two mistakes—first, their tardiness at the beginning of the campaign; and second, their tendency to underrate the formidable forces that for the moment are working on behalf of their opponent. The first mistake was quite unpardonable. Mr. Hearst himself lost not a moment in getting down to work. He did not squander any valuable time over the formality of being notified. At the very first instant he was, as his admirers would express it, "on the job." The Republicans, on the other hand, by sitting around in dignified attitudes until the machinery was all in order, lost ten days, when every day was precious. Perhaps it was because they underrated Mr. Hearst that they moved with such deliberation. If so, they were terribly mistaken. For Mr. Hearst commands two sources of support which must be reckoned with most seriously. Two very large classes of voters will cast their ballots for him in spite of previous party ties.

First, there are those intelligent citizens who are under no illusion as to Mr. Hearst himself. They question his sincerity. They like him neither as a man nor as a politician. In fact, the worse they think him, the more eagerly they intend to vote for him. And their reason is obvious enough. They have been sickened and disheartened by the shameful revelations which the past two years have brought about in American public life and especially in that State of which Mr. Hearst desires to be Governor. The insurance scandals, the bank scandals, the subway scandal, the rapacity of the Gas Trust, the wrecking of banks, the brutality of railway inspectors and employés in Brooklyn, and the monstrous fact that no one has been punished for any of these things, have roused in the minds of thousands an almost insane desire to smash and crush and shatter and trample under foot every vestige of a régime that has made it possible for such things to be. As the brutal Attila was called "the scourge of God," so to the imagination of many outraged citizens Mr. Hearst appears to be a scourge put into the hands of an indignant people to lash their tyrants and despoilers. To call Mr. Hearst a socialist, a destroyer of society, or an anarchist, is merely to commend him to those who feel that a society which has become rotten ought to be destroyed and that there is no anarchism so deadly as that which stifles law and justice by ill-gotten wealth. Therefore, there will be given to Mr. Hearst thousands of ballots cast by men of character and education in the hope that as Governor and because he wishes to be President he may be com-

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pelled to carry out at least a number of his promises.

In the second place, there is a very large and irresponsible class who are attracted to Mr. Hearst's candidacy by its very picturesqueness. Whenever a public man is violently assailed; whenever it is said of him that if elected to high office he will do dreadful and unutterable things, this class of voters is at first appalled, but in the end is inspired with a tremendous curiosity to see just what these dreadful things may be. This is the spirit of the reckless American, who loves a sensation, who has himself little to lose, and who is prepared to plunge into the unknown out of a sheer love of the spectacular. Perhaps the best illustration of this feeling is afforded by the story of the persistent candidacy of General B. F. Butler for the governorship of Massachusetts. By the Brahmin class, Butler was hated almost as intensely as he had been by the people of the South. They held him to be vulgar, unscrupulous, a demagogue, and little better than a common thief. His very name inspired them with horror. So they defeated him in 1871, and again in 1878, and in 1879. It was said that if he were elected Governor, he would bring shame upon the State and would subvert its old and honourable traditions. The result was that in 1882 he was actually elected, and mainly by the votes of those who said, "Let's see just what the old man will do." As a matter of fact, he did nothing in particular, and the people were proportionately disappointed. But it is this feeling, this recklessness, this craving for excitement, that will work very powerfully for Mr. Hearst upon election day.

If these two sets of voters shall be ignored or their number underestimated by the Republican managers, Mr. Hearst's election is not improbable. The Republican Convention, however, must in itself have had a salutary effect upon those who had been groping in the darkness. That Convention afforded not only a refreshing contrast to the weltering mob at Buffalo, but also a very striking transformation scene. In a few hours the party which had seemed to represent only the weakness of Mr. Higgins and the political brutality of Mr. Odell, had set its house in order, cast out the professional politicians, and accepted the inspiring leadership of a man whose character is so high and whose achievements are so conspicuous as to have earned not long ago the praise even of Mr. Hearst himself. Here is, indeed, an explanation why for nearly fifty years the Republican Party has remained almost continuously in power. It has had its periods of misrule; but somehow, when a crisis really comes, it sends forth from its ranks strong leaders, clear-headed, right-minded and efficient. It rises to the occasion. On the other hand, the Democrats seem always, in some mysterious way, to miss their opportunities. Whenever the path is made clear to them, instead of following it with confidence and courage, they seem to grow demoralised, and fall to wrangling among themselves, commencing faction fights, refusing to be led, and finally revealing such astonishing incapacity and folly as to repel the sane and sensible, and drive them back to Republican leadership as being after all the safest and the best. It is an infinite pity; since a strong and able Opposition is essential to political health. Yet as things have gone and as they now seem to be going, the Democratic party is nothing but an object lesson—a terrible example of all that is undesirable and unintelligent.

H. T. P.

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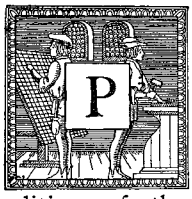
THE STORY OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"



PRICED originally at twelve cents, a modest pamphlet of a few leaves was sold recently in London for the record price of five hundred dollars. It was a copy of the first edition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Whether Byron, on that morning when he awoke and found himself famous, was astonished is not on record; but that Thomas Gray was utterly bewildered by the success which attended the publication of his "Elegy" is as certainly true as that the fact is generally forgotten. Published in the shape of a slim pamphlet, it ran through four editions in two months; and six other editions speedily followed. Ere the poem was ten years old it had been reprinted in several collections of verse, in numerous magazines, and twice translated into Latin. All this amazed the author beyond measure; and when the Scottish poet Beattie sought his permission to prepare an edition for the northern kingdom he, in giving his consent, warned his admirer of the risk the publisher would take, for a London bookseller had "glutted the town" with two editions of fifteen hundred and seven hundred and fifty copies. Beattie and the Scottish publisher went their way, however, and the edition sold so quickly that Gray was embarrassed by an offer of a present of books in recompense for his consent. "I cannot figure to myself," he wrote, "how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present." He never accepted any cash payment for his poems. He held it was beneath his dignity as a gentleman to barter his writings for money; and of course the publishers were glad to oblige him by respecting such a convenient scruple. To one of those publishers, Dodsley, this meant a comfortable profit of five thousand dollars from the "Elegy" alone.

Gray's modest opinion of the "Elegy" was not affectation; it was the consistent result of his sensitive, reclusive nature. As a matter of fact, he was not even responsible for the publication of the poem. Eight years elapsed between its inception and its completion, and yet even that protracted travail did not create a just conception of its merits on the author's part. When the last verse was written he sent a copy to Horace Walpole, with the remark that he had "put an end" to "a thing" of which his correspondent had long ago seen the beginning; adding: "You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."

Walpole instantly recognised the genius of the "Elegy." And, gossip as he was, the fame of the poem was by him soon spread in the refined circles of the mid-eighteenth century. It spread too fast for Gray. One result was that a few months later he was startled by receiving a letter from the editor of a magazine asking his permission to publish "an ingenious poem, called Reflections in a Country Churchyard," of which he understood Mr. Gray was the author. As Walpole was evidently responsible for getting him into this scrape, the poet promptly saddled him with the task of getting him out of it with as much credit as possible. He wrote off at once to implore his friend to "make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient to him, but on his best paper and character. . . . If he would add a line or two to say that it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better."

Gray's urgent letter was written on February 11th, and five days later the first edition of the "Elegy" was given to the world. For all the haste with which Walpole executed his friend's commission, he did not fail to write a neat little preface, duly recording that the poem came into his hands "by accident, if the general approbation with which this little piece has been spread may be called by so slight a term as accident." Gray was profoundly grateful for the parturient services of his friend in conducting his "little misfortune" with so much decency;

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the only cause he had for regret was that "nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives." The poet had little conception of the long line of succeeding editorial nurses who were to effectually remove the "pinch or two" which Mr. Dodsley's printing-press had given to his poetic offspring.

Having been obliged to commit the "Elegy" to the press, the author seems thenceforward to have almost forgotten its existence. When, some ten months after publication, he sent a copy to a friend, it was with a half apology for the gift. The verses had had the "misfortune" to be made exceedingly public, "for which they certainly were never meant. . . . I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply." Nor did Gray restrict this low appraisement of his verse to the "Elegy"; he was equally modest concerning the entire bulk of his poems. When he consented to the publication of his Odes, he insisted that the title of the little volume was to make it clear that his lines were "only subordinate and explanatory" to some drawings by Mr. Bentley. That there might be no mistake, he wrote to the publisher: "I will again put down the title: 'Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems of Mr. T. Gray.'" Walpole warmly contested this decision; such a title was "wrong"; nor would he allow that there was any "affectation" in leaving out, as he urged, the "Mr." before the author's and artist's names. For all this expostulation, the poet had his way. Still, Walpole could not help writing: "I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity."

Vanity, indeed, was quite foreign to the nature of the poet. Had it been otherwise, the product of his Muse would have been different. Rarely in the history of literature has poetry so faithfully and consistently reflected the essential nature of its author as in the case of Gray. He was himself the pensive youth of the "Elegy"; from his earliest years "Melancholy mark'd him for her own." Now and then a delicate touch of humour, but more akin to tears than laughter, brightens his letters to his friends; but in the main the twilight of an unbanishable sadness prevails. Low spirits, he confessed, were his true and faithful companions; they rose with him in the morning and kept him company in his bed at night; they went with him on his visits, and even affected a melancholy merriment at times; "but most commonly we sit alone together." Listen to these confessions uttered at widely severed intervals: "I converse as usual with none but the dead; they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them." "I have nothing but my own thoughts to feed upon, and you know they are of a gloomy cast." "The days and nights pass, and I am never nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending."

Something of this settled melancholy was doubtless due to the poet's temperament; but any tendency in that direction was greatly accentuated by his youthful environment. Gray's childhood was far from happy. It was not from his own experience that he transcribed his picture of affectionate children eager to climb their father's knee, "the envied kiss to share." For Philip Gray seems to have been all that a parent should not be—violent in temper, cruel to his wife, extravagant in his habits, and wholly indifferent to the welfare of his son. Nor was this unattractive home life relieved for the poet by the companionship of brothers and sisters; for although he was one of a family of twelve, he was the only member of that family who lived to adult age. Such, then, was the environment of his youth, unbrightened save by the tender care of his devoted mother.

By far the happiest years of his life were those he spent at Eton, to which school his mother's industry in business as a milliner enabled him to be sent. While yet in early manhood, when the hope of the future should have been surety against any regret for his boyhood days, his thoughts of his school time were already tinged with sorrow.

Ah, happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

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As he saw in imagination the youthful forms of those who had succeeded him on the playing fields of Eton, his mind dwelt not on the happiness which might be in store for those careless lads, not on the high achievements it was possible for them to place to their credit, but on the miseries of anger, and shame, and envy, and care, and sorrow, to which they would surely fall a prey.

Possessing but a moderate income, Gray, for the sake of economy, spent many years of his life at Cambridge, occupying rooms at first in one college and then in another. Notwithstanding that fact, and also that one of those colleges could claim him among her sons, there is no memorial to the poet in that university town. Tradition has preserved the identity of and still points out the locality of the rooms which were once his, but otherwise it is not at Cambridge that Gray's presence is most in evidence.

Far otherwise is it with the Buckinghamshire village of Stoke Poges, where the scene of the "Elegy" must be sought. Although born in London, this rural district, only some twenty miles distant from the great metropolis, was the poet's real home. His mother was a native of the place, and in the immediate neighbourhood all her brothers and sisters lived. She herself quite early in life gave up her business in the capital and retired to this peaceful spot. As a boy Gray spent many vacations with his uncles or aunts at Stoke, and until the last years of his life he generally passed his summers there. For the age in which he lived he was a great traveller. Long ere Wordsworth's day he had discovered the beauties of the English lake district, and in some respects he anticipated Scott in extolling the nature attractions of the northern kingdom; yet those who would seek Gray at home, who would gaze upon the originals of the pictures they have seen through the medium of his verse, and breathe the atmosphere which is still redolent of his presence, can only do so at Stoke Poges.

While on a visit to one of his uncles at Stoke in the fall of 1737, Gray made a discovery. In his younger years that worthy relative had been a keen huntsman, but as gout now chained him to his chair, he could only continue his sporting exploits in his imagination, aided therein by the "comfortable noise and stink" of the countless dogs, who monopolised the chairs so completely that the poetic nephew had nothing to sit upon. Having to rely upon his own resources for his vacation amusement, Gray characteristically addressed himself to exploring the countryside, and in the course of his rambles he discovered that umbrageous tract of forest land now known to fame as Burnham Beeches. "I have," he said in announcing his discovery, "at a distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own; at least, as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both hill and vale are covered with venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

> And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
> In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats *Me* (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there." It is not difficult to recognise in one of those sentences the original inception of the thought which eventually took shape in the verse of the "Elegy":

> There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Sixteen years later Gray wrote: "Stoke has revived in me the memory of many a

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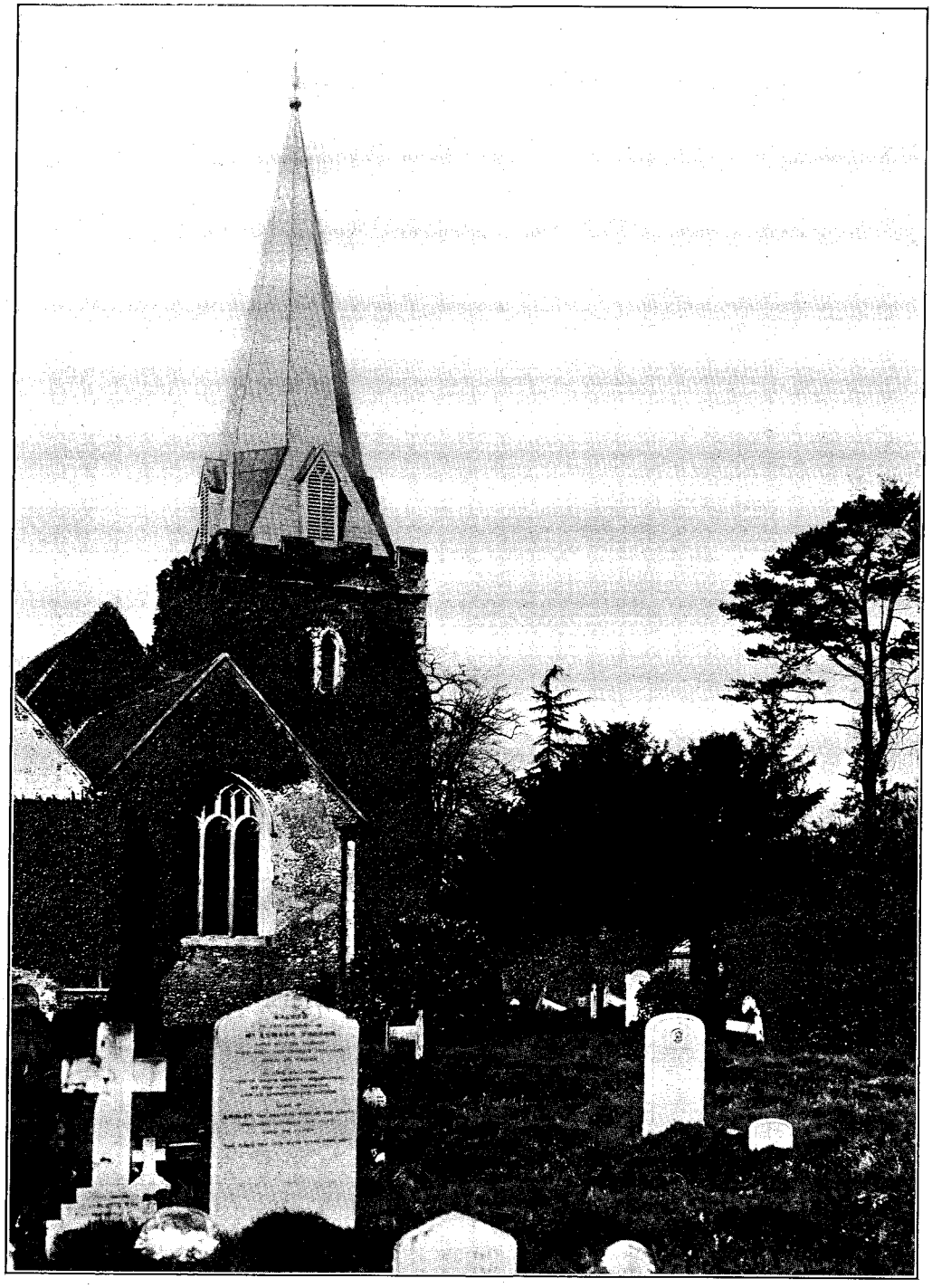

THE CHURCHYARD

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IN BURNHAM BEECHES

"THE YEW TREE'S SHADE"

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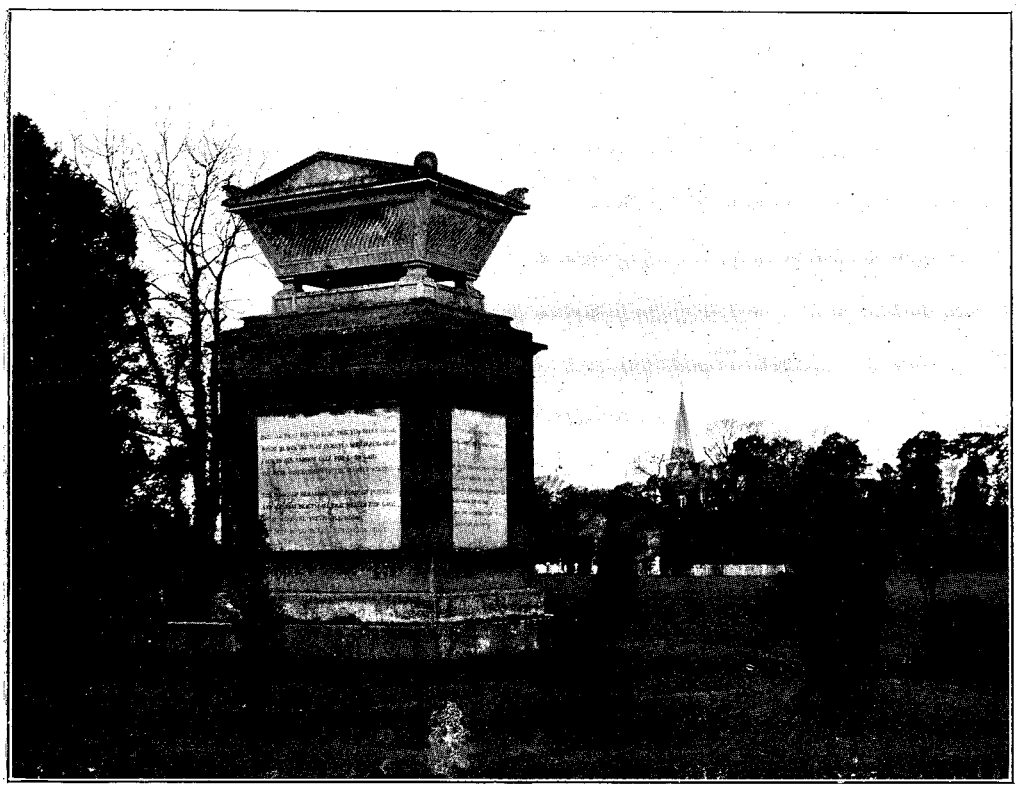

MEMORIAL TO GRAY AT STOKE POGES

GRAY'S TOMB IN STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD

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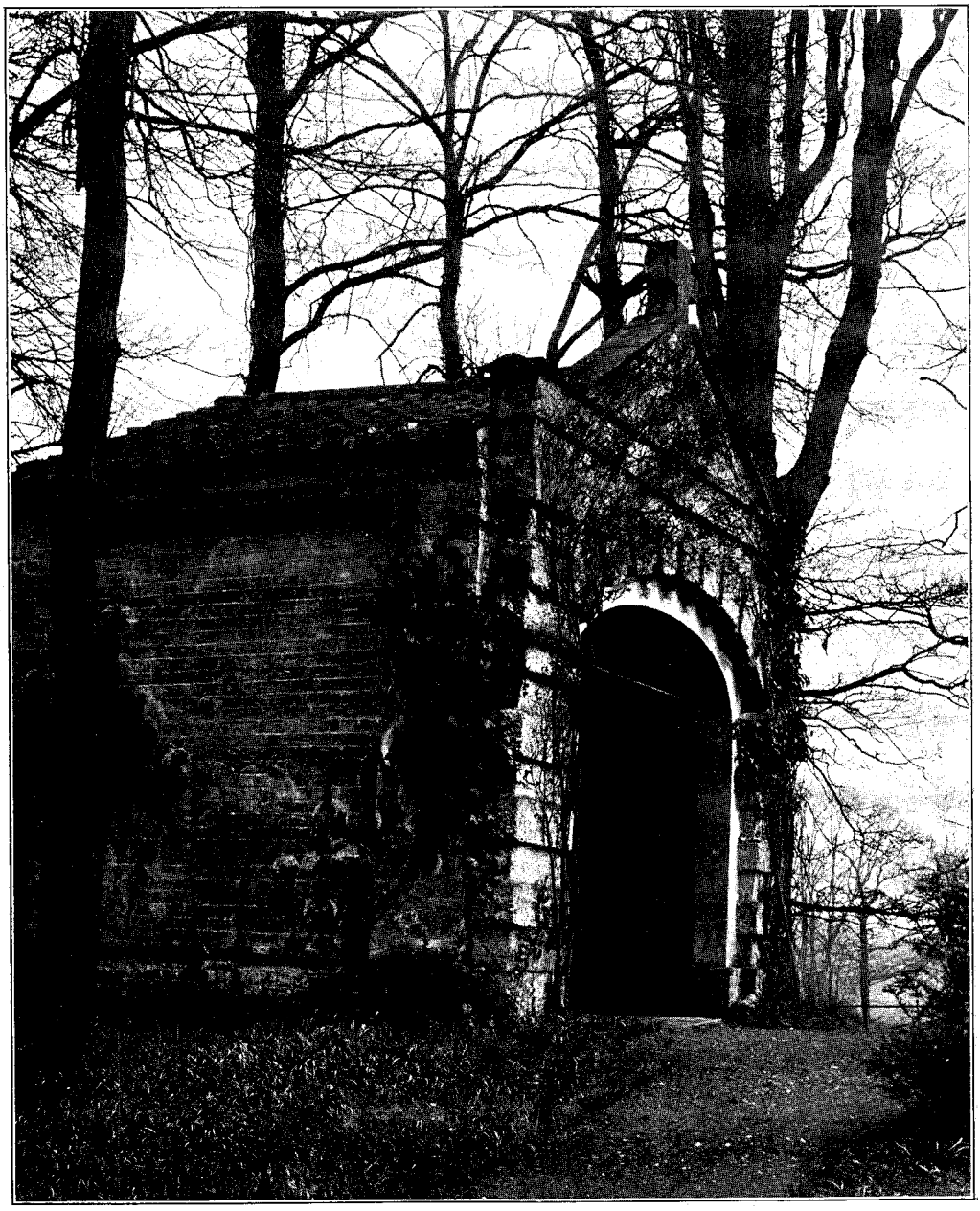

GRAY'S SUMMER HOUSE AT STOKE COURT

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MANOR HOUSE

GRAY'S BEDROOM

GRAY'S STUDY

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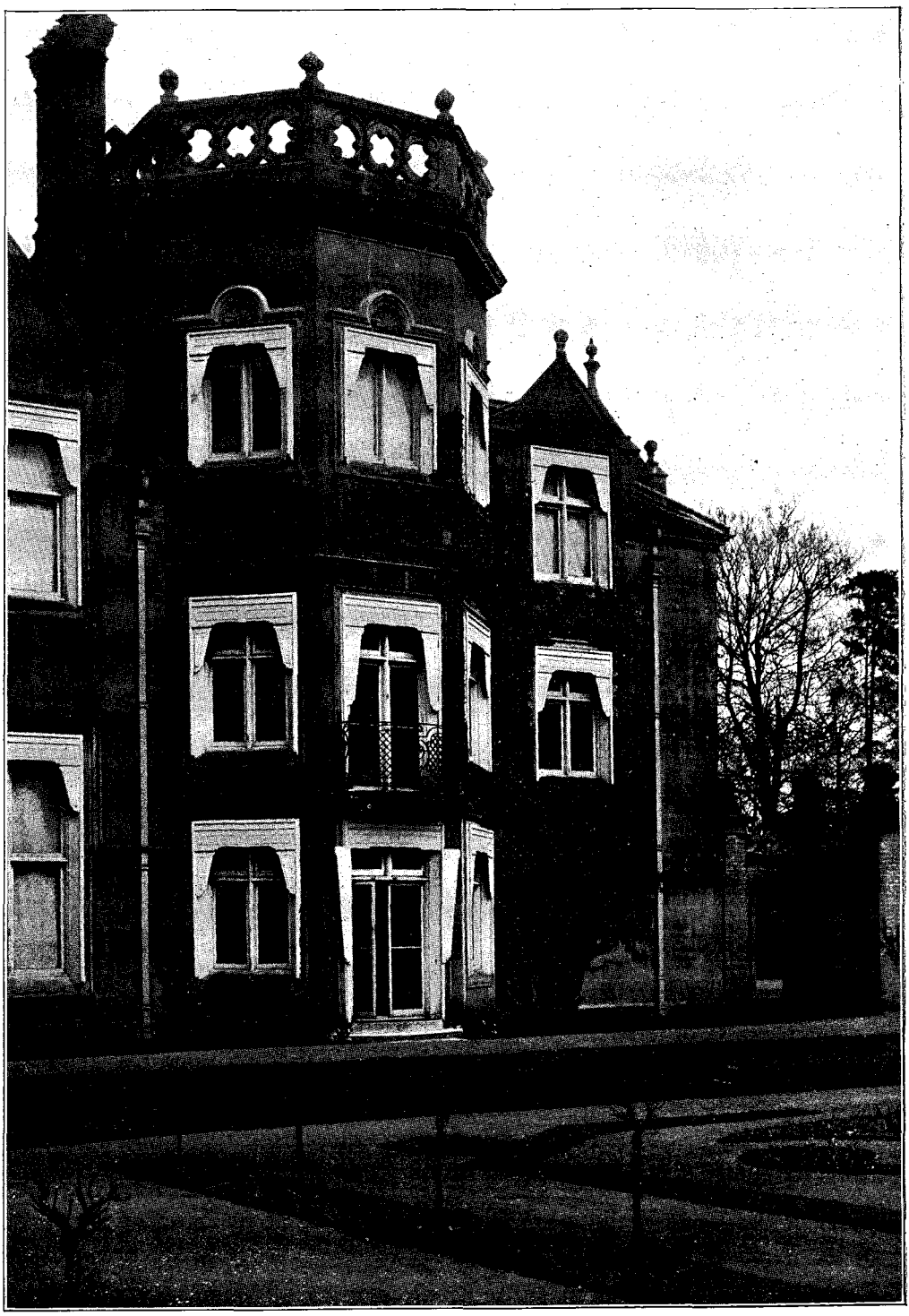

STOKE COURT, SHOWING THE ROOM OF GRAY'S OLD HOME

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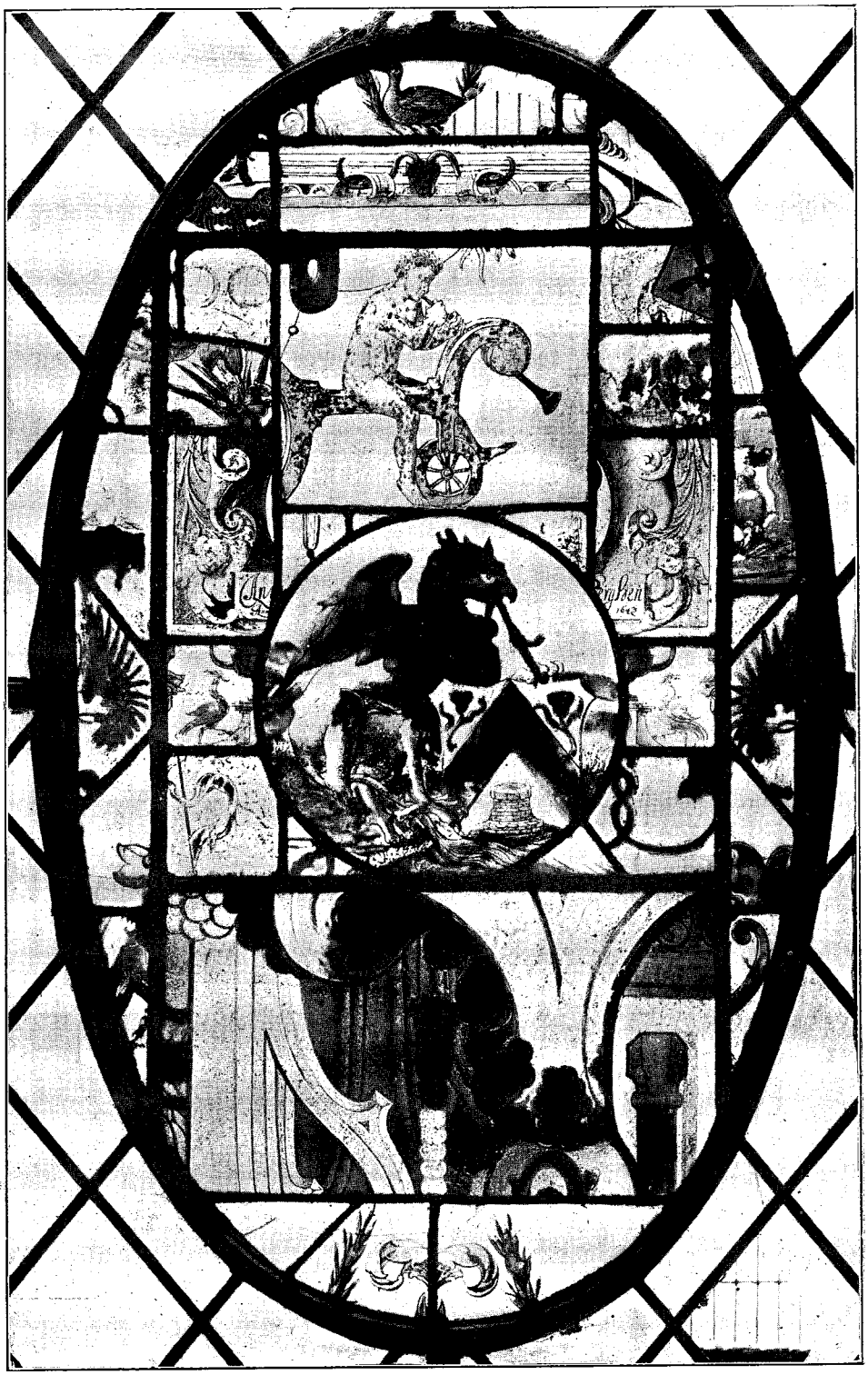

THE BICYCLE WINDOW IN STOKE POGES CHURCH

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THE ROAD TO BURNHAM BEECHES

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melancholy hour I have passed in it." From the travail of those melancholy hours the "Elegy" was born. Strangely enough, while this picturesque countryside was associated with some of the rare happy hours of his childhood, and with peaceful holidays spent in the companionship of his affectionate aunts and greatly loving mother, it was at Stoke also he was called upon to endure those bereavements which left the greatest gaps in his life. The first blow fell when he was spending a vacation in the village in the autumn of 1742. At Eton he had formed a friendship with three lads of about his own age, and for one of those youths, Richard West, he entertained an unusually warm affection. As the years passed that boyish friendship deepened in intensity. West, he said, had "a first row in the front box" of his little heart, and he added: "I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there." In West, then, the poet had "gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend." But he was not to have him for long. Though he knew West was delicate in health, Gray was utterly unprepared for the news, which reached him at Stoke, that his beloved companion had suddenly passed away. This startling sorrow cast a deep gloom over all the glories of that golden summer-time.

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

Ere the fall of that year merged into winter the grim figure of death again crossed the path of the poet, the victim this time being one of those uncles in whose home he had spent some of his holidays as a boy. Altogether, then, this was a sorrowful season for Gray, and it was in those days of quiet meditation on the transitoriness of life that he began to write his most famous poem.

How much of his task he accomplished during that mournful autumn of 1742 is unknown, but at intervals for eight years onward it slowly grew under his patient hands. It only needed, it seems, the return of death, touching him most nearly in the person of one he loved, to provide the inspiration which should enable him to perfect his labours. That inspiration came when his mother's sister, Mary Antrobus, who had loved the poet as a child of her own, was called away. From Cambridge, where the news reached him, he wrote his mother a letter of tender sympathy. He had lost, he said, one he loved very much; "but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself." The next summer, when he returned to Stoke, and realised afresh the keenness of his loss by those thousand and one reminders of the dead which are so vividly suggested by the scenes in which they once played a part; and, above all, when he stood by the resting-place of his aunt in that peaceful churchyard which had already appealed so powerfully to his Muse, it was not surprising that he was moved to complete the stanzas of that poem which, so long as the tender images of fading day and unavailing memories of the dead have power to move the spirit, will never lose its charm for the sons and daughters of mortality.

Although Gray probably stands alone among the bards in having taken eight years to complete a poem comprising only a hundred and twenty-eight lines, who, in view of the result, can complain that the "Elegy" was so long in the writing? There are few, even among the greatest masters of the Muse, to whom similar protracted labour for a kindred result would be begrudged. But Gray was naturally a slow craftsman. In inviting the criticism of his friend West, he urged him to have no fears about unravelling his web: "I am a sort of a spider," he said, "and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there." Nor, no matter how earnestly his friends might urge him to write, could he ever be prevailed upon to put pen to paper unless the spirit of poetry moved him. With his usual modesty, he did not "pretend to inspiration," yet he was obliged to confess that the impulse to verse was "by no means voluntary," adding, with a touch of sadness in the admission: "You are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life."

Some critics have noted almost grudg-

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ingly that no poet has ever been enthroned on the heights of Parnassus with so slim a volume under his arm. The criticism was anticipated by Gray. No one could make more exquisite fun at the paucity of his labours than he did himself. He tried to pad out his little volumes as much as possible, lest his *"works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea," and when all was done he owned that he was "but a shrimp of an author." This was not his fault, or by his will. He promised his friends faithfully that until he was fourscore and upward he would write whenever the humour took him. He liked writing, and was in better conceit with himself whenever he was able to write. But he added, and herein is the inner secret of Gray's sterility, "If I do not write much, *it is because I cannot.*"

When all the poet's confessions are surveyed as a connected whole, we see why the "Elegy" is what we know it to be. Its pensive tone, the keynote of which is so deftly struck by the opening echo of the curfew bell, was the reflection of a spirit which conversed habitually with the dead; "they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them." Its exquisite workmanship, every line bespeaking the hand of a consummate master, autographed its authorship as the product of one who only wrote when he could not help it.

Although, of course, the full title of the "Elegy," setting forth that it was *"written* in a country churchyard," is not to be read literally, no one who has visited the churchyard at Stoke can fail to realise that even if the verses were not actually written on the spot, they are photographically faithful to the objects they describe. If the curfew bell is silent, in obedience to that spirit of modern liberty which would resent being sent to bed by the parish clock, the "ivy-mantled tower" still provides a secret bower for the "moping owl," and the "rugged elms" and the "yew-tree's shade" yet keep ward over those moulding heaps which mark the resting-place of the rude forefathers of this quiet hamlet.

Apart, however, from the churchyard at Stoke Poges, there are other objects in this famous village which recall the memory of the poet. Perhaps the pilgrim may be grateful for one warning. The sexton of the church seems to be prouder by far of that building's curiosity in the shape of what he calls the "Bicycle Window" than of Gray's tomb, and if he is allowed to have his will, precious time, which might be more profitably employed, will be spent in hearing that loquacious guide tell how the figure in this patchwork of stained glass is the most ancient representation of the now ever-present bicycle. Escaping from this enthusiastic custodian, the visitor should make his way to the rear of the church, where, through the thickly clustering trees, he will espy the quaint chimneys of Stoke Manor House, where Gray laid the scene of his gently humorous "Long Story." Another reminder of the poet will be seen in a massive cenotaph, which stands in the midst of a field adjacent to the churchyard. This memorial, which cannot honestly be admired, however praiseworthy the intention which prompted its erection, was the gift of Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania. Three of its sides are inscribed with quotations from the poet's verse.

About a mile distant, embedded in the mansion now known as Stoke Court, may be found all that is left of the West End House, which was the home of Gray's mother in her declining years, and the building in which he spent many of his summer vacations. In the poet's time, West End House was a simple farmstead, several rooms of which were some years ago built into the more stately structure of Stoke Court. These include Gray's bedroom and his study. Less altered, and hence of greater interest, is the poet's summer-house, a substantial stone-built structure in the grounds of Stoke Court, and ideally situated for the needs of one who loved to be so often alone with his thoughts.

There was only one burial-place for Gray. In the churchyard upon which he had conferred an imperishable fame the two women to whom he was most attached had been laid to their rest. One of these was that kindly aunt whom he had loved from his infancy, the other was that self-sacrificing mother, whose affectionate care he repaid with a lifelong

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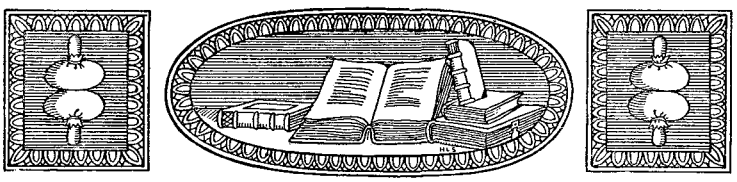
devotion. "Here sleep the remains," he wrote on her tomb, "of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." In this grave, by his own emphatic request, Gray was buried. It stands close beside the walls of the church and under the shadow of his ivy-mantled tower; yet as it bears no inscription relating to Gray, no one who overlooked the tablet on the wall of the church would otherwise be able to identify the resting-place of the poet. But his best and most enduring memorial lies around the spot where his dust reposes. This country churchyard, notable still for its frail memorials, "with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd," seems, for all its quiet dead, animated by the pensive spirit of that poet for whose sake it has become the most loved of all God's acres.

Assuredly, Gray did not live his melancholy life in vain. Among the lonely steppes of Mexico, in the shelter of the age-worn crevices of primeval rocks, what time the face of the earth is turned from the sun, there unfolds the rare beauty of that flower which has been so aptly christened "The Queen of the Night." The dark masses of the rocks and solemn background of the midnight sky accentuate with startling effect the rare beauty of the blended white and yellow of that flower of darkness. Its charms are never unveiled in the garish light of the sun; only under the immeasurable spaces of the silent sky of night will its exquisite petals unfold. In the garden of poesy the "Elegy" of Gray is another "Queen of the Night," exhaling its most delicate odours and revealing its most matchless beauty in fullest perfection to those whose pathway winds through the valley of the shadow of death.

H. C. Shelley.



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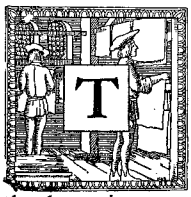
THE NOTE OF UNTRUTH AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



HERE is a certain promising young novelist who has an ingenuous way of dropping in every now and then with the manuscript of a chapter or episode and proffering the laconic request, "Please read this and tell me whether I lie!" There is a chastening and salutary influence in such a mood of self-distrust; and many an older and stronger writer might profitably cultivate it. They would thereby avoid striking those occasional false notes which affect us like sharp discord in otherwise admirable books, and which our young friend frankly stigmatises as lies. Yet when one comes to study the technique of fiction making, the wonder is that the average novelist does not deviate a great deal further from the truth in his attempt to make his men and women act up to the characters with which he has endowed them. And in this connection it may be said that it matters not at all to what particular school of fiction an author owns allegiance; we demand that a Sindbad the Sailor shall live up to his part as scrupulously as a son or daughter of the Rougon-Macquarts.

Of course, in theory, the making of a novel is a simple and intelligible process: take a number of characters, study and elaborate them until you know not only what they will do and say in the different situations of your story, but a great deal more than that—their politics, their religion, their favourite sport; how the women dress their hair, and what brand of tobacco the men smoke. All this has been told us an infinite number of times, and undoubtedly we have often passed it on to others. And without doubt it is very good advice, so far as it goes. The trouble is that it is advice infinitely difficult to put into practice. It clashes badly with another and equally vital principle of fiction construction: that you must have a definite central theme, a carefully worked out plot leading up to a logical climax, so that the words and actions of your chief actors are to a certain degree all foreordained for them before you set pen to paper to write "Chapter First." It is all very well to say in theory, "Bring together these characters whom you have created and let them live their own lives," but the trouble is that in nine cases out of ten, right in the crisis of the story, some of these characters develop so strong a personality that they refuse to let you do the driving; they simply take the bit in their teeth and insist upon going their own gait. And all that is left for you, the author, to do is either to change your plot or to alter your characters—that is, if you wish to avoid an obvious note of untruth.

Now, before considering further the source of this note of untruth, the phrase itself needs a word of definition. We are not speaking now of a fidelity to the types of men and women whom we meet in real life, for that would limit the discussion to a question of realism, and the present issue is far broader than that. Suppose, for instance, an author gives us some purely imaginary personages, creatures as fantastic and impossible as the race of intellectual devil-fish in Mr. H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*. Mr. Wells projects you at once into the realm of the grotesque and the uncanny, and his power lies in the fact that he can hold you there; he makes his devil-fish consistently live up to their part. But suppose that for an instant he had made the mistake of endowing one of his weird, uncouth monsters with a gleam of human tenderness or sympathy, then he would have been guilty of an unpardonable note of untruth.

But other things being equal, the writer of fantastic, extravagant, romantic fiction finds the task of making his puppets live up to their parts much easier than the conscientious realist or the probing psychologist does. And naturally so, because it is always easier to paint in flaring, primary colours than in vague half-

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tones; to picture the red coat of a soldier than the distant haze of battle smoke; to portray a primitive man of one idea, an incarnation of courage or jealousy or hate than the infinite, baffling complexity of the highly developed modern woman. In your swash-buckler romance, your Graustark story, there are certain easily followed conventions, certain stereotyped situations to be met in a particular way, certain established gallantries from the hero, certain obligatory concessions from the heroine, one and all a part of the tradition of this type of fiction. But if you do not understand these conventions, if you venture to make your Zendaland men and women now and then behave like rational, complex human beings, then the public will have none of you—for you have broken with tradition, you have struck a discordant note of untruth. In other words, while you have a right to create an impossible type of man or woman, you have not the right, in the middle of the story, to transform them into something less than the demigods with which you started, letting them drop from their exalted level down to the common plane of every-day life. Nor is it often possible, even in a frankly supernatural story, to make a radical change of character seem convincing. Take, for instance, Charles Dickens's universally read and widely beloved *Christmas Carol.* Now, the circumstance of the change of heart experienced by old Scrooge, by which he is converted from a malignant spirit of selfishness into a joyous, irrepressible incarnation of benevolence, forms the very cornerstone of this most famous of Christmas books. Yet most thoughtful readers will agree with a recent dictum of Mr. Chesterton, in which he implies that old Scrooge's change of heart is the loudest note of untruth that Dickens ever struck. For his own part, Mr. Chesterton declares it to be his settled conviction that old Scrooge never in all his life had known a selfish hour, and that it had been his cherished custom every year to give away an unlimited number of Christmas turkeys.

A realist, with his scrupulous observations of life, a Zola, with his documents and notebooks, flatters himself that he at least is in no danger of stumbling into the pitfall of unconscious lies. How can he, when every event is based upon actual occurrences in the world at large, when every character is a carefully worked assemblage of inherited traits, a sort of human machine guaranteed to obey the accurately calculated impulse of the hidden cogwheels? But there are times when a man or woman, face to face with a great crisis, will suddenly break away from all inherited instincts and bravely, defiantly strike out a new line of conduct that is as profound a surprise to themselves as to their friends. It is this class of actions which the realist does not dare to permit himself to depict, because the key to them lies hidden in the individual brain. It is just here that the psychological novelist seizes his great advantage. He can probe deep down into the secret recesses of men's hearts; he can show why actions, outwardly most irrational, are the logical sequence of obvious causes; and why the same piece of music will make one hearer laugh and another weep; and why the same stroke of fate will decide one man to live and another man to die.

But even the psychological school has its limits. The most skilful analyst can do no more than to imagine himself in the character and the position of each of his personages in turn. No matter how closely by an effort of imagination he succeeds in identifying himself with the different men and women he is portraying, he can never be really sure of the truth of what he writes. He knows only that under the given conditions he would himself have said and felt and done certain things. Consequently, his safety lies in picturing people who approach him very closely in character, education and environment. For the more remote they are from his own sympathies and understanding, the more likely he is to strike a frequent note of untruth. That sombre French novelist, Edouard Rod, has attempted, with some reason, to draw a distinction between the psychological writer who probes his own heart in order to interpret the hearts of others, and the writer who, recognising the gulf between his own temperament and that of his characters, nevertheless tries to arrive at an interpretation of them by an intellectual effort, a sort of *tour de force,* for which

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he coined the clumsy name *intuitivism.* The distinction scarcely is worth the trouble of making. The psychological novelist who has not a highly developed intuition, a subtle comprehension of how other heartstrings than his own are made to vibrate, will never advance far enough in his profession to make people ask whether he touches the chord of truth or not. It is, after all, the sudden, unexpected flashes of genuine intuition that make the greatness of certain scenes in novels which we never forget; rare and marvellous little touches, like that in *Vanity Fair,* where Rawdon has struck Lord Steyn twice in the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground, and Thackeray tells us that Becky, standing there trembling before him, "admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious." Thackeray was well entitled to the self-elation he confessed to feeling over the stroke of genius in that one line.

"Caybigan"

There is a newcomer in the field of the short story, to whom it is a privilege and a pleasure to give a special prominence this month; for unless all the ordinary signs and tests utterly fail, he is destined shortly to command a widespread attention. The name of this new writer is James Hopper, and his first volume of collected stories is *Caybigan.* The first thing that one notes about Mr. Hopper's work is the sureness of his touch. No one could imagine him under the necessity of asking some critical friend, "Please read this and tell me whether I lie." There is a strange, exotic, almost morbid strength in these stories. In vividness and tensity they are on a par with the shorter stories of Joseph Conrad, whose style his own often suggests; a few of them have almost the quality of some of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills.* It is true that to an author with a powerful and gloomy imagination it is easier to write stories of the type of *Caybigan* with unfaltering touch, stories full of a haunting exoticism, the mystery of the unfamiliar life in the Philippines, than it would be to write a simple, every-day story of commonplace young men and young women in a sleepy New England village. The complex triviality of average people needs a Jane Austen's unerring instinct for the truth. Mr. Hopper's men and women stand out from his canvas in sure, strong brush-strokes. They are for the most part under the sway of some powerful, primitive emotion; and he holds them steadily, relentlessly in its tragic grip. Take, for instance, that grim, haunting story called "The Failure," the story of a human derelict, whom alcohol and the physical and moral miasma of the tropics have done their best to destroy. Jerry Burke is at a very low ebb, indeed, when a quarantine doctor, who has known him in better days, discovers him on board a cholera-infected vessel, swarming with squalid, rancid natives. The doctor looks him over "with a long, sweeping glance that takes in the bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the twisted mouth, the trembling, clutching hands, the corkscrewed trousers, the heelless shoes—the whole abject picture of human degradation," and decides to give Jerry Burke a last chance to pull himself together. Some one must stay on board the stricken ship. Someone must administer medicines, scour and cleanse and disinfect; some one must stand guard over these filthy, ignorant, panic-driven natives and keep them from escaping; some one must be on hand to signal for aid, as one victim after another is seized by the fatal scourge. The doctor offers to Jerry the chance to be that some one, the chance to take a great responsibility and show himself worthy of the trust. The story is a grim, merciless picture of the physical horrors of a fever ship; and the greater mental tortures of a man fighting a battle with himself that slowly but surely goes against him. Mr. Hopper may do other things equally original, but nothing that is more relentless as a picture of human degradation.

There are, however, two other stories that must be briefly touched upon before laying *Caybigan* aside, "A Jest of the Gods" and "The Call." The first of these is a theme in which Joseph Conrad would have revelled; the story of a man who, in the height of his promise, the floodtide of his strength and physical charm, is the victim of a strange disease, which leaves him bald, absolutely hairless, with even

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his brows and lashes all gone. It was something appalling. It was as if God's lightning had struck his pate and blasted it clean." The misery of his affliction has driven the luckless victim to resign a cherished professorship in a Western college, sever his engagement to the woman he loved and bury himself alive in Manila, finding his only comfort in unwise indulgence in "small glasses of cloudy green liquid." And the reason it is called "A Jest of the Gods" is that the sequel shows that he need not have despaired of love after all. But to know why you must read the story. "The Call" is a bold, haunting essay in pure, unadulterated uncanniness. All that a reviewer can do is simply to give a hint of its possibilities. A white man, who had first accepted a position as teacher in one of the more inaccessible districts in the southern part of Negros, and then committed the further folly of taking his wife there with him, does not realise that she is dying of homesickness until she is actually stricken down and it is too late to give her the extra tenderness which earlier might have saved her. Well, the woman is practically dying; it is the height of the rainy season; there are no doctors, no medicines, no civilised aids of any sort. The story is a picture of the desperate husband taking this dying wife along sodden, boggy roads, through fever-haunted districts, madly racing against death. And when, on the second day, she dies, he still drives on, sitting beside her, persistently, desperately, insanely calling her to come back. "She was dead," he tells his friend long afterward, "she was dead, I tell you. But I called her, called her. And I tell you I *called* her back. You see, it was impossible; I couldn't let her go like that. I called her back to me, *called* her back, I tell you!"

There is a cold-bloodedness about Jack London which would make it impossible for him to write such a story as the one just under consideration. In his men and women the physical life lords it insolently over the spiritual and moral life. It is well for a novelist to keep in mind that even in the most cultured men and women the primitive human animal is, after all, not so very far below the surface. But it is also worth while to remember that there are few so degraded who are not sometimes swayed by influences that have no kinship with the physical passions. Mr. London, when he errs, does so on the side of the flesh; there are moments, even in his most powerful work, when one is prompted to say, "That is a false note; human nature is nobler than that!" It is only when he is writing frankly of man, the human animal, the primitive Klondike Indian, the prize-fighter in the lust of battle, the dangerous victim of a fixed idea, that he is really at his best. *Moon-Face,* the tale that gives its name to his new volume of stories, is an admirable example of the last-named class of subjects, a man swayed by an unreasoning hatred until murder, wanton, callous murder, becomes an obsession. John Claverhouse is the name of the hated man; he is described as a cheery, optimistic, moon-faced man, "whose great 'Ha! Ha!' and 'Ho! Ho!' rose up to the sky and challenged the sun." The other man hates him because he is happy, because he is moon-faced, because, in short, he is John Claverhouse, and not some one radically different. And so, under the working of this obsession the other man plans a means of killing him, so strange, so diabolically crafty, that no one can ever trace it to him, no one will even have suspicions—except the victim himself, and he only in the last agonising moments of his life. There are just two stories which inevitably come to mind in connection with *Moon-Face,* Poe's *Cask of Amontillado* is one, with which it suggests comparison for its general spirit of insane hatred; and the other is one of Maupassant's stories, the name of which does not for the moment come to mind, but which forms a close parallel in method—the story in which a feeble peasant woman trains a giant hound to perform for her the vengeance which her own hands are too frail to carry out.

"Moon-Face"

It would be difficult to find among present-day writers a greater contrast than that between Jack London and the delicate, almost sentimental methods of Roy Rolfe Gilson, the author of *Katrina.* Mr. Gilson is most at home among people with tender hearts and gentle impulses.

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He combines a sympathetic understanding of the young child's point of view with an equally rare understanding of the sorrows and disillusions of age. His new volume, *Katrina,* is one of very genuine charm. Katrina, when we first meet her, is a little girl of ten with a rooted antipathy to newspaper reporters, because they have written some unkind and untrue things about her widowed father's *magnum opus,* a local history of the town they live in. But when she meets Mr. "Larry"—for so she calls him to the end of their acquaintance—she is forced to change her mind about newspaper men. Neither Katrina nor the gentle natured professor, her father, know that years before Mr. Larry has known and loved Katrina's mother, and for her sake has remained a lonely bachelor without aims or ambitions; indeed, the reader himself is a little slow in finding it out. But when you do grasp the situation, then you recognise the fine art with which Mr. Gilson makes you see this lonely, disappointed man finding a tardy solace by the other man's fireside, a belated happiness in the affection of the little girl with hair and eyes like the little girl he had once hoped to have, and with the name he had once hoped she would bear. In the form of its ending the story at first sight strikes one as being gratuitously cruel, until one realises that it was inevitable, and that any other ending would have marred the fine art of it. The pervading note of the book is a wistful tenderness, yet it has its frivolous moments. As, for example, in the following passage, in which Professor June is relating to his daughter Katrina a conversation he has had with "Mr. Larry" McRae:

"Katrina"

"'My dear MacRae,' I said, 'I have given up thinking evil of my fellow-men.'

"'Good Lord!' he cried. 'When did you *ever* think evil of your fellow-men?'

"'Oh, I have,' I said. 'I used to, Mac, but it made me miserable, and it did no good; so I gave it up.'

"'June,' said he, and the weather was clearing, I knew, by the way he said it: 'June, you're the damndest, cheeriest soul I ever knew!'"

"Father!"

"Well, he did; he did, I tell you. I'm only telling you what he said. 'June,' said he, 'you're the damndest, cheeriest——'"

"Why, *father!"*

The professor was shaking with delight.

"That's what he said. I'm only telling you. Yes, sir; he said I was the——"

"Father!" cried the little girl peremptorily, and the professor paused and wiped his eyes.

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon stands for a certain type of story very definitely. He belongs to the school already alluded to as picturing types of men and women who do things quite differently from the mere normal, every-day human beings who walk this earth in real flesh and blood. Individually, we may differ very widely in our opinions of Mr. McCutcheon's books; but there is certainly one thing very much to his credit, one thing which goes a long way toward explaining his steady and growing vogue with the public, and that is that he consistently makes his personages play up to their parts. There is never a moment when the Young Person who likes thrills is forced to admit with a sense of disillusion, "why, these are not real heroes and heroines, but just ordinary, every-day people, after all!" This is really no small thing to do, because while the rewards awaiting those who can do it successfully are large and many have tried for them, Mr. McCutcheon stands upon an enviable height, with few to keep him company. When his new volume, *Jane Cable,* first came under the reviewer's eye it awoke misgivings as to his ability to maintain his self-imposed standards in a purely American story in a conventional setting of Chicago and New York life. Hitherto, we remembered, his American stories have had to yield precedence to his more fantastic *Graustark* annals. But the opening chapters were quickly reassuring. In *Jane Cable* Mr. McCutcheon has been generously prodigal of sensation. For the benefit of the curious it may be added that Jane is not the real daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cable, but a foundling from an asylum; a secret which is known only to Mrs. Cable and to the villain of

"Jane Cable"

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the story, a shyster lawyer and blackmailer, who happens to be the father of the man Jane loves. When we discover, further, that the action at a critical moment shifts to the Philippines, and introduces a sharp engagement with the Filipinos, a siege in an old monastery, a jealous Spanish girl, and a scene in a military hospital, it becomes evident that Mr. McCutcheon has, as usual, not done things by halves. In conclusion, it is interesting to record, from personal observation, that readers of *Jane Cable* seem to evince the same absorption, the same oblivion of time and space which a few years ago marked the readers of *Beverly of Graustark*.

"The Balance of Power"

The form in which *The Balance of Power*, by Arthur Goodrich, has been put forth contains an element of unkindness. It has a forbidding look in its dull, maroon cover. It is very, very heavy, in pounds avoirdupois, and its thickness suggests an appalling number of pages. One takes it up with abundant misgivings, only to discover that they are quite unfounded. Mr. Goodrich's book is very far from being the great American novel; nor does it make any pretence of being. Nevertheless, it is a good, readable story, and an interesting contribution to that modern type of American fiction which depicts our keen, progressive industrial life, alongside of the life of society and of the home. Mr. Goodrich lays his scene in a manufacturing village, and gives a graphic picture of a fight to the death between two rival capitalists, one of whom tries to get control of the other's mills by buying up all the stock he can get and bribing the stockholders who will not sell. There is a clever young machinist, foreman in the mills, who realises the scheme on foot and heads an opposition movement to get possession of enough proxies to protect the aged president of the mill in spite of his obstinate refusal to believe he is in danger. In spite of their efforts, neither his friends nor his enemies obtain a majority of the proxies; and when the stockholders meet the old man still holds the balance of power, which he uses in an unexpected and most exasperating way. It is a story of a good fight, and since the obstinate old president has a daughter whom the young foreman wants to marry, it is a passably good love story as well.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS

To the Editors of The Bookman.

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Wharton's *The House of Mirth* is a splendid study of social conditions; but, as the reviewers have pointed out, it leaves us somewhat cold as to the fortunes of Lily Bart (very largely, I conceive, owing to the extreme unpleasantness of her name), and hence we shall not be shocking its readers too much if we discuss in cold blood certain financial matters which come up near the end of the book.

It will be remembered that Lily Bart's troubles are largely due to a phenomenal ignorance of money matters—so profound that she thinks that once a man is a member of the Stock Exchange he can take possession of the modest capital of any one of his acquaintances and with no trouble at all cause it to produce a delightfully large income. What I wish to call attention to here is that Lily Bart's creator (though, as an extremely successful author, if nothing more, she must have had wide financial experiences) is herself apparently less familiar with money matters than one might have a right to expect.

The day before her tragic end Lily Bart receives a cheque for ten thousand dollars as her share of her aunt's estate, and after a good deal of hesitation she

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decides to use the greater part of this money in relieving herself of her indebtedness to her over-generous speculating friend. At the moment when this resolution was finally arrived at we are told that she "reached out suddenly, and drawing the cheque from her writing desk, enclosed it in an envelope, which she addressed to her bank. She then wrote out a cheque for Trenor, and placing it, without an accompanying word, in an envelope inscribed with his name, laid the two letters side by side on her desk." Now, Lily Bart has here overlooked the fact that in order to make this a valid transaction it was necessary that the cheque should have been first endorsed to the bank; and as her creator does not call attention to this oversight, the inference is plain that to her also the situation had failed to present itself with sufficient vividness.

There is another element of the scene which goes to show financial inadvertence on the part of the writer. At this same time we are told that "a careful examination of her cheque-book, *and of the unpaid bills in her desk,* showed that when the latter had been settled she would have barely enough," etc. The next morning, after the tragic death of Lily Bart, it falls to Lawrence Selden to be the first to look through the contents of her desk. "He opened the cheque-book and saw that the very night before a cheque of ten thousand dollars . . . had been entered in it. . . . But turning another page or two, he discovered with astonishment that in spite of this recent accession of funds the balance had already declined to a few dollars. A rapid glance at the stubs of the last cheques, all of which bore the date of the previous day, showed that between four and five hundred dollars of the legacy had been spent in the settlement of bills, while the remaining thousands were comprehended in one cheque, made out at the same time to Charles Augustus Trenor." We have just been told, also, that, "to his surprise, he found that all the bills were receipted; there was not an unpaid account among them." Now, this happened at nine o'clock in the morning, and it must have been already very late in the preceding evening when the cheque for the ten thousand dollars, contained in a belated letter, had been delivered to Lily; for it was "long after seven o'clock" when she returned home, and since then she had dressed for dinner, dined, "examined systematically the contents of her drawers and cupboard," drawn out her remaining fine dresses from a trunk, allowed them to revive recollections of happier days, and then "put them back one by one." The question that troubles me here is this: How did these bills, unpaid late the night before, come to be receipted early the next morning? Through the simple writing of the cheques? The ordinary way of securing receipted bills is to enclose the bills with the cheques by which they are to be paid, and to receive them back receipted, at best by return of mail. Can it be that Lily Bart, in a moment of inadvertence, receipted her bills herself instead of sending them to her creditors for their signatures?

Most readers, I take it, must have thought that Lily Bart's ignorance of business matters, on the part of so astute a person, accustomed to shifting for herself from her earliest years, is much overdrawn in the book; but if her creator, one of the acutest minds of the time in the construction of a story and in the psychological development of a character, can make mistakes like these in the plainest of every-day business transactions, it is possible that the situation among women in general is worse than one had thought. Certain it is that fathers who do not see to it that their daughters are thoroughly trained in the proper conduct of ordinary matters of business are preparing for them the possibility—as in the case of Lily Bart—of ruined lives, or at least of a very dangerous helplessness.

C. L. Franklin.

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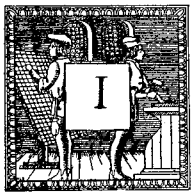
THE FOURTH WATCH

I.

But the boat was now in the midst of the sea, distressed by the waves; for the wind was contrary.



N Elizabeth's old garret play room there were still traces of that positive and conscientious little person who had held Romy Biznet the worst boy in town, praying for him under that head, tearfully or vindictively, according to the standing of their permanent quarrel; tearfully when he smoked cigarettes secretly, vindictively when he snowballed her all the way home from school, kissed her at the gate while she cried, and departed with shrill yells.

The faded pink roses of the wall paper belonged to that time, and so did a row of fashion-plate ladies pasted in a dim corner, each with her name laboriously written above her head. There were a small blue rocking chair and a doll's trunk; no more than this of Bessie Heathway. The stratum of another personality overlay everything, for of late years her husband had taken it for his den during the summers, and all was as he had turned the key upon it six months before; a table with orderly pile of music paper, accurately placed blotter, ink and pens; a few torn pages of neatly written manuscript in the waste basket; a divan glowing with a Navajo blanket; a tray of coffee things on a tabourette. Everything bore witness to his methodical habits, without trace of wakeful nights and disordered dreams, of despair that had seen the sunset in the asylum windows on Pasture Hill, and watched the slow progress of the stars until the Adirondacks flushed with sunrise.

This, then, was the room in which poor Elizabeth sought sanctuary, bringing there an armful of old college text-books, because she had heard that study was a remedy. One must in some sort try for direction in a sea of trouble, and if Euclid had any method for keeping one away from the red house on the hill, it would be well to understand it. Or one might translate a tragedy—the Œdipus, for example—with the Furies.

The window-sill was level with the floor, the roof meeting the low casing so that one could not stand upright. Here she had sat and made doll's clothes, singing school songs and telling stories to herself about the mountains. There had been palaces and fairies, she remembered, but nothing at all resembling that red house crouched high on the hill, seeming hung like a blotched spider above the tree tops of French Hollow. Its windows blinked in the afternoon sun. His was at the left; the one at the end, on the second floor.

She laid aside Euclid and the tragedies and wandered about the room, sighing and stealthy, removing the half year's bloom of dust, trying to decipher the torn manuscript, filling the samovar. She opened the doll's trunk: red cheeks, blue glass eyes, ineffaceable smile, half a dozen ill-made garments of a bygone pattern, and on the sawdust bosom ashes of a sentimental rose placed there by little Bessie Heathway. Mask, sawdust, and illusion—emphasis and symbolism of all other cheat and futility. She found in herself no tenderness for dead childhood and the happiness that could thrive on these slight things—only a heavy wonder at its having been possible.

She relocked the trunk and lay down upon the window seat with its gay Navajo blanket, her head propped upon her arm, steadily watching his distant window while it reddened with sunset, darkened and shone out again through the dusk.

Pasture Hill goes well enough in the landscape when you get the blueness of distance in front of it, but to walk upon it up Pleasant Street is to perceive how it is barren beyond all hope—dry sand that ages have vainly tried to cover decently, out at elbows forever, no matter how strongly its coat of coarse grass is woven.

They called it "Pleasant Street" out of their hopes and good intentions, planting young trees at intervals in the shifting

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sand to indicate how a road was to wind gently under arching elms, but the years add nothing to the stature of these trees, and the most they can do year by year is to put forth a sickly show of green—"I'm not dead yet."

All the rest of the hill is smooth, so that when you look up from Cosmos it is as if Pleasant Street were a yellow river charted on a green map, the asylum a red mark to show a city.

Elizabeth thought that by walking up Pleasant Street she might tire out the nervous thrill in her wrists, but she had forgotten her umbrella, and so must journey between a glare overhead and a glare underfoot until her eyes were dazzled and her head hot and confused.

One seemed forever climbing through dust and heat, both actually and allegorically, and at the end of the journey—well, not exactly a "House Beautiful."

For one followed the straight and narrow way so far as one could perceive it, and turned aside into no inviting pasture in order to find the Doubting Castle of Giant Despair. Square across the road lies Doubting Castle, with the skulls about it of former wayfarers, which who runs may read.

Through the quiet intensity of the sunlight a light breeze sent gliding white pillars of dust toward her. *Were* they pillars of dust? For the world was strange, and changed so that one hardly knew which was allegory and which was real. Or did she see pillars of dust for the first time truthfully, how there was terror in them and meaning: "We are ghosts of dead eternities going from one nothingness to another."

A sudden animal fright caused her to start aside from a light eddy whirling past her harmlessly, gracefully: "From nothing to nothing. Come with us!"

The matron asked, like a gardener with choice roses of his own raising in a nearby greenhouse: "Wouldn't you like to go through the women's ward while they are getting him ready?"

She was a broad-shouldered person, the matron—tall and strong. No weakness had ever touched that splendid physique. She had a low forehead and a heavy chin, sleek, fair hair and narrow, grey eyes that saw, without appearing to, everything in the corridor the moment she entered.

There were rocking chairs all along the sides of the hall, rubber plants, artificial palms at intervals, imitation Persian rugs set at careful angles on the shiny floor, and an odor of iodoform and peppermint throughout.

"You see we make it homelike," said the matron proudly. "Stop biting your finger nails, Mrs. Jackson. Do you want me to tie on those mittens again?"—this to a lank and drooping figure in blue calico and a starchless bonnet. A colourless face looked up dimly and drooped again, but the distorted fingers obediently clasped themselves in her lap and there twisted about and about aimlessly, patiently.

"Farmer's wife," said the matron. "You'd be surprised how many farmers' wives go insane. Loneliness and hard work."

Another farmer's wife was knitting (with wooden needles), counting aloud monotonously like the ticking of a clock.

Then there was a stout, red-faced woman with bloodshot eyes, who smiled foolishly, showing a wide gap where her front teeth had been. Nightmares smile so, when something huge and hideous is portending, something that you think at first is funny.

"We aim to make it homelike," chanted the matron, the floor creaking under her tread as she passed between the rows of chairs. Elizabeth followed, slim and black robed, peering fearfully from face to face. Suddenly a bluish, bony hand shot out and clenched into a fold of her skirt. It belonged to a tiny, somnolent creature who sat, toad-like, with her feet tucked under her. In the face now upturned there was, as Elizabeth noticed among many of the others, a curious twitching of the mouth corners, a constant flicker of the tongue along the lips. The eyes seemed looking at her from a great distance, and when the voice came it was fine and remote: "You're Alice, aren't you?"

"No," said Elizabeth. She put her warm hand on the hooked fingers gently. It was like touching something dead. After the first quiver, however, she gathered the poor alive and dead thing into

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her palms and sat down in an empty chair, drawing it close. The far-away eyes brightened, though ever so faintly.

"I'm glad you've come, Alice."

The matron turned, missing her follower.

"Oh, come, come, Mrs. Bradley. This won't do, you know. It does credit to your kind heart, Mrs. Biznet, but really, you can't do any good. She's better off by herself. She sits that way for hours. She always thinks visitors are some of her folks."

"I'll wait here," said Elizabeth simply. The vague face staring through dreams grew more intent. Elizabeth smiled encouragingly at it, and stroked the inert hands again and again.

"I get very despondent," murmured the voice. "There was some one coming for me."

The forehead contracted painfully.

"Is the baby well?"

Elizabeth knew of but one baby. She forced a white-lipped smile.

"The baby is well." For so one may speak of such as need never reckon with the world's perplexities.

One of the dead hands, loosening from her clasp, patted her cheek. Alice's baby, of course—but the question had come very strangely.

"There, there!" soothed the creature. "There, there."

Elizabeth sat quite still, with a great horror knocking at her breast, and the cry that of late had grown habitual sounding in her brain. If she became like *these*, she reflected, the cry would become audible. She saw herself seated among these women of the rocking chairs, moaning with mechanical regularity: "O God, the pain of the world! O God, the pain of the world!"

"If you are ready, Mrs. Biznet"—the matron was smiling down at them, showing her strong white teeth genially. "Mustn't annoy visitors, Mrs. Bradley—I'll take you down to the reception room. You'll be surprised to see how well he is looking and as good as a baby. This way, please."

"O God, the pain of the world!" The words sighed through the bright varnished room as though Elizabeth had at last spoken them. She kissed the alive and dead face, which grew vague again, and withdrew within its veils as she went away.

"O God, the pain of the world!"

The doctor's office was clean and bright. There was the glisten of much varnish; the rugs on the shining floor were laid at æsthetic angles.

Directly opposite Elizabeth hung an engraving of Doré's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." She remembered reading that a latter-day philosopher had diagnosed the case of the Master of the World Himself as megalomania, calling Him the king of such madmen as claim divinity. She did not quarrel with the idea or accept it, but studied attentively, as one under a mental strain observes the pattern of wall paper, the tragic figure descending the steps, the centurions keeping back the people with their spears, the outcropping here and there in the crowd of a disciple's scared and despairing face. These and the moulded pattern of the cheap gilt frame were stamped into her brain before she heard the double tread in the hall of Biznet and his attendant.

She knew his step as she knew his face, but realised for the first time its strangeness, how it was singularly without weight, irregular, hesitating, unlike the rhythmic stride of a man who knows where he is going and why.

She shut her eyes for an instant, dreading to see him altered, dreading still more that he should be the same as ever.

"Well, Bess." His harsh voice was good natured enough. He came forward and kissed her in a dutiful way.

The attendant was a huge, bull-necked German, sleepy-eyed, with very clean and muscular hands. He stood clumsily behind Biznet's small, withered figure for an instant, towering like an exaggerated shadow, then slouched over to the window, yawned comfortably, and began to manicure his nails. Biznet watched him out of the sides of his eyes.

"He won't lend *me* his knife," he muttered. The attendant heard, and grinned, as at a witty saying.

"Are you comfortable here?" she asked. There was little to say, after all. The situation had no precedent. It seemed to demand some new code of eti-

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quette with which she was unfamiliar. She felt irritably self-conscious, dreading the opinion of that sleepy-eyed monster so carefully putting his hands in order.

"Comfortable! Oh, I suppose so. You didn't send me here to be comfortable, did you?"

It was the familiar, accusing tone. Elizabeth put her hand to her throat.

The attendant's knife snapped shut; his narrow eyes waked up ever so slightly, seeking her face with a warning expression.

"But for your notions I could still be in the world doing my work. I had planned so much——"

The attendant hitched his chair forward a little.

"You haf worked a lot already since you came here," he said encouragingly.

"Will you mind your own business!" snapped Biznet. "I guess I can talk to my wife without you putting in your oar. It's quite true, however, that I have been working. I write all day. If I could write faster——"

He fell into a revery.

"I should like to see what you've done," she said at length.

"You! You couldn't understand."

"Is it a symphony?"

He looked up with flaming eyes, but his voice was soft and monotonous:

"A symphony! It is all the symphonies that can be written. I have thought them all out. It is only the writing of them now. When I have finished there will be no more music to write. As long as the world lasts they will have to play my music and mine only. There have been hours at a time when my mind has been so clear that I could hear and understand it all at once—clear to the end of the permutations and combinations of all the scales and all the instruments. . . .

"I'll tell you who I *would* like to see, though. *She* doesn't think I have delusions. Tell *her* that I am writing all the music of the world. I'd like to hear her sing. Not that I can't remember, or that it was anything extraordinary in a way—only something about it always gave me ideas. There was in it what one hears just as one wakes up—the voices that talk inside one's ears and rustle away over the pillow. There was something in her face, too—she was so young—it made one almost crazy to think of its ever fading. Now, you always scowled. She never did—but once her eyes were wet. I think it was because she was sorry for *us*."

He stopped, came close to her and touched her face with the air of one who tests a thing to see whether it is shadow or substance.

"You are pale and old—my fault—but not altogether. It was the little wearing details of every-day life—as disembodied spirits, Paolo and Francesca, 'blown about the world,' we should have done very well——"

Then he began suddenly to curse the world and all its customs, flinging his arms about, raging like a man caught by inexorable machinery. His voice grew shrill and inarticulate. The attendant sprang forward, and Doctor Nevannion, quiet, impersonal, sane, softly entered and briefly took charge. . . .

"That's a remarkable woman," he thought, observing Elizabeth. With lowered eyes she methodically drew on her gloves, while the clamour receded down the long hall.

"You regard this as a hopeless case, do you not?"

"There is always *hope*," said the doctor gravely.

"Is there?" She looked at Dr. Trevannion long and searchingly; then, absent-mindedly, as one looks at a wall-paper pattern, at the impotent figure with the conventional blur of light and the sharp points of thorns about its head.

"Hope—" she shook her head with a slight smile, said good-bye formally, and went out again into the sunlight.

II.

And in the fourth watch of the night He came unto them, walking upon the sea.

The blue and wooded shoulder of Mount Phelim rises back of Pasture Hill. A scar of red sandstone, too abrupt to afford roothold to any green thing, can be easily seen from the village, and is pointed out with some pride as "Deer's Leap," a real precipice and of tragic history.

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When Pleasant Street leaves the asylum it turns off at an angle, descends through the sand of the other side of the hill, crosses the doubtful bridge of a mucky little brook and then clambers up Mount Phelim hand over hand, becoming more wild, jagged and overgrown at every step until it joins at right angles a wood road that runs horizontally about the mountain, and following this eastward, one goes warily, because at one point where the forest opens out and shows you the world and the kingdoms thereof, from Cosmos clear across the St. Lawrence to Montreal and the sunset, Deer's Leap is at your feet, and pine needles are slippery footing.

Here Elizabeth had often come in quest of sunsets. She and her husband had sat there in the days of their youth and somewhat fitful happiness, dreaming great things out of the colour and the quiet and the small voices of birds.

On this evening, also, she had the sunset in mind, but only as an incident of the journey, the real purpose of which lay much farther on. As far, in fact, as the rocks at the foot of Deer's Leap. Whether they also would prove to be but an incident of the journey she wondered a little, but did not much care.

If there was no other road to take, why—there was no other, and the incident was closed to further argument.

By the time she reached the pine needles and confronted the elfin beauty of that great picture—all things seemed infinitely little and dainty, except the sky—the glamour of the sunset was upon it, and she seated herself in the warm hollow of a pine-tree's roots. One would not intrude one's death upon a world so entirely lovely at such a moment. It would be a discourtesy, like talking and laughing during music. And so she waited until the stars came out together with a small, new moon.

How huge the trees were! As it grew darker they were terrible. "Intolerable mystery!" they whispered when the wind went through them, then would hold their breath, and again "Intolerable mystery!" Somewhere a hermit thrush was late at his prayers, using other words, but as twilight darkened into night he lost the thread of his argument, without having reached any conclusion, and the stars, growing thick and bright, agreed with the tree-tops—"Intolerable mystery!"—while Elizabeth stared up at them in the manner of all sorrowful and puzzled people these many thousand years.

And so staring she fell into that unhappy sleep familiar to those in great physical or mental distress; a sleep not altogether sleep, which leaves one hesitating in two worlds at once. She knew that she was not awake, because she could not move. Grim dreams would presently come out of the forest behind and swarm up from the rocks below Deer's Leap, but the day's reality had been so grim that she was hardly afraid of phantoms, and she was so near to becoming a phantom herself. No, there was nothing now to be afraid of.

A little sound began, whether far away or within her ear she could not be sure, but there was no doubt about its being her husband's 'cello. It increased dreadfully, and the tree trunks—as if they had been so many organ pipes—took up the theme, making of it thunder and the scream of living things in pain; yet through the confusion was an insistent rhythm, as of hammer and anvil, or the beating of a heart—hammer and anvil, shaping some huge tool with which to carry on whatever work it is that the universe is about. Then *he* stalked by, seeming to know very well what he was about, waving his baton as she had seen him wave it scores of times on the conductor's stand. "He has really done it, then," she thought—"all the music of the world."

She tried to call to him for help, but could make no sound, and by degrees the trees were silent again, the tumult of all the world's music died down to a whisper, then to nothing, and she was awake in the rustling silence of the real forest and the real night. It was a waking, however, to thought so vivid that the things she thought about were almost as plainly seen as those of which she had dreamed. Visions rose as if up from the disordered rocks below the Leap and spread in clear outlines against the sky, for in this manner a weary brain may at times think and yet, recognising its pic-

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tured thoughts as illusion, remain upon the hither side of insanity.

She saw her husband as she had seen him scores of times, his sleek black head and thin shoulders silhouetted by the light of the conductor's stand—then shrivelled and raving, as he had been that afternoon. She saw her dead child——

"Why is it?" she said, meaning suffering, and repeated the question over and over in a whisper. The figure with the thorns and the blur of light stood out against the sky as she had seen it in the picture. Did it have any bearing?

Then she saw the women in the rocking chairs and felt the dead-alive hand dragging against her skirt.

"O God, the pain of the world!"

Somewhere there was singing. She was tired of music. It had been music, music these ten years; great sounds, incomprehensible technical jargon; and he had been so impatient with her ignorance—that impatience which in the end had become violence.

Erbarmen, erbarmen,
Allerbarmen, ach! erbarmen—

The sick king, Amfortas, is "symbolic of the world," Biznet had explained in his bored way—"of the world begging to be helped out of the scrape it's got into——"

Durch Mitleid wissend——

The voices came dreamily from the top of the dome. Then it was poor Kundry, with her "dienen, dienen——"

But these things led nowhere, thought Elizabeth, and remembering why she had come to that place, rose and walked slowly down the gentle slope of shifting pine needles. One laid aside life when done with it. There was neither wisdom nor courage in the long, dull wait for death to come of itself. She stood quite on the edge. A soft grey mist hid the rocks.

He had been of an age to creep about after her, catch her skirts, get underfoot and make himself a nuisance generally—and that was what he did now—or it may have been only a dead branch that caught at her skirt. She stepped backward to free herself, and then——

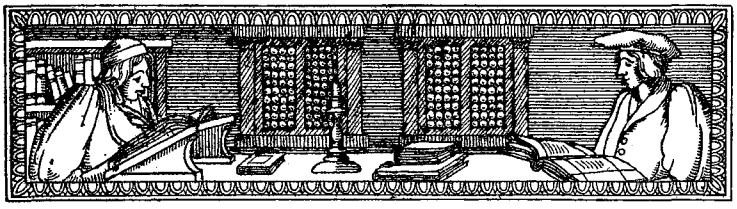
No, it was not *he* who was crying. The sound was in her brain and in her heart, strong and commanding—the cry of all children who have not mothers: "Come back; we are so many."

She drew away, slowly and with difficulty, from the edge, regained her seat upon the pine-tree's roots and sat long with her face buried in her hands, while a plan of living unfolded before her—stretching through many years, gentle, self-forgetful, dealing with one problem only, the fashioning of one infinitely small fragment of the answer to that eternal question about suffering.

With the sunrise her purpose took on definite shape. While the early colour was veiling the stars, she rose to her feet, arranged her disordered hair, straightened her dress and set her face calmly upon that road that led back into the world.

Everywhere the birds were wild with the joy of living, but her ears were deaf to all sounds but the call of the children that awaited her.

Georgia Wood Pangborn.



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THE DRAMA IN ILLUSTRATION

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD

This year Mr. Mansfield is to present Ibsen's fantastic poem "Peer Gynt"

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ALBERT CHEVALIER AND YVETTE GUILBERT

Now on tour in this country

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CLYDE FITCH'S "THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING"
Eleanor Robson as Sylvia Lang. Ada Dwyer as Mrs. Waring

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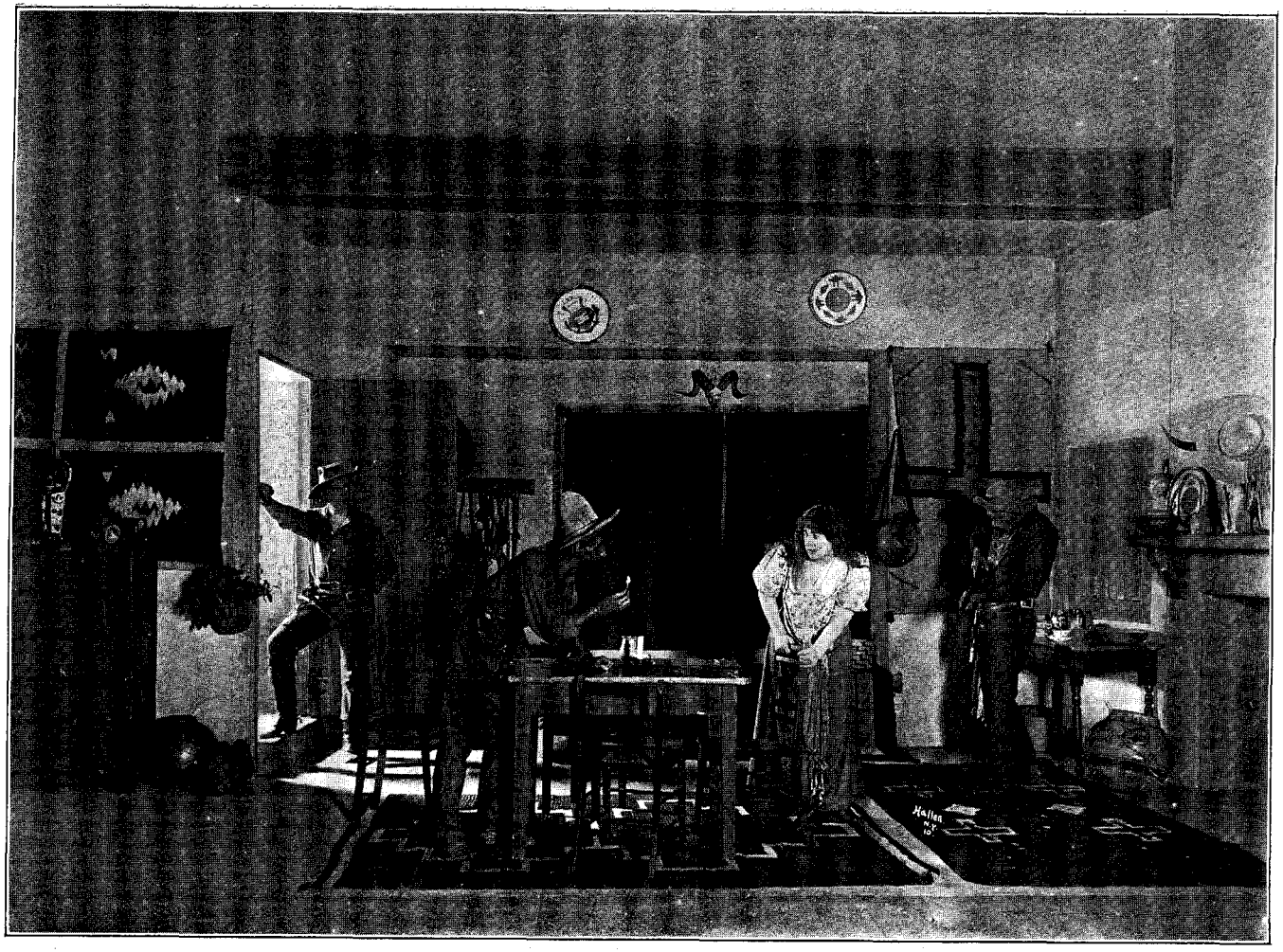

THE GREAT DIVIDE. ACT I.

With this play, which originally bore the title "The Sabine Woman," Mr. William Vaughn Moody stepped immediately into the front rank of American playwrights

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ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Fogazzaro's "The Saint."*

If any one familiar with contemporary letters in Italy were asked to name the three greatest living Italian novelists, there is little doubt that the answer would include two names of international note: Giovanni Verga and Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is equally certain that the third would be a name scarcely ever heard in this country until the Papal advisers condemned his latest volume as heretical: Antonio Fogazzaro, the author of *The Saint*. By the critics of their own race, the three writers are frankly recognised as the three significant forces which, in varying degrees, will ultimately decide the form and the spirit of the Italian novel of to-morrow. Yet it would be difficult in any age or country to pick out a trio of similar prominence whose creeds and methods and ideals are so radically divergent. Verga is the uncompromising exponent of realism, a minute, impersonal, pitiless fidelity to life; d'Anunzio stands for the literature of egotism, the sensuous, selfish cult of beauty; Fogazzaro is a mystic, an idealist, an enthusiastic dreamer, who takes fiction as he has taken everything else in life, with a tremendous seriousness, waiting until his fortieth year before giving his first novel to the public, and ardently striving to make his books not only pictures of life, but vehicles of philosophical teaching.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Signor Fogazzaro by his own countrymen, it would be very rash to predict. The speculative, philosophical trend of his mind would seem to be far less in accord with the impressionable, volatile, emotional Latin temperament than the poignant simplicity of Verga, the brilliant paganism of d'Annunzio. Of the three, he would seem to have the best chance of winning appreciation from an Anglo-Saxon public, because while he does not ignore the sex element in his stories, he does avoid those open transgressions which underlie so many of the tragedies of real life, and to which English novelists deliberately shut their eyes. *Daniele Cortis*, for instance, one of Fogazzaro's earliest novels, shows admirably how much nearer he comes to English than Italian standards in handling a sex problem. It treats of the intense love between Daniele and his cousin, Elena, who is already married to a man utterly unworthy of her. If they were to yield to their passion, the lax morals of the society they live in would not be shocked; even their religion would easily condone their conduct. Yet Fogazzaro keeps this unhappy couple hovering on the brink of transgression through days and months of moral anguish, only at the last moment to give them the strength to bid a final good-bye to each other. It may be set down to the credit of Giovanni Verga that he once pronounced *Daniele Cortis* "a most immoral book"; and he reinforces his opinion by quoting the dictum of Zola, *"rien n'est plus malsain pour les cœurs et pour les intelligences que le jésuitisme des passions continues par les convenances.*

Fogazzaro's latest book, however, which has held so prominent a place for the past year in the political and intellectual world of Italy, awaking echoes in France, where it ran in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in Germany, where it was published in the *Hochland*, is not a sex novel—indeed, judging it by the strictest rules of technique, one sometimes doubts whether it comes near enough to the conventions of construction to be called a novel at all. At best, it is only a fragment of an organic whole, like the majestic torso of some heroic statue, whose merits it seems somewhat unfair to judge until we have the missing parts before us. *Il Santo*, as a foreword to the English translation very frankly tells, is the third volume in a trilogy, which began with *Piccolo Mondo Antico*, and was continued in *Piccolo Mondo Moderno*. The first of these three books, and from a purely artistic standpoint the best work that Fogazzaro has ever produced, pictures the "Little Ancient World" of Valsolda, with its exquisite scenery of

*The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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lakes and mountains, in the troubled period of 1848-49, "when the spirit of patriotism murned its fiercest." The great merit of this book was its wonderful portrayal of the social life of that period, its creation of inimitable and unforgettable types. Its connection with the subsequent volumes is comparatively slight, the Don Franco Maironi, who, in the *Little Ancient World,* gives his life for freedom, being the son of Piero Maironi, the central figure in the *Little Modern World* and in *The Saint.* These last volumes, however, cannot satisfactorily be separated; and it seems to have been a mistake of judgment on the part of the translator to have done so. *The Saint,* as it stands, pretends to have a twofold interest, like that of *Robert Elsmere,* with which it has been frequently compared: the love of woman pulling in one direction, the obligations of religion drawing in the other. But in *The Saint,* the love element has become attenuated to a mere shadow. One feels that the struggle has been decided adversely to the woman, before the curtain goes up for the opening scene. Piero

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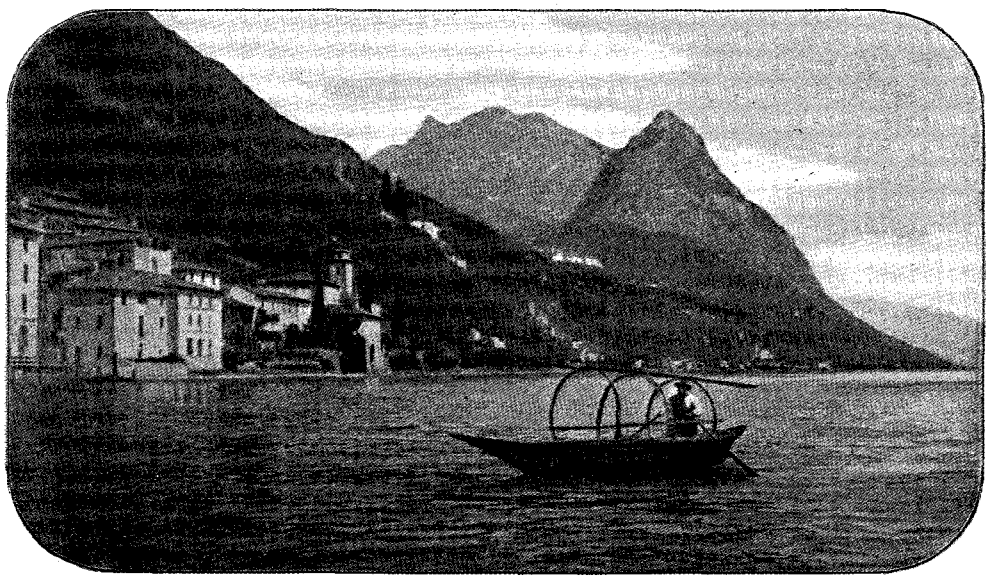
Maironi is a dreamy, artistic soul, whose fate it is to be bound to an insane wife. He falls in love with a beautiful woman, Jeanne Desalle, who is separated from her husband; and it is not until his unfortunate wife, who recovers her senses at the last hour, summons him to her deathbed, that he realises the extent of his sin, and is overwhelmed with an exaggerated and morbid remorse. Forthwith he vanished from the sight and the knowledge of his friends. Even Jeanne, the woman he has loved so passionately, has not the slightest suspicion of his whereabouts, nor even the comforting assurance that he is still alive. And here *Piccolo Mondo Moderno* closes, and *Il Santo* begins.

It would be a misnomer to call *The Saint* a novel with a purpose. It is rather a Purpose, with a novel incidentally appended to it. Signor Fogazzaro, it must be understood, is a leader among the liberal Catholics, a "Catholic socialist by conviction," as he prefers to define himself. He holds devoutly to the fundamental tenets of the Roman Church, but would be glad to see it stripped of many of the trammels of rigid clericalism, from which it suffers, he thinks, more in Italy than elsewhere. "There are priests in America," he once said, "who venture to give utterance to doctrines which we could not imagine possible from the lips of our Italian clergy." . . . and he added, "We are very feeble; our eyes are weak, our minds are narrow. But Catholicism is strong and holy and eternal." *The Saint*, then, is an attempt to sum up, under the masque of fiction, the shortcomings of the Church of Rome to-day; to show how any zealous disciple of the Church, no matter how humble, who should attempt to revive the old, primitive, simple faith, to preach the literal teachings of the early fathers, to put into practice the Christianity embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, would meet with a powerful organised, fanatical resistance amounting to persecution. Such is the purpose of *The Saint*. And the resulting volume is an exceptional, remarkable, profoundly interesting work; of this there could scarcely be two opinions. It is eloquent with intense earnestness, with a deep-rooted sense of a duty to perform, a fervent message to deliver. You lay it aside with an abiding sense of having read something eminently worth while, something very genuine and sincere, and yet, nevertheless, something when tried



VALSOLDA, THE SCENE OF "PICCOLO MONDO ANTICO"
The villa behind the cypress trees is Fogazzaro's home for certain summer months.

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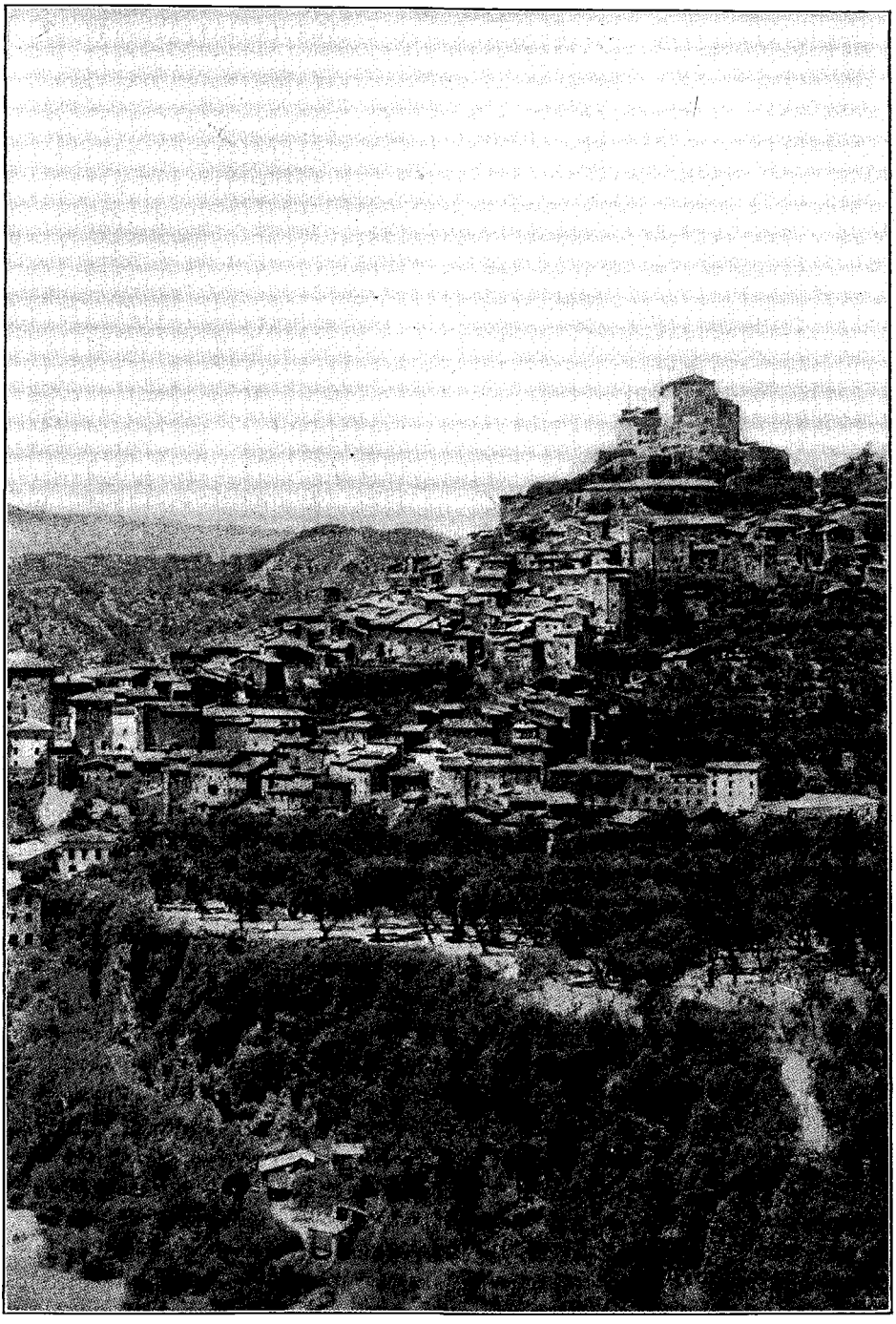

SUBIACO

"That pointed pile of houses, large and small, which culminates in the Rocca del Cardinale." The scene of a large portion of "Il Santo."

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by the simple touchstone of real life, looms up suddenly fantastic, visionary, impossible.

Here, briefly, is the essence of *Il Santo*. Some years after his disappearance, Piero Maironi is discovered by Jeanne, who is now a widow and free to marry him, living in retreat in a Benedictine Monastery at Subiaco—a humble lay brother atoning for his past sins by incredible fastings and penance. So far as the love interest of the story is concerned, Jeanne and her whole relation to Piero might be left out of this closing volume of the trilogy. From the opening page there is no more likelihood of her recapturing his love than of a child overtaking the ball which has rolled from his hand down the side of a steep mountain. No, the interest of *Il Santo* centres wholly in the attitude of Piero and the Church toward each other. He does not stay long at Subiaco, for the abbot scents even in his humble prayers a disquieting taint of heresy. Instead he is driven out to a lonely hermit's life in a secluded valley. But even here the fame of his piety spreads abroad. Superstitious peasants flock to him, praying him to heal their diseases; many of them believe that he does cure them, and go away to spread the tidings that he is a Saint. The picture of the devout throngs who come to seek aid from him does not fall much below the famous pilgrimage scene in d'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death*. But the highest point of audacity in the book is the scene of Maironi's audience with the Pope, in which he tells him, in an inspired burst of eloquence, of the evil spirits which have entered the Church—tells it with such drastic power that the Pope himself is perturbed, shaken, convinced. It is no small tribute to the author to acknowledge that one does not realise the impossibility of the whole scene until after the book is closed. Wonder has been expressed at the action of "the myopic Papal advisers in placing *Il Santo* on the *Index;* but, frankly, it is difficult to see what other attitude they could have consistently taken; indeed, the splendid audacity of it seems to have deliberately invited such action. In a way, such a condemnation is the strongest proof, the frankest recognition, of Signor Fogazzaro's triumphant presentment of his doctrine.

In conclusion, however, one feels compelled to protest against any confusion of the greatness of *Il Santo* as a piece of brilliant polemics, a powerful theological brief, with its worth as a novel. Frankly, it is not a great novel; it is too defective in technique. It lacks on the one hand the rugged simplicity of Verga, on the other the melodious rhythm and artistic proportions of d'Annunzio. Nevertheless, it remains one of the most interesting human documents that have come from Italy in the last quarter century.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

II

Dr. du Bois's "Stress Accent in Latin Poetry."*

Everyone who is not now in the early years of his academic life remembers the good old sing-song, hammer-and-tongs fashion in which Arms and the Man were droned out in the crowded school-room. We call it a good old fashion, for, after all, it did drive into the thickest head some rudimentary understanding of the fact that there existed a difference between Latin prose and Latin verse, even though in Latin verse there were no necessary rhymes. By coming down hard upon the first syllable of every foot, a certain rhythmical effect was achieved; and, at least to English-speaking students, the dactylic hexameter appeared as a sonorous, though somewhat monotonous, accentual measure, objectionable only because the teacher unfeelingly insisted on a knowledge of quantity and of a maze of rules regarding it. The average youth found this a mighty grievance after he had learned to "scan by ear."

Somewhat later the exceptional student occasionally wondered that the Romans should, in composing verse, have made it necessary for the reader to accent syllables which in prose were not accented; but he set this peculiarity down to "the artificial character of Roman poetry," and

* Stress Accent in Latin Poetry. By Elizabeth Hickman du Bois, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan and Company, $1.25.

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to the fact that its classical measures were derived from those of an exotic literature. This is what his college teachers sometimes told him, and it seemed fairly reasonable. To be sure, if it were so, then Latin poetry was unlike any other poetry known to man; and the young investigator felt about it as Tennyson did when he composed, on the accepted Latin model, his burlesque pentameter:

"All men alike hate slops || *par*ticular*ly* gru*el!*"

Scientific students of metric were, of course, aware that the clickety-clack school of reading Latin hexameters committed its barbarisms for the reason that its followers wholly identified the Latin accent with the strong stress-accent of the Teutonic languages. Yet even granting that the stress upon the accented syllable was in Latin but a slight one, it still remained anomalous, for still it was necessary to read the words of a line of poetry with an accentuation which was not always the normal one. The French, naturally enough, found it easy to accept the theory that the Latin accent in prose as well as in verse was a musical, and therefore a shifting, accent; and this was ably urged by M. Gaston Paris in an interesting treatise written as far back as 1862. In 1899, Professor Charles E. Bennett of Cornell University went so far as to assent that there was no accentual ictus in Latin poetry at all; and for the alleged reason that in the Latin language, of the classical period at least, the stress-accent was unknown. Professor Bennett is the Albiciades of American classical philologists; for he is always ready to cut off the tail even of his own pet theories in order to give his fellow Athenians something to talk about. Hence, one is never wholly certain whether Professor Bennett is himself convinced of every opinion for which at any given time he seems to be so earnestly contending. In his well-known paper on "Ictus in Latin Prosody," he does, in fact, disclaim an absolute belief in the conclusions which he thinks that he has reached. Nevertheless, on the basis of these conclusions he worked out a method of reading Latin poetry which eliminated accent altogether and made quantity the sole feature of the purely classical verse. The lines of Vergil are to be read, according to him, with a "level stress"—that is, with no stress at all, but with a "quantitative monotony," the so-called ictus having nothing to do with the stress-accent. Professor Bennett's arguments were rather badly damaged by Professor W. G. Hale and Professor Hendrickson, and his paper contained some statements which one can hardly believe to have been seriously made. Such, for example, is his remark about the Romance languages, as to which he says: "So far as my information and observation go, no one of these languages is strongly stressed." One can only assume in reading this, that when he wrote it, Professor Bennett had never heard Spanish spoken—a language in which the stress-accent is quite as marked as in our English speech. One feels, too, that Professor Bennett must also have ignored the views of Meyer-Lübke and of the modern French philologists.

His theory, however, explained away the apparent clash in Latin poetry between verse-accent and word-accent; but unfortunately, it explained away some other things as well. It eliminated, for instance, that variety and that harmonious cadence which are so necessary in the poetry that really sings. It imposed a monotony which one would hesitate to accept as inherent in the Latin, unless conviction of the fact were borne to him by weightier arguments than any that had hitherto been offered. So the dilemma still remained: Are we to read Latin poetry without the slightest stress, or are we so to read it as to violate the well-known laws which govern the accent of words in Latin prose?

It is this problem which Dr. du Bois has set herself to solve, and we think with a very large measure of success. Certain it is that no explanation of how the Vergilian hexameters should be read is so plausible as hers. It reconciles the conflict between the two views that have hitherto prevailed, accepting in part Professor Bennett's theory of level stress, yet without abandoning the opinion that the stress-accent played an important part in Latin prosody. First of all, she summarises with admirable lucidity the facts which bear upon the nature of the Latin accent. She has mastered the literature

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of the subject and has compressed the essential doctrine into the space of twenty-three pages, which contain also much suggestive comment of her own. In the second place, she has taken up the native Latin rhythms, in particular the Saturnian, and has examined them with a view to ascertaining the norm of their metre and the part which accent plays in it. In this she has carefully avoided the practice of such scholars as Havet, for example, who first lays down a metrical scheme and then emends the existing Saturnians to make them fit an *a priori* theory. Her result is far more satisfactory than that attained by other students of the subject, and it gives us a method of reading these rude verses which makes them accentual in character and which, as the author says, is both in harmony with the Italic principle of word-accent and "brings the Saturnian into line with what we know of the earlier and later popular poetry."

Dr. du Bois then goes on to examine the hexameter, in which she finds the so-called "Law of the Last Half" to be "a part of the heritage of the hexameter from the native accentual Saturnian metre." "Helped out," she writes, "by alliteration and by assonance from the same source [it] accounts for the immediate popularity of the *Annales* of Ennius. It was the echo of the older stressed verse in the second half of the quantitative hexameter that made it at once intelligible to the people." In other words, there is a definite relationship between the hexameters of Vergil and the Saturnians of Nævius.

"In form, therefore, as well as in matter, Vergil is a thoroughly Latin poet. And just as he made the Trojan Æneas an essential part of Roman tradition, the founder of the state, Quiris of the Quirites, so he naturalised the Greek hexameter, subordinating, but not obliterating, stress, the fundamental principle of the native poetry."

Finally, as an example, the first thirty-three lines of the *Æneid* are printed with a careful indication of how they should be read in order to avoid the clash between the natural word-accent and the apparent requirements of the metre. This part of the book will be read with great interest by all students and teachers of Latin. It shows why the Romans of the classical period attached so much importance to what the French call *diction*. Read as Dr. du Bois would have us read it, the *Æneid* would neither alter the word-accent which we find in prose, nor, on the other hand, would it impose long stretches of somniferous monotony upon the listener. The exigencies of space forbid us to describe the system here; but we commend a perusal of the book to all who would like to find in the hexameter a new grace and a new variety of harmonies.

We have said nothing of the thoroughness and breadth of the author's scholarship, to which, however, each page of this monograph bears abundant witness. She has taken nothing at second hand, but has traced to their sources many passages which from generation to generation have been quoted apart from their context and often to the perpetuation of gross error. Schoell in particular fares rather badly in this respect at the hands of Dr. du Bois; and some often repeated statements of the *Grammatici Latini* are seen in an entirely new light through her investigations. A word should be said also in commendation of the style in which this book is written. It shows that the results of scholarship may be presented in an attractive manner, with lucidity of language and felicity of phrase. It is in such a book as this and not in the crabbed German and still more crabbed Latin of the Teutonic classical philologists, that our younger scholars ought to find a model.

Harry Thurston Peck.

III

G. K. Chesterton's Dickens.*

Granted that intimate knowledge of the events of Dickens's life and of the stories and characters of Dickens's novels which we are in the habit of ascribing without question to every normal English reading man and woman, and, in addition, a certain acquaintance with the moods and

* Charles Dickens. A Critical Study. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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contradictions of Mr. Chesterton, this book should be read with pleasure and re-read with positive delight. Without this knowledge it will be found entertaining, but at times unquestionably baffling. For Mr. Chesterton, as was to be expected, has aimed primarily at a new note and a fresh interpretation. He takes it as a matter of course that you have dipped into Forster's *Life,* and retained at least a vague memory of it, and that, without the slightest hesitation, you will identify Micawber, or the Marchioness, or Major Bagstock, or Harold Skimpole, place each in his or her proper place, and be ready with a brief description of these persons' careers and peculiarities. Nor, in his opinion, is it absolutely necessary to have opened Dickens's books to have attained this knowledge. Fragments of the Dickens fashion remain in our daily language; in the talk of every trade or public question are imbedded the wrecks of that enormous Dickens religion. "The man in the street has more memories of Dickens, whom he has not read, than of Marie Corelli, whom he has." For in Mr. Chesterton's opinion, even if we are not interested in Dickens as a great event in English literature, we must still be interested in him as a great event in English history. If he had not his place with Fielding and Thackeray, he would still have his place with Wat Tyler and Wilkes; for the man led a mob.

Throughout the chapters which deal with the "Boyhood of Dickens" and the "Youth of Dickens," Mr. Chesterton insists upon the novelist's sensitiveness and his restless nature. His sensitiveness, he concedes, was not always of the loftiest kind. It was a compound of vanity and revolt. His experience in the blacking factory, to which he was sent at an early age, always remained in his mind as a sort of bestial nightmare. There was attached to the memory of those unhappy days a certain shame which even the long years of full fame could not entirely obliterate. When he became a journalist his incurably restless nature found more pleasure in the wandering side of the profession. He went about wildly in post-chaises to report political meetings for the *Morning Chronicle.* Mr. Chesterton recalls Dickens's own description of this life:

> And what gentlemen they were to serve in such things at the old *Morning Chronicle.* Great or small, it did not matter. I have had to charge for half a dozen breakdowns in half a dozen times as many miles. I have had to charge for the damage of a great-coat from the drippings of a blazing wax candle, in writing through the smallest hours of the night in a swift-flying carriage and pair.

And again:

> I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour.

To Mr. Chesterton the whole of Dickens's life seems to go with the throb of that nocturnal gallop. All its real wildness shot through with an imaginative wickedness he afterward uttered in the drive of Jonas Chuzzlewit through the storm.

Mr. Chesterton's estimate of Dickens as a novelist is fiercely negative. Dickens's work is not to be reckoned in novels at all. It is to be reckoned always by characters, sometimes by groups, oftener by episodes, but never by novels. You cannot discuss, he contends, whether *Nicholas Nickleby* is a good novel, or whether *Our Mutual Friend* is a bad novel; for strictly, there is no such novel as *Nicholas Nickleby,* and there is no such novel as *Our Mutual Friend.*

> They are simply lengths cut from the flowing and mixed substance called Dickens—a substance of which any given length will be certain to contain a given proportion of brilliant and of bad stuff. You can say, according to your opinions, "the Crummles part is perfect," or "the Boffins are a mistake," just as a man watching a river go by him could count here a floating flower and there a streak of scum. But you cannot artistically divide the output into books. The best of his work can be found

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in the worst of his works. *The Tale of Two Cities* is a good novel; *Little Dorrit* is not a good novel. But the description of "The Circumlocution Office" in *Little Dorrit* is quite as good as the description of "Tellson's Bank" in *The Tale of Two Cities*. *The Old Curiosity Shop* is not so good as *David Copperfield,* but Swiveller is quite as good as Micawber. Nor is there any reason why these superb creatures, as a general rule, should be in one novel any more than another. There is no reason why Sam Weller, in the course of his wanderings, should not wander into *Nicholas Nickleby.* There is no reason why Major Bagstock, in his brisk way, should not walk straight out of *Dombey and Son* and straight into *Martin Chuzzlewit.* To this generalisation some modification should be added. *Pickwick* stands by itself and has even a sort of unity in not pretending to unity. *David Copperfield,* in a less degree, stands by itself, as being the only book in which Dickens wrote of himself; and *The Tale of Two Cities* stands by itself as being the only book in which Dickens slightly altered himself. But as a whole this should be firmly grasped, that the units of Dickens, the primary elements, are not the stories, but the characters who affect the stories—or, more often still, the characters who do not affect the stories.

To an American, at least, the memory of *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* makes Mr. Chesterton's statement that Dickens really liked America seem at first in the nature of a paradox, Mr. Chesterton thinks that Dickens came to this country prepared to be pleased, quite ready to believe that all Americans were free men, and that he would have believed it if they had not all told him so. His admiration did not change because America changed. "It changed because America did not change. The Yankees enraged him at last, not by saying different things, but by saying the same thing."

They were a republic; they were a new and vigorous nation; it seemed natural that they should say so to a famous foreigner first stepping on to their shore. But it seemed maddening that they should say so to each other in every car and drinking saloon from morning till night. It was not that the Americans in any way ceased from praising him. It was rather that they went on praising him. It was not merely that their praises of him sounded beautiful when he first heard them. Their praises of themselves sounded beautiful when he first heard them. That democracy was grand, and that Charles Dickens was a remarkable person, were two truths that he certainly never doubted to his dying day. But, as I say, it was a soulless repetition that stung his sense of humour out of sleep; it woke like a wild beast for hunting, the lion of his laughter. He had heard the truth once too often. He had heard the truth for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and he suddenly saw that it was falsehood.

A book like Mr. Chesterton's does not merely invite quotation—it compels it. Any sort of epitome is impossible. The reviewer is forced to emphasise every estimate with the blunt advice: "Read for yourself." Especially is this so with the chapters treating of "Dickens and Christmas," "The Time of Transition," "The Alleged Optimism of Dickens," and "The Great Dickens Characters." In *The Christmas Carol,* the first and most typical of all Dickens's Christmas tales, Mr. Chesterton finds the Christmas atmosphere more important then Scrooge, or the ghosts either; in a sense the background is more important than the figures. The story is a kind of philanthropic dream. The beginning is about a winter day and a miser; yet the beginning is in no way bleak.

The author starts with a kind of happy howl; he bangs on our door like a drunken carol singer; his style is festive and popular; he compares the snow and hail to philanthropists who "come down handsomely"; he compares the fog to unlimited beer. Scrooge is not really inhuman at the beginning any more than he is at the end. There is a heartiness in his inhospitable sentiments that is akin to humour and therefore to humanity; he is only a crusty old bachelor, and had (I strongly suspect) given away turkeys secretly all his life. The beauty and the real blessing of the story do not lie in the mechanical plot of it, the repentance of Scrooge, probable or improbable; they lie in the great furnace of real happiness that glows through Scrooge and everything round him; that great furnace, the heart of Dickens. Whether the Christmas visions would or would not convert Scrooge, they convert us. The story sings from end

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to end like a happy man going home; and, like a happy and good man, when it cannot sing it yells.

To emphasise the time of transition in Dickens as a novelist Mr. Chesterton picks out three novels: *Dombey and Son* as the book before the transition; *David Copperfield* as typical of the transition itself, and *Bleak House* as the book after the transition. In *Dombey and Son,* if compared with his first fantasies, such as *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop,* the faint coming of a change. The story is still melodrama, but it is more effective and tactful melodrama. The sting and realism of *David Copperfield,* Mr. Chesterton believes, lie in the fact that it was so largely founded on fact. *David Copperfield* is the great answer of a great romancer to the realists. David says in effect: "What! you say that the Dickens tales are too purple really to have happened! Why, this is what happened to me, and it seemed the most purple of all. You say that the Dickens heroes are too handsome and triumphant! Why, no prince or paladin in Ariosto was ever so handsome and triumphant as the Head Boy seemed to me walking before me in the sun. You say the Dickens villains are too black! Why, there was no ink in the devil's inkstand black enough for my own stepfather when I had to live in the same house with him. The facts are quite the other way to what you suppose. This life of grey studies and half tones, the absence of which you regret in Dickens, is only life as it is looked at. This life of heroes and villains is life as it is lived. The life a man knows best is exactly the life he finds most full of fierce certainties and battles between good and ill—his own." Passing on, the third book, *Bleak House,* has every characteristic of Dickens's new realistic culture. He no longer revels in the parts he likes and scamps the parts he does not like. He no longer, for instance, when he wishes to denounce a dark institution, sandwiches it in as a mere episode in a rambling story of adventure, as the debtor's prison is embedded in *Pickwick Papers* or Dotheboy's Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby.* In short, in *Bleak House,* for the first time we can see the traces of a wider social experience and a greater knowledge of the world.

"All criticism," says Mr. Chesterton in his introduction to the chapter on "The Great Dickens Characters," "tends too much to become criticism of criticism; and the reason is very evident. It is that criticism of creation is so very staggering a thing. We can destroy Mrs. Gamp in our wrath, but we could not have made her in our joy." The key of the great characters of Dickens is that they are all great fools. The great fool is a being who is above wisdom rather than below it. Bottom the Weaver is great because he is foolish; Mr. Toots is great because he is foolish. Toots is a type we all know as we know chimney pots. He is the blockhead who hangs on at a private school, overgrown and undeveloped. He is always backward in his lessons, but forward in certain cheap ways of the world; he can smoke before he can spell. The very parasites that live on him despise him. But Dickens does not despise him. He does not deny one of the dreary details of the wretched youth's existence, and yet he makes him a man whom we long to meet. Without altering one fact he manages to alter the whole atmosphere, the whole universe of Toots, and we end by liking, even loving and reverencing the little dunce and cad. And the very point of the matter is that he does not alter Toots in the least. The thing he does alter is us.

Says Mr. Chesterton in conclusion:

The hour of absinthe is over. We shall not be much further troubled with the little artists who found Dickens too sane for their sorrows and too clean for their delights. But we have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant, and the passage is along a rambling English road, a twisting road such as Mr. Pickwick travelled. But this at least is part of what he meant; that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel; but that rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure for ever. The inn does not point to the road; the road points to the inn. And all roads point at last to an ultimate inn, where we shall meet Dickens and all his characters;

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and when we drink again it shall be from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world.

Mr. Chesterton's book is one which no one who loves Dickens or who admires brilliant writing can afford to ignore.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

IV

W. J. Henderson's "The Art of the Singer."*

Among the musical books to make their appearance this autumn is the usual quota of volumes calculated to satisfy the popular thirst for knowledge on the subject. *The Art of the Singer,* by the able reviewer of the New York *Sun,* is probably not of these. For the public do not care for that particular phase of musical learning. Your star-worshipper is anything but critical; nor does he generally evince the slightest interest in the technique of the singing art. Nevertheless, Mr. Henderson's little treatise deserves the attention of a far wider circle of readers than those for whom it is primarily intended. As its subtitle indicates, it contains practical hints about vocal technics and style which are of value to the auditor as well as to the singer.

The singers' art to-day is wrapped in the mystery and obscurity of pretended abstruseness, and it is safe to assert that in no other branch of music is ignorance of the subject so complete—ignorance of teachers and singers, as well as of the public, be it understood. As the author indicates, the very rudiments of singing are the subject of controversy among leaders in the profession. Under such conditions an honest and dignified attempt to set forth in simple and concise fashion the principles which are the basis of the art of singing—and such is Mr. Henderson's book—is heartily to be welcomed. The first sentence sounds the keynote: "Singing is the interpretation of text by means of musical tones produced by the human voice." The interpretation of text is an essential part of the definition, and, as the writer points out, it is the part most generally ignored. "Nine-tenths of the songs we hear are songs without words," he writes; and those who attend the concerts and operas must perforce agree. He then points out that the great singers of two and three centuries ago, Farinelli, Senesino, Ruff, Caffarelli and their compeers, reached their goals only after long and arduous years of apprenticeship and that we have living proof now, in Jean de Reszke and Mme. Sembrich, that the art is not a lost art and that "the acquisition of a beautiful vocal style is in the power of any one who will take the trouble to go through the necessary study." Insistence upon such facts as these is necessary, and an authoritative writer like Mr. Henderson can only benefit the cause of art by taking this stand. He demonstrates clearly that Wagner singing demands the same quality as Italian opera, and that Wagner's own theories of dramatic song were perfectly consistent with this and indeed were based upon it as a fundamental fact.

The chapters on style are especially good, and that on "The Singer's Musicianship" should be taken to heart by every singer. Mr. Henderson's vocation as a musical critic has brought him in close personal contact with the greatest singers of the age, and this with his exceptional opportunities for a practical study of the subject gives his usually thoughtful writings additional weight, and makes the present volume a real acquisition to the library. The fact that the several chapters were originally printed in the Sunday columns of the *Sun* does not detract from the value of the collection. It is fittingly inscribed "To Jean de Reszke, Mastersinger."

*The Art of the Singer. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Scribner, 1906.

V

R. A. Streatfield's "Modern Music and Musicians."*

There is much to stimulate thought in Mr. Streatfield's book, whose *raison d'être* is an attempt to give a continuous view of the development of musical expression as exemplified in the works of the great composers of modern times. The author himself calls it an attempt to trace the growth of the idea of a poetic basis in

*Modern Music and Musicians. By R. A. Streatfield. New York: Macmillan, 1906. Price, $2.75.

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music. But this is an abstraction that is unnecessary, as it is unavailing. It was one of Wagner's favourite aphorisms that music is the expression of a preconceived poetical idea—thus at once limiting the art to the function of a mere translation from one idiom of speech into another. Walter Pater has called attention to this error in his essay on the Giorgioni School of Painting: "It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different language of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour in painting, of sound in music, of the rhythmical word in poetry." And he insists that "the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind"—is the true one. Wagner succeeded but when he forgot his theory and gave himself up to pure musical inspiration without any preconceptions. And so it must ever be. Music is an art which stands on its own bottom, without the adventitious aid of poetry or painting. It has a musical, not a poetic basis. The development of musical expression has made this only the clearer; and Mr. Streatfield's book is interesting chiefly in its emphasis of the same point.

He takes up the great names in musical history from Palestrina to Strauss, dealing with them in turn and explaining their several contributions to musical development. On the whole, his criticisms are temperate and judicial, albeit at times the bias of an English point of view is discoverable. As might have been expected from an Englishman, Purcell and Handel are most satisfactorily treated. Of the former in particular he speaks with authority, pointing out suggestively the effect of lack of established musical standards and an artistic environment on a genius of highest rank. The writer's warm enthusiasm for Handel appears the plainer in its contrast with his respectful but by no means as sympathetic feeling for Bach. He says: "To pass from Bach to Handel is like passing from a cathedral into the open air." And he calls Bach the Milton of music and Handel the Shakespeare, adding, "We admire Bach and Milton, Shakespeare and Handel we love." Such a comparison shows the man who knows not Bach, whom to know is to love with the deepest and most enduring affection that ever musician inspired.

Again, the author assigns to Chopin a lower place in music than the weight of contemporary criticism justifies. He evidently sees little in his works of what Mr. Huneker calls "The Greater Chopin." He finds over all his music "the deadly trail of disease" and "the fatal iridescence of decay." There is too much of what may be called the conventional emphasis upon the morbid character of Chopin's works, without a fair reference to the virility and masculinity of music like the C minor Étude, the F minor Fantasie and many others. In Brahms, Mr. Streatfield finds little to praise except in his songs. Here, it is true, contemporary critics do still radically differ. But Mr. Streatfield's theory of the case—that Brahms felt too strongly the belief that he was Beethoven's successor, and so forced himself into a pompous and magniloquent style of writing—while original is scarcely convincing. As an exponent of abstract music, the value of which as compared with programme music, it is our author's thesis to decry, Brahms is naturally not held in highest estimation. But it is strange that so emotional a piece of writing as the first movement of his second symphony does not make an eloquent appeal to Mr. Streatfield's judgment.

He has a weakness for the word "infinitely," which he uses infinitely too often through the book, but his style, though not polished, is generally easy, flowing and serviceable. The portraits interpersed through the pages are quite inadequate; the typography and general get-up, however, are excellent.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VI

Mr. Snaith's "Henry Northcote."*

You finish *Henry Northcote* with a suspicion that the author of *Broke of*

* Henry Northcote. By John Collis Snaith. Boston: Herbert B. Turner and Company, 1906.

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Covenden may have cast upon you a spell of precisely the same occult nature as that with which his hero demoralised a British Law Court, a spell of personal force, ardour and conviction. Nevertheless, having recovered from the first tingling effect produced by this powerful and sinister rhapsody, you wake up—as from a terrifying dream—with a wish to reassure yourself by affirming that it is nothing but the same old problem, the literary value of which was fully established by the time the twenty-second chapter of Genesis was written.

From Esau all along the line to Mrs. Wharton's poor professor in *The Descent of Man,* in fiction, drama, history and verse, there has been no more fruitful theme than the temptation to barter the soul for ease, whether of body or spirit. Whether it deals with a gross, obvious bargain of honour for gold, or with labyrinthine subtleties of the artistic conscience, in life and in romance, the problem is ever cropping up. Whether it be Amyas Leigh's brother Frank going to the stake rather than change his faith, or Balzac's little painter who sees the true path but cannot bring himself to tell the rich *épicier*—"Sir, not being a painter of vegetables I cannot make a portrait of your daughter"—the theme of temptation has always been one of the great fundamental subjects of fiction.

Mr. Snaith's variant in framework contains nothing out of the usual, but the treatment is entirely his own. Henry Northcote, briefless barrister, sits starving in a garret, consumed not only by cold and hunger, but by tantalising conviction of power to conquer—granted opportunity.

A nebulous figure of an equally starving tramp looms out of the darkness of Northcote's miserable room, holds ominous speech with him on the abuse of genius. The tramp has listened to Northcote addressing the Sunday afternoon crowd in Hyde Park.

Northcote confesses that he only does this for practice in public speaking. The stranger exalts the mob: "Jesus was able to invent a religion by preaching to a mob."

"There are some who think," said the young man, "that for one who was ambitious the career of Jesus was a partial failure."

The visitor once more exhorts him and vanishes down the squalid staircase. Left to his despair, Northcote wrestles with the pangs of soul and body, conscious of possessing ability, like an evil genie, which will put victory in his hands if he can bring himself to summon it.

The Peau de Chagrin shortly mounts his stairs in the person of a prosperous attorney bearing a brief, a case decided in advance—a sordid murder with a complete chain of evidence—but one verdict is possible. An accident has disabled the counsel chosen to brief it for the defence, and at the eleventh hour Mr. Whitcomb brings it to Northcote. Warmed and fed at a restaurant, Northcote decides to take the case, drives the attorney almost distraught by refusing to carry out instructions, talks like Coleridge at his wildest, and succeeds in establishing a sense of quite mad inspiration. He pays a very queer visit with his new friend, bewilders policemen, discourses philosophy with his charwoman in a way that recalls Lavengro's most perverse experiments upon Jasper Petulengro. Almost a third of the book is taken up with the experiences of one night; then comes a visit to the Old Bailey and a strange talk with the prisoner, a woman of the streets, who has poisoned "her man." Then the trial, during which Northcote's evil genie has full sway, enabling him to hypnotise judge and jury into a verdict of "not guilty." Following this triumph comes the reaction, the young man's sense of debasement at having sacrificed justice to personal ambition, and after this a terrible retribution in the shape of poisonous gratitude from the creature he has rescued.

Here the story fairly passes into the borderland of allegory. The woman follows him to his garret, claims and conquers him, only to be murdered by him in self-defence, just as in his hopeless vigil two nights since he had destroyed an intolerable rat. The horror of this is unmitigated, but the whole is without a shadow of coarseness. There is abundance of painful incident throughout—the arrival of his country-bred mother and betrothed venturing upon the extravagance of a trip

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to London in honour of his sensational success—the advent of briefs, victory in every form crowding about him, and all the while the consciousness of that squalid corpse behind his ragged bed curtain!

In the end, he deliberately sets his room on fire and goes into the street to await results. The fire is rapid, and in answer to a question as to its origin he tells the truth with such composure that his confession passes for a gruesome pleasantry.

The conclusion leaves you a little in doubt as to whether his prophecy of being one day made a judge be the last proof of full fledged madness, or a sort of "maintenant, Paris, à nous deux" of a man whose conquest is now secure.

Since reading *Henry Northcote* I have been told on good authority that its underlying meaning is—"Individualism divorced from Faith is likely to lead to chaos." No doubt this is a true interpretation, at the same time the world-old but ever new idea of personal bargains with the devil seems broader and more generally satisfying. The bare outline, however, does no justice to the book. With all its strangeness it is filled with power, motion and a kind of hurrying passion which carries you, breathless, shuddering and remonstrating to the very end. The lurid picture stays in your mind. The speeches, no matter how long and tiresome, never bore you. If you stopped to think, the whole might appear unconvincing, but then you could as easily stop midway down a toboggan slide.

At times the manner is inconceivably careless. Even a docile reader fails to believe that a face could be "excessively pale and flushed with wine and conversation." You rebel against lips which are at the same moment "thin" and "full," and against Northcote's sending out to borrow coal on the day after buying a ton for his solitary grate; and you wish that when heavy stress has been laid upon a thick soup, it were not on the next page called consommé.

After making these trivial objections, you suddenly feel small. You have a vision of Northcote himself scorching you with his scorn, berating you with "Don't you see! this is the story of a soul in travail, written at a sitting, reeled off in a delirium of excitement, with tears, with blood. It's alive, it's vibrating with the touch of a real personality, expressed in allegory, in crapulous frenzy if you will, but this is a moment's peep into the seething crater of eternity, and what do a few contradictory expressions more or less signify? Any miserable penny a liner can make his adjectives tally, but how many of them could write *Henry Northcote?*" And the point is that you would then stand abashed, convicted of a meticulous philistinism, of a defective sense of proportion and an academic adherence to rules in the face of unreasoning but overwhelming force—rather as if in the midst of a shattering earthquake you had intelligently protested that by every seismic law the turmoil was technically incorrect.

Compared to *Broke of Covenden, Henry Northcote* is more of a piece in general execution, more uniform, more confined to one violent minor key. There are no such breathing spaces as the description of the little Broke sisters with their dogs and horses; but even more than Broke it possesses the quality of sincerity, of conviction on the author's part that *so* it must be, and in no other fashion. It has also the capacity, for the time being, absolutely to sway the reader.

Nevertheless, after finishing it, say the next day, you may possibly find yourself remembering the phrase which once imperilled the friendship of Monsieur Coquelin and Monsieur Francisque Sarcey.

"Tout de même," Monsieur Sarcey was heard to murmur in the coulisses, after lavishing appreciation upon the actor's conception of Tartuffe. "Tout de même—"

Charlotte Caxton.

VII

Miss Cholmondeley's "Prisoners"*

If good novels were a matter of syndicate production, it would be easy to assign to Miss Cholmondeley a place in a partnership arrangement that would be sure to produce superb results. Certain

* Prisoners. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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qualities she brings to the making of fiction which are not only of the highest desirability, but are also sufficiently rare to be worthy of remark. Certain other abilities, also ideally desirable, she either does not possess or is indifferent to exhibiting. Consequently those counsellors of perfection who, when they condescend to read a novel, wish to find no glaring extremes either of excellence or defect, who worship the sane, golden mean of mediocrity, will never be content with her work. Nor, for that matter, will any reader worth naming be quite content with such a book as *Prisoners*. Faults it has in abundance—big, obtrusive, exasperating faults. The great point is that they are positive, courageous faults, not mean little evasions of the truth. The whole book, good and bad alike, is an individual creation; there are plenty of better books of which not half so much can be said.

It is unnecessary to proclaim the cleverness of the woman who wrote *Red Pottage;* whatever the hackneyed and abused word denotes, the quality was easily recognisable in that book. It is still plentifully in evidence in *Prisoners*. Yet here is a clever author, then, telling a story which, reduced to a bare statement of its "plot," betrays its close consanguinity with the creations of our old friend Nick Carter. The story is mainly a single incident and its consequences, as marked by its effect on two people; and this incident is an ingenious creation of melodramatic impossibility. Coincidence is strained to the point of miracle, and the entire potentiality of the narrative is based on a pseudo-legal supposition that will not for a moment hold water. The idea is not commonplace; it is strained to a point of fantastic originality. Had Miss Cholmondeley nothing more to offer, her story would not be a mere ordinary shocker, but an excessively bad one.

But the significance of the book reaches further than the question of the coherence and plausibility of the outward action. The artificial tissue of events has the exalted merit for Miss Cholmondeley's purpose of throwing two human beings into situations which subject their characters to poignant and searching tests. And this is where the real story begins. On the one hand, we have a chivalrous, Quixotic young man, betrayed by an absurd chain of circumstances into confessing a murder he did not commit, and acquiescing in a sentence of long imprisonment to save the reputation of the woman he loves. On the other hand, there is the woman, a weak, loving, clinging creature, accepting the horrible sacrifice when a single courageous word from her would have saved the man she thinks she loves. The title of the book hits both ways: the woman is no less the prisoner of her degrading secret than the man is in actual physical durance. The differing effects of the two modes of bondage are finely, truthfully denoted. There is nothing better in the book than the chapter that depicts the man's final breakdown when the realisation comes to him that the woman he adores has no intention of releasing him—that her weakness was not momentary, but fatally temperamental. Nevertheless, it is the woman's character that is more fully and consistently set forth. The study of her miserable weakness is inexorable; her poor, petty soul is probed to its bottom, her feeble excuses and barren anguish are followed to their last manifestations. There is no doubt that the prisoner of her own puny conscience suffers a sadder degradation than the man who wore his chains for the sake of an ideal of conduct. Yet the study of the effect of spiritual bondage gains immensely from the immediate contrast with the concrete physical condition which symbolises it. The development of the two side by side is a subtle and ingenious stroke of irony.

There are, of course, other characters in the book, and they are no less authentically portrayed, save for an occasional ultra-clever touch that borders on caricature. Perhaps they are, indeed, too well drawn for the best effect of the story. It is impossible not to acquire an interest in them, and when their affairs lead us apart from the main thread of the narrative the unity of impression is sadly disturbed. It is here, again, that Miss Cholmondeley's gravest weakness asserts itself. In point of construction *Prisoners* is a quite hopeless work. The story of Michael and Fay is dropped when it has almost reached its

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climax, while the author disposes of Fay's elder sister and her errant lover. The episode is in itself admirably done, but what is it doing in the very midst of a story with which it has no organic connection?

It is easy, however, to grant a multitude of defects in a book so positively stimulating and original as *Prisoners*. It is clearly the product of one who does her own observing and her own thinking. With the commonplace Miss Cholmondeley has no affinity. She uses words with a sense of their significance, going straight to the meaning of the trite phrase, often with the happiest results. "Fay had come into the world anxious to please. She had never shown any particular wish to give pleasure." There is a world of character in the epigrammatic antithesis. Such cleverness is bound to appear forced at times. "A beautiful woman, with high spirits, but not high-spirited"—the point is a trifle attenuated. And it is painful to find an author usually careful of her diction permitting herself such a gross blunder as, "It was her I went to see." But I am willing on the slightest excuse to attribute this saddening locution to the proofreader. And if even this pretext fails, I shall still assert, in defiance of the grammarians, that it is a book well worth reading.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII

Richard Whiteing's "Ring in The New"*

It would be easy to classify Richard Whiteing's *Ring in the New* as a purpose novel. It might have been that, perhaps, were it a better novel and less a living book. In the earlier pages one sniffs suspiciously the accustomed atmosphere of any novel; but, as a conventional character or two are left behind, and real people begin to have life, the air is cleared. Such an attainment cannot have been difficult to a writer of Richard Whiteing's gift and expertness, because he is so earnestly, even angrily, intense with the sincerity of his motive. And his motive, the noblest of all, is the brotherhood of man.

The suggestion of anything like a tract dismays novel readers who have pored over *Robinson Crusoe* with no inkling of Defoe's main purpose. Denying all comparison between the classic and the book of to-day, average novel readers may yet be assured that the purpose of *Ring in the New* will not bother them, unless they have arrived at the period when the greatest problem of all has been made known to them.

The story is of the loosest weave. In truth it is a close-knit series of London life-pictures, showing the idle rich, the contented middle class and the discontented, and most startling of all, the muzzled under-crowd. There are adventures into the city at the beginning of the long day, and delightful hauntings of the garden-spots still remaining in that jungle of existence. We are shown the town house of a lady of fashion, where the sublimation of luxury overpowers, to be led later into a music hall of the proletariat and feel a shiver at sight of the human brute at play. We attend socialist meetings, impressive and rapturous as the founding of a new religion. We follow the fortunes of a little troupe of players, who go through the country districts in a van, producing in halls, in barns, in the open, a mystery play called *The Pearl*. The chapter in which the play and the rustic auditors are described is one of the most beautiful in the book; and Mary Lane, the eerie Celt, who "set Yeats's poems to music" and who planned the play tour, is one of its most fascinating characters.

In sharp contrast to her stand George Leonard, founder and proprietor of *The Branding Iron; A Journal of the Back Streets*, a most readable paper, if we are to judge from excerpts; and, then, Sarah Ruskill, the piece-work servant of monosyllabic utterance. How grim and kind is Sarah, treating every one as an equal, never shirking a job, and thus contriving to get equal treatment from all, save the unspeakable Barker, with whom, against her life-long principle, she fell in love in the weak day of her success and pride.

All these adventures and more, these

*Ring in the New. By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Company.

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people and more, cluster about Prue Meryon, the nice, sensitive high-school girl, suddenly thrown into the world on her own resources. The steps of her progress from mere parasitism in the social order to the dignity, not alone of self-maintenance, but of real kinship with the race, constitute the backbone of the book. While there is bitterness and tears in her path, there is peace and the surest kind of triumph less than midway of her journey, for she has found the truth that each seeks in his own stumbling way, which was the law of happiness before the word socialism was coined, and will be still, when a newer shibboleth is cried to ring in the new.

Richard Duffy.

IX

William de Morgan's "Joseph Vance."*

Joseph Vance is full of snares for the impartial reviewer, because of a quality which in fiction, as in life, notoriously disturbs the balance of strict justice. By no human possibility can you reach a prompt and trustworthy decision as to the ultimate merit of any man or woman who possesses the indefinable gift of charm, and the same rule holds good with books.

In my personal opinion this "ill-written autobiography" is wise, witty, gentle and of unflagging interest, but then, I have been frightfully prejudiced in its favour—by reading it!

Briefly, in his fifties, out of old letters and old memories, Joseph Vance constructs a history of his life, beginning with a little boy whose father—a competent version of Wilkins Micawber—becomes a successful contractor by the curious method of first buying a second-hand signboard, then getting a "job," and then employing experts to do his work.

Little Joey Vance trots at his father's heels, is made a pet of by the first patron's daughter, Miss Lossie. While Vance senior is looking wise over a defective drain, old Dr. Thorpe finds in the child a promise of mathematical ability, undertakes to see to his education, and from that time on Joey's life is entirely coloured by his intimacy with the whole Thorpe circle. He does *not* marry Miss Lossie, neither does he win all the prizes in life, but he so contrives to tell of every-day things that you read delightedly, for a while less interested in what happens than in seeing what Joey Vance will find to say about it. Finally he inspires affection for himself, for Miss Lossie, for his inimitable father. It is all so easy, so apparently unstudied that you have moments of panic, lest the author may not be able to keep it up. But no! the story glides on, going forward, backward, digressing, stopping to read letters, carrying on conversations within conversations, indirect narrative within quotation—very quietly breaking every rule of clearness and construction, constantly reminding you of Joey's own mother, whose "way of putting things may have been inconsequent; but, then, one never had the slightest doubt of what she meant." The only difference being that Mrs. Vance's style was unconscious, while in the writer's case only a high degree of art could give such an air of naturalness, while never really losing sight of genuine literary expression.

Although the scene opens with a pot-house row over a sweep who "crocks a hinseck" found in the beer with which Mr. Vance celebrates the dismissal, following his reference to his employer as "an old herring-gut," the story is unblemished by a trace of commonness or vulgarity. It is likewise free from snobbishness, although Joseph's social progress is steadily upward; and although the author constantly shows a complete knowledge of civilised usage, he is never knowing about it. There is recognition of the world's wickedness, there is sorrow, humiliation, tragedy and disappointment, yet the whole book leaves a pleasant flavour, a sense that, after all, the good moments of life are bound to outnumber the bad, so softened is it with a tender, unforced humour.

Wild horses could not compel me to hint at the course of events, because, although it is the last kind of novel in which you look for a plot, at the end you suddenly realise that Joseph Vance happens to possess a vertebrate and workmanlike

*Joseph Vance. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1906.

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sub-structure. Each incident is so carefully prepared that you enjoy being in the author's confidence, so to speak, yet as a matter of fact, you do not see the next move ahead till he is entirely willing for you to do so.

That, however, is a minor point of excellence, as is also the consistency of Joey Vance's character, since many dry books have been well built and quantities of tiresome characters are perfectly consistent (can any one pick a flaw in Daniel Deronda?) The important matter is that you pass through a series of impressions to a really important discovery. The first paragraph suggests Sterne. The pot-house, the battle, the hospital, savour of Dickens. But no! Miss Lossie with baby Joey Thorpe, and Mr. Vance's little boy and the stewing pears, and old Dr. Thorpe in his library have the air of a charming Du Maurier picture. But then comes something of an intimate personal flavour—what person? Why, the author, no one else under the sun, and what a nice (using the word in high good faith) person, too! Cultivated without showing off, unpretentious, gentle, but not mawkish; witty, but not clever. It is a great deal better than clever to see that "Youth is unsympathetic in all matters, but especially in its feelings toward its predecessors' youth. It looks on it as not having been quite the genuine article, although it may have seemed so at the time to previous persons, betrayed into misapprehension by surrounding circumstances," or to explain a rich lady's belief about incomes, that "people have a thousand a year by nature, less by accident, and more by expectations which fructify."

Money is one of the subjects which always strike a spark out of Joseph Vance. "For no sooner is it clear that you are a Man without Capital," he observes, "than it is nearly equally clear that the Captital you haven't got is somewhere else and may drift your way. Of course it is uninvested and lying idle, because nobody in his senses would disturb an investment. But it is in the air, and if you make it distinctly understood that you are only going to handle it and not use it for any specific object, you may capture some of it. Don't say what you mean to do with it! I know a lady who sold all her shares in a gold mine because she heard that the company had spent £2000 on one stamping machine. 'It may have been my £2000,' said she, indignantly."

Throughout the manner is so casual as almost to deceive you as to the real weight of what is being said, so free from didacticism that you merely feel as if the author were plagiarising a few of your own best (unformulated) ideas, as when he classes an old gentleman as "an example of a Christian who had endeavoured to strain off the teachings of Jesus the Nazarene from the scum and dregs of the World and the Churches, and had never been able to decide upon the mesh of his strainer. . . . He always seemed to me to be endeavouring to find a sieve that would let Christ through and keep the Miracles out." And again, in speaking of the soul, "There are two distinct classes of people in the world: those that feel that they themselves are *in* a body; and those that feel that they themselves *are* a body with something working in it."

He is equally happy in superficial description, whether of the choice orchid which looked like "a lobster claw hooked by its point to a gangrene," or in hitting off a minor character with "I could tell how tall and how broad Frau Schmidt was, by resorting to a yard measure, but I don't think my resources in language equal to describing how ugly or how rude."

But, after all, it is not by excerpts that a whole like Joseph Vance can be appreciated. Moreover, it is actually conceivable that impatient people or those much in the movement of to-morrow (how one misses the obsolete expression *fin du siècle!*) might set it down as prolix, slow, old-fashioned even, and to a certain extent this is true. An old man whom time has only sweetened and mellowed, from an old man's point of view, in form of fiction, gives a picture of stable decorous English life during the past half century, not a specialised picture, but broad and kindly. Never did artist talk less of his shop. De Morgan, the pre-Raphaelite, is never allowed to oust Joseph Vance, engineer; in fact, Joseph's attitude toward Beppino's pre-

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ciousness is rather that of a humorous outsider. You begin his adventures, making allowances, prepared to relish his story bit by bit, yet hardly accepting its classification as fiction. But in some curious way, by the time that the many threads have been gathered into one by a skilful hand, you suddenly wake up to the fact that you have been reading a delightful novel.

Mary Moss.

X

Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel."*

It is often held that when an author has once so drenched himself in the atmosphere of a certain period of the history of his own land that he absorbs its very moods and adapts himself to its language, he can never entirely recover his own natural style and mode of expression. In a great way this was true of Thackeray after *Esmond;* it was true in a measure of Dickens after *A Tale of Two Cities;* it was true of Blackmore after *Lorna Doone;* it has been true of a score of lesser men. That Conan Doyle is a marked exception to this rule is perhaps due to the fact that vigorous and graphic as his style always is, he is not, in any sense, a stylist: that his ability to find the *mot juste* is entirely a matter of natural gift.

Superficially, *Sir Nigel* is so excellent that the reviewer lays it aside with a feeling of astonishment at his own lack of enthusiasm. Its flaws are few. That it is an admirable picture of the fourteenth century is not to be questioned. It is full of pageantry and colour; it catches the cadence of the speech of the age with which it deals; there is no incident in the text for which good warrant may not be found in Froissart, or Brantôme, or De la Borderie, or some other of the sources to which the author makes acknowledgment; it is fantastic just so far as the institution of Chivalry is fantastic in modern eyes; it is the very essence of romance squeezed from the great chronicles which have come down to us as embodying the temper of that splendid age, and yet somehow fundamentally it seems totally lacking in the romantic spirit. And this deficiency is not easy of explanation.

If we were to confine ourselves to its atmosphere and to the variety of its incidents the book with which Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away" would be pure romance. It is the ludicrous figure of the crack-brained Knight de la Mancha which blinds us to the element of adventure. Somewhat in the same way Conan Doyle's habit of introducing grotesque effects in his romances of chivalry prevents us from accepting his own estimates of his heroes. By way of illustration recall the passage at arms in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche, and the entrance of the Disinherited Knight after the challenged had overthrown all previous comers. Suppose instead of the pathetic and mysterious motto "desdichado" on his armour, Wilfred of Ivanhoe had worn as his emblem a green patch over his eye as Sir Nigel Loring did in *The White Company.* We might perhaps have acclaimed it as a touch interpreting the fantastic mood of a fantastic age, but would it not at once have killed Ivanhoe as a great serious romantic figure?

As a narrative pure and simple, *Sir Nigel* deserves unstinted praise. While there is probably in it no chapter which carries with it the thrill that does the chapter in *The White Company,* where the men in the beleaguered castle under Sir Nigel Loring and Bertrand du Guesclin hear borne to their ears by the wind the song,

> "What of the bow,
> The bow was made in England."

that heralds the coming of the Archers, this later story in finish and in workmanship is vastly better than the tale of sixteen years earlier. What Conan Doyle attempted to do he has done well. *Sir Nigel* is a distinct and dignified addition to the books which bear his name, and yet like every other novel which has come from his pen during the last seven or eight years, it tends first of all to strengthen the conviction that *Rodney Stone* is so far and away the best of his works that there is no second.

Beverly Stark.

*Sir Nigel. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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XI

Mr. McCutcheon's "Jane Cable."*

The first chapter of Mr. McCutcheon's *Jane Cable* is the only chapter which serves as a sop to those who love fripperies of the teacup type. Thereafter, the attention is held by more vigorous stuff. Intricate and tense, the story moves from climax to climax, around corners face to face with ingenious surprises, into occasional byways of pleasant love-making, but always back again to the highway of the main theme which leads steadily on to the logical *dénouement.*

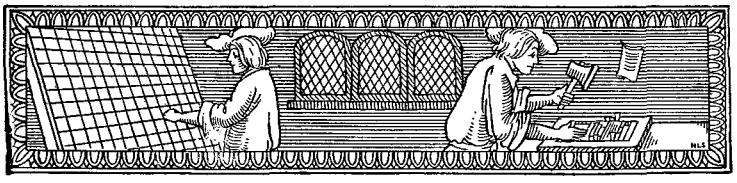
The dramatic quality in a story is George Barr McCutcheon's strongest asset. He seems to repudiate mere virtuosity of style, contenting himself with a vigorous rush of honest colloquialism. On its own plane his language has much of the impersonal quality. He discloses only the actions of his characters, and when he suggests their motives and inspirations they always lead back to other actions. It is as if he said, "Let me but tell what people do and I care not who analyses all they feel and all they think."

By reason of this dramatic instinct Mr. McCutcheon's first consideration is his plot. His people are rarely chosen for themselves, for the ethical problems they generate or the generic types they illustrate. They are chosen for their contribution to the story. Sometimes he writes romantic drama, sometimes comedy, sometimes melodrama. *Jane Cable,* in spite of the suggestion of flowers and frocks and frills in the title, is a melodrama. It starts early with a cunningly devised complication which holds a pair of young lovers in its grasp. The familiar figures and the familiar "props" of melodrama are all present. As a good melodrama should, the story takes hold in the first pages with a grip that releases the interest only when the problems are all solved.

On the word of the author, who surely ought to be in an authoritative position in regard to his heroine, Jane is early established as a beautiful and fascinating woman. Mr. Harrison Fisher has conspired charmingly to maintain this impression. She is, however, a large part of the time off the stage, though the play is all about her. Her reappearance is always natural and welcome, and Jane Cable, the heroine, would be missed more if *Jane Cable*, the story, were not quite up to the best precedent which Mr. McCutcheon has set himself.

Paul Wilstach.

*Jane Cable. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.



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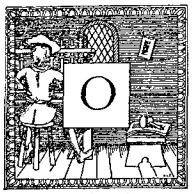
M. ANATOLE FRANCE



NE would not presume to add to the already overflowing stream of literary criticism were it not for the fact that a really fine piece of prose in the French language rarely is brought to the notice of the American reading public. That kind of literature which caused a semi-comic writer not long ago to say that he knew nothing more bestial than the attitude of a French novel toward adultery is unfortunately accepted too often in this country as the unvarying model. It is certainly not the fault of those publishing houses which maintain skilled anonymous translators to *"do into English"* the most apt book of the season that this idea is being to some extent corrected. Since, however, American opinion of French books of to-day is formed very largely from the reading of these translations, it may not be amiss to say a word about an author whose work defies reproduction in English, and who stands acclaimedly the leader of living masters of prose.

The latest book of M. Anatole France to attract wide attention was *Histoire Comique*. That is not a grim title, yet if you knew the author you would take up the book with the certain knowledge that its name promised you hours spent in that land where you dream you laugh, and wake to find you have wept. The word *comique* is the keynote of the author's philosophy of life, and to know its meaning as he uses the word is to look a long way into the spirit of men's actions.

To speak about this book, however, without considering more than passingly those which have gone before, and also somewhat the man apart from his work, would be neglecting the stages in a development which places, in some respects, this book at the head of his artistic achievements. It is particularly interesting, and marks a point from which his previous work is appropriately reviewed, not because it is written with a finer grace or more remarkable lightness of touch and nicety of expression, for in reading many of his earlier stories you wonder how these qualities could be heightened, but because it contains new points of view, which seem to show that the mental state of M. Anatole France has become positive.

A little more than thirty years ago, when M. Anatole France was twenty-nine years old, there appeared his first original writing, poems—as most modern French prose writers have begun—*Les Poèmes Dorés;* graceful verse, but covered now by another layer of verse and by the splendid pile of glittering prose which is his honour. Later, in 1881, came the book which made his name known throughout France, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard.** Already in this a master's hand and touch are seen, and the trend of thought and attitude to life there manifest have been ever present in succeeding books. Here we can distinguish certain elements which with others are later to make up the full meaning of the word *comique* as applied by M. Anatole France to the world: a certain scepticism toward man's belief in the immediate attainment of ideals, an indifference to life other than that of thought, and a consequent scorn of man's fruitless toiling. In this book the story is simple enough, or rather the stories are, for there are two distinct parts contained within the covers. That which gives its name to the whole contains the crime, has for argument the act of an irresponsibly idealistic philosopher, M. Bonnard, who, finding that the daughter of a sweetheart of his youth is unhappy in the school where her guardian has placed her, naïvely unconscious of the social crime he is committing, steals her away to live with him and gives her in marriage to a young scientist, his pupil. The other part has no plot at all, for it is simply the story of the philosopher's heart and mind as they unfold in the midst of his books. His mind—that is what is of value in both his ideas. For

* The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. Translation and Introduction by Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1906.

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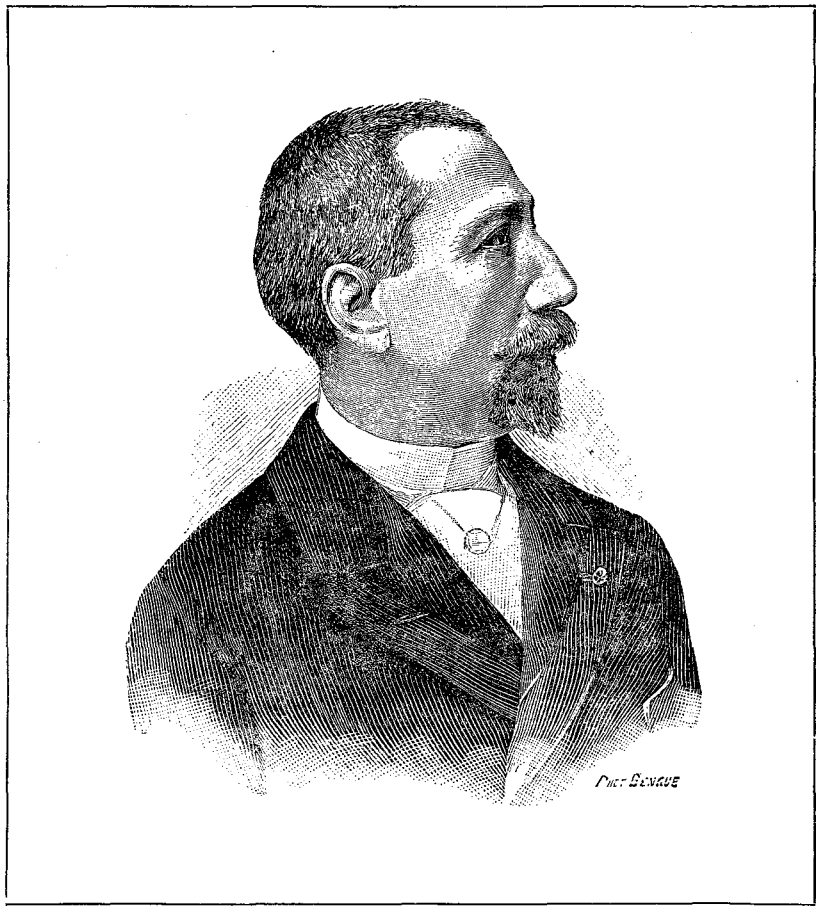

Anatole France these are all that are of value in the world, and it is a strange sight to see men give their time and energy, their souls, to other things, mere phantoms, unreal and unworthy. He loves to show them striving for their hollow delights, unmindful of the reason of their own unhappiness. A comic sight indeed! Is it not tragic, too? For there is a place where the two words meet. That situation in life which, crushing his energies and halting his advance, is caused by agencies utterly beyond the control of man, is tragic; caused by the imbecility and stupid ignorance of man, is comic. M. Anatole France suggests that all such situations are tragic, since man is the plaything of circumstance. He declares them, too, all comic, since man is blind enough to believe himself the arbiter of his fate. The two horns of this distinction bear the two chief principles of his life philosophy, unbelief in certainty of knowledge, a tendency to belief in the preordination of fate; bear, too, the fundamental qualities of his mind, scorn for the self-deceiver, pity and mute sympathy for the fate-oppressed.

This double, or it were better to say multiple, way of regarding the world is the natural result of his early training, just as it is also the result of his almost exclusive dwelling in the realm of ideas. If we are in the habit of looking upon phenomena, material things, as having a real or worthy existence, we soon and necessarily come to look upon them in some fixed way, exclusive of all other possible ways which other men may have

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adopted. We lose the power of taking other points of view, and also the faculty of receiving varying impressions and suggestions from the things themselves. We take them too seriously, and slight our ideas, if any, which result from them. We live too much in the material world, too often the petty world, that which stultifies our senses—perhaps beneficently, since it dulls us to the painful realisation of our spiritual loss! and our mental plot grows full of weeds. If, on the other hand, we live to cultivate our thoughts, choose them as the realities, we are free to look upon things from all sides and in all ways which may suggest a new idea.

Now, Anatole France looks at the world exclusively as a succession of phenomena capable of exciting in the brain an accompanying series of thoughts, which for him are the only realities. His mind has a consequent penetration and breadth of view, a comprehension of detail which besides assuring clearness of treatment, constitute what is not the greatest of his artistic qualities, suggestibility. Since *Sylvestre Bonnard* it would be difficult to find in his works a dull passage, one which did not make the mind alert, give it some new food for reflection, present some unsuspected hidden meaning in an every-day event. Since that book it would be impossible to find a passage not put together with consummate skill, touching sometimes with words of fire the most common occurrences of life, passing them as through a crucible, and turning them into crystals of perfect art. This is because the author looks upon all events with an eye equally curious to find the thought in each, not discriminating from prepossession, not rejecting from knowledge of the world's standards, not scorning from regard to society's condemnations. There is in one of his stories the picture of a little child picking thrown-away lettuce leaves from a kitchen pail, gazing at them and finding them beautiful. I might almost say that in his attitude to the world M. Anatole France is that child, only the child's ignorance of the fact that the world had rejected lettuce leaves from the category of the beautiful, and its consequent moral freedom to find beauty there where mature minds find only decay, in him is replaced by an over-profound acquaintance with the world's choice, and a resulting scorn and conscious disregard of its usually accepted tenets. Thus, not being bound to hold the world's point of view, he shows us constantly new heights from which to regard our life and see ourselves. His criticisms of society are more penetrating and universal than those of any other writer since Voltaire; but bitter and uncompromisingly true as they always are, they are clothed in such grace that the satirist is shielded by the artist, while giving him life. Does he paint some often-painted picture? It looks new beneath his hand, which directs a hitherto unnoticed light upon details, and makes some never seen stand out. Does he discuss some question of religion or of life? He turns some new side to us, and makes us think that what we have known before may not be true.

That is what he believes.

Untrammelled by any dogmas, undimmed by any unreasoning passions, the mind of M. Anatole France does not stop at, is not satisfied with, the usual interpretation of things, and penetrating beyond, finds there is no explanation which is final. What explanation can there be of events about the nature of which men cannot agree? If all men looked upon any question alike, if any object made the same impression upon all men, there might be some approximately certain decision to be arrived at in regard to its nature. But as no object appears the same to everybody, indeed, as nothing appears the same twice to any person, it is evident no sure knowledge of its meaning can be had. "At break of dawn the pyramids of Memphis seem like cones of rosy light; at sunset they look like black triangles against the flaming sky. But who shall penetrate their substance?" Things, acts, all appearances, mean in themselves nothing, and their real sense is forever hidden from us. How, then, shall there be made judgment upon them, since each person judges as he sees, seeing only appearances? Evidently there can be none, absolute, and judgment becomes but the expression of personality. It is somewhat futile under such conditions to pass judgment upon things or

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events which remain unchanged whether bearing or not the mark of opinion. In fact, opinions themselves are but momentary, cannot be of lasting nature, since they are but the reflection in us of our environment, the world seen through each man's personality. They must be as changing, or nearly so, and as vain as the events which caused them. Two thousand years ago a great man, a great deed, was looked upon differently from the way in which it is regarded to-day; four thousand years in the future deed and man alike may be thought of but little moment. For a mind freed from the prejudice of personality it must be a diverting spectacle, that of men spending life in the vain endeavour to stop the ceaseless flow of appearances by casting floating judgments into the tide.

This vanity of mankind is one of the causes of his cynicism; but cynic as he is, he does not always laugh bitterly, but sometimes with a gentleness which seems to come from a deeper knowledge of things than men generally possess. His is not the cynicism which excludes sympathy; he has a deep vein of tenderness, which makes itself felt at moments when feelings find stronger expression than reason. He does not scorn men because they are wicked. Wickedness in man is but the inevitable result of a resistless impulse to act coupled with dense ignorance as to the relations of things in this deceptive world. It is a necessary appendage to goodness, and men in their blindness inadvertently and unfailingly do evil in their halting attempts to do right. It would not be the part of a philosopher to condemn for doing that which he recognises is one of the conditions of existence, and in fact M. Anatole France does not condemn at all; he simply reconstructs the mosaic of life, placing each piece as nearly as possible in its true relation to the others. That the resulting picture is sometimes tragic is not his fault; that it is generally comic is his constant thought; that it is often pathetic is his inmost feeling. His laugh at humanity is purely intellectual, is nicely searching and finely impartial; it plays upon the seer as well as the seen—a clear light of absolute candour and fearlessness. But as the flash of lightning plays most over the surface of the blackest cloud, so this laugh dwells most upon that part of human nature which is the most comic, and yet the most productive of pain, man's belief in his own capacity, his tragic attitude toward life.

Of all writers that I know, M. Anatole France takes himself the least seriously, and the world least at its face value. His work is not less deep, but more, on account of this; for there is no distracted effort to show the world good or bad, of this nature or of that; no despair because it is not better, no blinding joy because it is so good. Only there is a deep interest in the world as it is; it is all good to see and think about; good or bad, as it does or does not give ideas. Things themselves are but passing shadows here, and as you stake your life to grasp them, gone; you thinking life a tragedy because your hands lie empty, M. Anatole France thinking life a farce because you grasp at such frail things, and take so tragically your failure to apprehend them. Men must, indeed, have a sublime assurance that their will is the ruling factor in the world's progress to take their individual actions with so much seriousness. Is it due to each man's will that he is what he is mostly, or even in part? Is man, indeed, free to choose his course—the old question of "free will, which is only the illusion caused in us by our ignorance of the influences determining our state"? And if he is not, how pathetically comical to see him fatuously declare himself master of conditions he struggles against in vain. He is but the product of his environment, the slave of his ancestors, the puppet on the string of a thousand years! "Humanity is composed of the dead and of the living. The dead are by far the most numerous. In their multitude, and in the extent of work accomplished, they are the most powerful. It is they who govern, we obey. . . . In them is force, consequence, duration. What is a generation of living men in comparison with the numberless generations of the dead? What is our day-long will before their will of a thousand centuries? We revolt against them? We have not even the time to disobey!" Looked at from this point of view man's actions are sometimes really absurd, were

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they not forlorn. They are the cause of nearly all his pain, which he inflicts upon himself in his attempts to prove his mastery, futile even if proved, and he is constantly the dupe of the illusions this wilful disregard of the truth creates in his mind. He is not surely to be laughed at because he suffers, or that his position is one of difficulty, but because his own shortcomings, glossed in his mind to the semblance of virtues, are the cause of his state. Did he for once recognise that he is but an existence in the great mass of universal existence, that what he does is done because the world is so made that he is what he is because he could be no other and fill the place he holds, the philosopher might then regard him with simple pity, and the world would then become less a place of ugliness and more a place of grace. For it is the constant effort to self-aggrandisement, in defiance of the laws of harmony and order, that is the cause of so much commonplaceness in life. Men read too fondly their worth in the opinions of their kind.

I have tried to show, somewhat summarily, it must be owned, a few of the traits of thought of M. Anatole France, some characteristics of his attitude toward the world and toward men. These could not have failed to bring down upon him the charge of dilettanteism, and many critics have attacked him upon this score. His spirit, however, is not one of dallying with letters, but is one of profound and universal interest in all expressions of thought, in all phases of life; and these his clear grasp of principles and fund of general ideas enable him to place in their proper relation to one another. It is the result of his exceptional association of ideas, insatiable curiosity, unbelief in any permanent basis of judgment. Not long ago, in speaking of another book of M. Anatole France, one who is possibly the most penetrating and unprejudiced of French critics said: "I once spoke, as did everybody, of the dilettanteism of M. Anatole France. We were mistaken, or at least we saw only the surface. Now we see that his *irony* was only the feeling of present impotency to realise the ideal in whose name he discussed or condemned. M. Anatole France is the greatest literary artist of to-day!" There still remains the artist to speak about, the man, *épris de beauté*, who has known how to express his ideas of life in such perfect literary form that the delight of reading goes beyond the point of being analysed, and leaves in the mind a warm sense of beauty, which no examination can reason away.

Where this beauty resides can in part be shown. It is to be found in, I think, or at least it is conditioned by the author's great love of all that is beautiful. For him beauty is the principle of life; that which, with the idea, or rather, since it is the idea, should be sought and worshipped. It is sacred wherever it is found, in the meanest as well as the greatest things, in the Greek temple, the Venetian painting, or the poet's word; in the living woman, nude and glorious, as well as the marble Venus. The life of Anatole France has been passed in searching out beauty, in the books, his constant companions, which have been his intellectual masters; in Greek art, which he loves for its perfect grace of form, and also because it presents the highest ideal of a civilisation that was devoted to art as the last expression of its best effort. Finally he seeks it in man's thoughts as expressed in his actions and daily life, and his criticism becomes penetrating to the last degree, for he finds here so little of what he seeks.

In art it is as futile to imagine causes as it is to ponder results; the achievement stands, though unexplained. So it is with the greatest charm of the writings of M. Anatole France. In reading him you seem to sense the spirits of a thousand masters, long dead, hovering about his words like bees in a living hive, each contributing his small part of the beauty he has found in the world, losing his name in the perfect whole, yet sending down an aroma which haunts but does not satiate. It is like opening a chest closed long ago—five centuries ago. The curious things within, never seen before, set vibrating memories of days never lived, of passions never burned out, of hours never sweetly dreamed away. They ring and die, and ring again, far off, like the chord struck of a piano; the memory carries long after the sound has ceased. You hear the soul of a dead poet sing in his

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words, that of a forgotten painter breathe his ideal of beauty he died before expressing, that of a martyred saint sigh his hope of salvation. You hold your breath to fix the spirit forever with a name; the vision, smiling, fades, and the smile has passed into your own heart. It is Anatole France you hear, but it is, too, the many voices out of the past of his artistic ancestry. He is himself the most perfect illustration of the theory of determination I have already touched upon. Only he is the master. He holds the silken cord of his ancestors' tradition of beauty, and weaves it into new forms they would recognise but could not create. He takes their words, their thoughts and makes them point to heights toward which they might follow, but could not lead. He is, in a sense, the culminating point of French art in literature, for he is the most perfect modern representative of the French tradition, and no current escapes him. He is penetrating, yet he is delicate; exact to life, yet making of it a certain idealisation which is no less gracious because it defies analysis. There are, indeed, certain writers with whom he may be more particularly compared, as Montaigne for his trend of thought, and to some of the romantic school for his sensitiveness to beauty. For Molière there seems to be in him a special adoration—adoration of the artist, of the poet; perhaps, too, of the graceful scoffer. The matchless play of words of the master finds in Anatole France's style a copy I shall not dare to say surpassing, for I have already said matchless, but surprising, and endowed with a more than fascinating grace and brilliancy. The rest is himself, as he has been formed slowly for three thousand years by the books he has read and loved, and by the works of art which have been the symbols of his religion.

Up to this point his American readers will have no hesitation in following the thought of Anatole France with pleasure. There is a field, however, whither I doubt they will allow themselves to be led with sincerity. There is a certain plot of social ground which has so long been the potter's field of morals that no one dares say the flowers that grow there may be beautiful. Any one who presumes to seek there on some mouldering headboard the letters of an untold tale of human experience is without a hearing immediately condemned as a polluted being. And yet this is the great field where our innumerable ancestors lie buried! There is no thought suggested, no deeper knowledge of the conditions of life brought into the mind by the sight of this unhallowed ground, only a concrete image of the material, physical act which caused so many to be lying there! The sense of the monument man's sensuality has raised to itself is wilfully excluded from the consciousness of most Americans, as if by shutting out the thought one were shielding himself from the opprobrium of society for having committed the deed.

Is it because the American mind runs too readily into concrete images, and does not go much beyond the actual phenomena, that this question of the relation of sex in art is debated with a tolerable degree of heat and personality? Is it felt that by condemning with great show of virtue the portraying of an act which is capable of being committed by all men equally, and which for each man is determined exclusively by fate, we are making our moral life purer and our freedom from fall more secure? It is only by dispassionate and well-informed consideration of a dangerous condition that we may free ourselves from the constant menace of its existence, or remain untainted by its presence. The moment passion of argument enters into the debate the question becomes purely personal, and one condemns most bitterly the thing he feels he has the least power to resist. It is, then, as if each wished to show himself a stranger to the fellowship to which he believes all others to belong; as if, too, by condemning in art the portrayal of a certain social condition men were denying its existence in real life, and so relieving themselves of the personal responsibility of its being. If they were not so blindly sure of their own responsibility, and so tragically keen to make it valid, they could consider with calm, and in all its bearing, the condition the immediate blame for which each man pushes upon his neighbours' shoulders.

Americans are accustomed to think

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so exclusively of the utilitarian, of the material good to come, that it is to some extent difficult for them to appreciate the worth of a splendid action, the beauty of a great achievement apart from the physical or moral advancement it brings. Therefore a work of art is great nearly in proportion as it advances the moral state. They are not ready to accept the idea that an individual lost or saved from harm is of small importance in the world's economy, but that it is the sense of tumultuous well-being produced in every man of heart by the full appreciation of an act nobly done; in the man of artistic sensibility by the perception of a thought beautifully expressed, which is the great civilising on-push. Americans love Washington and admire him; love him because he gave them a political state which was to bring them a material condition of well-being and prosperity. They admire him because of his superb handling of a difficult art, of his masterly conduct of himself and his men, the implements of that art. Clear thinking men would admire him as much had he been on the other side, and therefore working for the wrong, just as they admire Lee; not for his fidelity to his cause and principles, but for his splendid art in war. Had Washington not been successful, I venture to say we should admire him more, for then the love of him because of his material achievement, the social betterment his skill made possible for the nation, would not as now dim in our eyes admiration for the general.

In the world of art, the world of literature, the purpose, the end of effort is not directly, is not consciously that the world be better, but that it be more beautiful. The free mind of the artist should seek beauty in every object, in every phase of life, prizing nothing for its material value, but for its artistic worth. Is the reason a moral one for excluding the subject of illicit love from those appropriate to the treatment of art? By refusing to admit and carefully to consider all sides of life we limit our power to see clearly the relation and importance of acts, and to determine our conduct of life. If we wilfully exclude mental experience of any nature whatever we are curtailing our ability to form ideals, to rise to a higher level of spiritual welfare. Things only half known may be unwittingly included among the acceptable occurrences of existence which a full knowledge would show to be unworthy or base. The more one naturally disposed to rise knows dispassionately of the possibilities of the world, the higher and purer must necessarily be the ideals of that person, the greater his chance of looking clearly and attaining truth. If a young man does not know and feel the ugliness of a certain act, he may give it the warm hue of pure love, or blind himself to its harm by the fire of a kind of romantic sensuality. The greatest moral harm which arises from the cause of the social problem is due to the mystery with which the act is hidden away from the thought of everybody but the one contemplating its committal. Open it to the full light of unaffected consideration, and the finger of ridicule, taking the place of the finger of scorn, will be a more effective caustic.

Anatole France finds it indeed ridiculous that men should put aside the cloak of borrowed dignity with which they clothe themselves in society, appear in the poor nakedness of their self-assumed moral responsibility, and for the least thing in the world commit acts of such pitiable imbecility that society deems itself outraged. What field more fruitful for the moralist or the historian of man's fatuity and blindness can there be than this, where at one moment he declares himself free of will to act and desirous to act well, and at the next throws himself into the arms of a creature whose charms exist only in the perverseness of his own imagination? So we shall not be surprised to find in the works of M. Anatole France clear, fearless pictures of physical gratification. But they are treated in such a manner as to leave the reader with a feeling of the ridiculousness of the situation and a keenly sharpened faculty of reason to judge sanely of similar events. It is not the sensuality itself which is of interest to him; it is the thought and the knowledge of man's nature which may be had from this, the acquaintance with life. And in the whole there is never a crudity, never a *gros mot*, never a shock to the sensibility, for all is done with the most perfect and loving

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art. The artist must never be forgotten here. If he shows us a nude woman—and you shall see one, if you care to follow, in the book I have yet to speak about—it will be to dwell with an artist's love upon the gracious lines of her throat and breast, the vase-like curves of waist and hip. There is too much beauty here for lovers of beauty wantonly to hide it with a veil of shocked modesty.

In all the other books of Anatole France there has been some one who by his learning and his character has been fitted to represent the author—M. Sylvestre Bonnard, or, in *L'Histoire Contemporaine,* M. Bergeret. These two are in essentials the same. In *L'Histoire Comique* it is a doctor—Doctor Socrates, familiarly so called not for his wisdom, but for his blunt face and subtle speech. In him there is a new thread of thought mingled with the old, a slight change in the attitude toward life. That is why this book is of importance. It marks, as I have already suggested, a transition from a philosophy of indifference to active life, from an indulgent scepticism to the beginning of a belief in the positive good of existence, and in a standard of morality. In those books that have preceded *L'Histoire Comique* there has ever been present the idea that the transitoriness of human experience and the instability of ideals are so great that no permanent or satisfactory criterion of action can be found. Life is a hopelessly inextricable tangle of contradictions, in which our knowledge superior to that of animals gives us an advantage that flatters us more than it aids. We are not made to know; we are apt to suffer. M. Bergeret, in *L'Histoire Contemporaine,* finds that life is the one blot on a planet otherwise capable of beauty, and dreams of a sphere where it shall be unconscious and exist after the manner of geometric crystals. Yet even he, in a moment of amiable forgetfulness, admits that life may clothe itself sometimes in agreeable forms, while thought is always sacred. This is, however, only in a moment of surprised gratefulness, not as is the case with the doctor, the calm expression of conviction. This difference between the partial willingness to admit the beauty of existence and the fearless purpose to make this known marks the passing over into a new field of art of this greatest of modern French writers.

Out of this belief springs another no less important, a belief in a constant criterion of action, not unchanging, but ever present. In a world where our attitude to events changes with each increment of knowledge, and where in regard to a given act or state no two men have the same acquaintance with truth, it were futile to attempt to establish a law of action that should comprehend all things and every one for all time. Human life is not an exact science. It is only because of man's insane desire to believe himself endowed with a moral responsibility he immediately repudiates in his actions that he attempts to reduce it to a fixed plan. It is rather an art in which the individual's ever-present yet ever-changing sense of right can be the only guide, just as in other arts the individual's ever-deepening perception of beauty is his one path into a higher artistic state. This means that alongside of beauty, which in the artistic world is the end of thought, M. Anatole France now admits on the same personal, changing plane, truth, which in the active world is the end of effort. Thus his mind, freed from all entanglements of passion and prejudice, and possessing as its guide the two highest of human concepts, beauty and truth, may lead on boldly to a saner and broader view of existence.

I have said that Anatole France admired deeply Molière. I can do no better, to show with what fine delicacy of touch and fearlessness of treatment he handles all questions of life, than to describe a scene in which the master's verses play an important part. An actress—as Agnes, in *l'Ecole des Femmes,* in that delicious passage where she tells of her first meeting with Horace—recites the verses to her lover in their room. Can you imagine her, standing before a long glass, whimsically and gratefully watching as she plays her part every line and curve and hue of her graceful body, the only cloak to which is the lamp's soft light? She bows and courtesies to her fancied lover—the real one looking on—and each movement she takes in time to the verse she speaks casts a new fleeting

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shadow into the hollows of her rounded form and makes the light play with a deeper softness on the warm flesh-tones of her gracile limbs and youthful breast. Can you imagine it? Do, for the author dwells upon the picture with the affection of a painter for his canvas, having beauty as his only love. The scene stops there, for the tragic ending of the story is with the next move.

At Antwerp there is a certain portrait which greets you from the end of a long hall. The man looks kindly at you, smiling, and when you look again you half believe he smiles because you think you know what he is smiling at. The eyes are merry, if you look not too closely at them, but the mouth is sad when you regard a second time. He seems to hold all heart-strings in his hand; feels with them each spirit, yet never drives. In some former life I love to think Anatole France was once that man.

F. H. Deke.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-DAY?

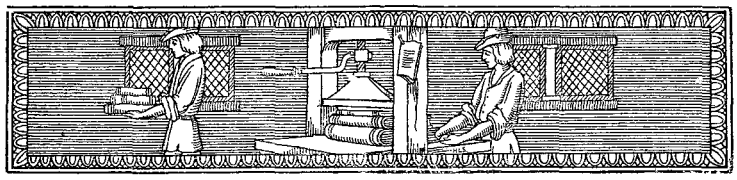
O the deeds we will do in the days to come
And the words that we mean to say
Will lighten the hearts of the sin-sick souls,
But what shall we do to-day?

O the burdens we'll lift from the hearts of men,
O the tears we will wipe away,
And the songs we will sing to the faltering ones—
But what shall we do to-day?

To-day is the span of our life, no more
Can we measure or clasp or mould,
There may be no morrow for us, dear heart,
No future to use or hold.

O let us give from our store at dawn,
Give 'till the gloaming fades away,
All we may do for the sons of men
Is the good we can do to-day.

Ruth Sterry.



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EDUCATION

A SOCIOLOGIST'S THEORY OF EDUCATION*

EARS ago, when Professor Lester F. Ward began to reflect upon the problems of human nature and the means of human progress, he used to give a lecture on "Heredity and Opportunity," spreading the gospel of salvation by surroundings, and emphasising the possibilities of human nature under the same intelligent care that we give to the plants in our gardens.

His recent book, to which the general title of *Applied Sociology* is given, is essentially a refined, qualified and perfected treatment of the same theme, a defence of the Leibnitzian dictum that human affairs could all be set right by proper educational provisions—an optimism based upon firm trust that the evils of present society are due not to the natures of men, but to bad management of their opportunities.

The particular form which Professor Ward's optimism takes is instructive because it brings into sharp relief three most important questions of educational fact. His cure for society is "all knowledge for all men," or at least an opportunity for every man to acquire all knowledge. His justification of this prescription consists of, first, the assertion that the equalisation of knowledge will remove those forms of the ill-treatment of man by man which the equalisation of civil rights has not reached; second, that a sufficient increase of educational opportunity will multiply a hundredfold or more the number of those men whose achievements advance the sum of knowledge, and so give the human race increased control over its physical surroundings and its own nature; third, that the social value of education lies in general scientific erudition rather than in mental discipline or moral stimulus or training in the concrete arts and industries.

I quote from Professor Ward's discussion of the first assertion:

> In the world at large a few dominate society and make it . . . an oligarchy of intelligence. These false and narrow ideas, which make the mass of mankind dependent upon a few enlightened citizens and keep them in subjection, in poverty, toil and misery, are of course the result of the emptiness of their minds—in a word, to the limited amount and poor quality of the knowledge they possess. . . . The social heritage, human achievement, which, as we have seen, consists of the knowledge that has been brought into the world by the labours of the *élite* of mankind, has been bequeathed to all the members of society equally, share and share alike. But through inattention, neglect and general bad management it has got into the hands of a few privileged persons only. . . . This task (of social improvement) is nothing less than the diffusion of all knowledge among all men.

This dictum is seductive so long as one thinks abstractly and verbally. Scientific knowledge is undoubtedly the greatest power in present life in conferring benefits or injuries. Those who lack it are at the mercy of those who have it. The discoverers of radio-activity, for instance, might have with proper secrecy and charlatanry mulcted millions of dollars from the populace or headed a new religion. It seems plausible to expect that the wasteful feuds of nations and classes, and the injustices of poverty, health and esteem which revolt us might disappear if the greatest source of power in conferring benefits and injuries were equally distributed among men.

But in point of fact the possessors of scientific knowledge do not use it selfishly. They acquire it chiefly because they enjoy the game of investigation and the esteem of their fellow-workers. They are often entirely oblivious to the possibilities of using it to gain money or power, and are almost never rapacious in exchanging it. Even the inventors, the inferior class who confine their studies to the fields of knowledge where science has a close connection with a money price, give, as a rule, to people at large a hundredfold

*Applied Sociology: A Treatise on the Conscious Improvement of Society by Society. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn and Company, Boston, 1906. Pp. xviii. + 384

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what they take. It is conceivable that in the future the scientist and the scholar might use their superiority in intellect and knowledge as much for personal ends as they now use it for general welfare, and become like the super-strong bully of barbarian days and the super-crafty trader or labour-leader of to-day, a force that needs the coöperative restraint of people in general through civil arrangements. It is conceivable that the Finlay and Reed and Lazear of the future who discover the cause and prevention and cure of cancer may form a cancer trust and try to extort "all the market will stand" in return for their services, but our safest present course is to trust that, like Finlay and Reed and Lazear, they will maintain the traditions of the impersonal want for truth and of the general bestowal of it upon the world, which makes the scientific man the best asset of society.

In so far as this is the case it is not the equalisation of knowledge that is the desirable blessing, but its increase. Science has been a fund acquired by a few, but utilised for all. Professor Ward would not undervalue the social blessings due to that increase, but he affirms that the increase of the fund may be trusted to take place rapidly enough as a result of the love for research inherent in those who have capacity to advance knowledge. It is to be hoped that this is true, but it is to be feared that it is not. Our social arrangements are such, for instance, that Finlay, who first devised and tested the theory that yellow fever was caused by the bite of the mosquito, was left for twenty years unaided in the investigations which with sufficient authority and money he could have easily made absolutely demonstrative, and that Lazear and Carroll were allowed in crucial tests to risk their lives instead of those of some criminals whose risk would be harmless. Little is done to secure for society the full future services in scientific investigation of Reed, whose perfect devotion and great skill fully proved their worth in the most fruitful medical discovery made in America since the discovery of anæsthesia. Is not the first step and perhaps the one of greater advantage to give added opportunities to the gifted men who have shown capacity and willingness to serve society by advancing knowledge rather than to increase opportunity haphazard for all?

Moreover, a distinction must be made between the heritage of knowledge and the heritage of the social benefits of knowledge. The benefits of knowledge might need a universal and equal distribution, but the knowledge itself be handed on to but a few. The rational scheme for the distribution of the knowledge itself would appear to be to put it into the hands of those who could use it best for the welfare of people in general.

Professor Ward's low valuation of the social advantage to be gained from giving to him that hath in education—from improvement made at the top—is not more striking than his high valuation of education for those who most lack it. "There is no other class in society whose education is half so important as this lowest and most dangerous class," he says in reference to the children of the "worthless rabble." He asserts definitely that to have ten per cent. of the world acquainted with science instead of zero per cent. is not so valuable an advance as to progress from a condition of ninety per cent. of scientifically erudite to one hundred per cent.

> Knowledge will always be increasing, and nothing can prevent this. Society does not need to concern itself with this. Its duty is to see that knowledge is assimilated. Its value to society not only increases with the number possessing it, but it increases according to some law of progression. It is difficult to formulate this law. A rough idea may be conveyed by saying that the value of knowledge relatively to the number possessing it increases in about the same ratio as does the value of a diamond relatively to its size. In general it may be said that the rate of increase grows constantly more rapid as universality is approached. Its full value can never be realised until universality is actually reached. When only a few possess it, it has little value. It may even be injurious.

This semi-acceptance of the common philanthropic view of public education as the preventer of crime and crutch for the weak, as the direct helper of the many through changes in them rather than their

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indirect helper through changes in the few whose increased achievements have demonstrably brought immense social returns, is the one feature of Professor Ward's book which may do real harm. Public opinion is just beginning to appreciate the possibility that the promotion of research and help given to those who have helped themselves intellectually may be in the long run the most democratic and truly philanthropic work of education. Professor Ward's dicta will retard and may to a large extent stifle this growing willingness to ask whether opportunity for the few gifted is not of equal social value with opportunity for the many mediocre, whether, for instance, fifteen research professorships in connection with a State university are not a more profitable investment for people in general than the annual schooling of fifteen hundred children.

Professor Ward, perhaps somewhat inconsistently, supports his theory of intellectual egalitarianism by the second theory, that if all knowledge is given to all men the number of men of great achievement who create the valuable social heritage will be increased a hundredfold. He pleads for not the increase, but the equalisation of knowledge, but he seems to value equalisation because it will be a means to increase.

Nothing new is added to the body of evidence concerning the relative shares of inborn nature and the circumstances of life in producing men and works of merit, and it is apart from the purpose of this review to comment generally upon the problem itself or to rehearse any of Professor Ward's brilliant comments on it. One feature of his discussion, however, is so significant as to demand mention. He throughout neglects the environment's selective activities amongst individuals. He would, for instance, say "Great thinkers have mostly had a good education; they are great thinkers because they have had a good education," forgetful of the fact that many of the records must be and all might be explainable by the alternative statement, "They got an education because they were by nature great thinkers." That cities give birth to an undue proportion of great men does not in the least prove that city life made them great; it may prove that cities attract and retain great men, whose sons are thus city-born. Logically any one who argues from the relation between achievement and any species of training to the efficacy of that training without making a proper discount for the relation necessary as a result of its selective activity, is in the position of one who should argue that being in a hospital made one sickly or that being engaged in the laundry business gave one a Chinese complexion and almond eyes. This fallacy of confusing the selection made by environments with the training which they give prevails in nine-tenths of the discussions of educational and social problems, with the common result present also in the *Applied Sociology* of over-estimating the influence of nurture. One of the real hindrances to the progress of education is the fact that its friends persist in expecting too much from it.

Professor Ward will also seem to many students of human nature unfair to the Galtonian recommendations for improvement of society through improvement of the original capacity of the human stock itself. He says of hereditary genius that "it will all come to the same thing in the end however we may shape events." Surely it will not come to the same thing if we increase the frequency of marriage or lower the age of marriage, or otherwise increase the number of offspring in the case of gifted youth. Viriculture in analogy with the methods of animal breeders may be a method of social improvement which our present conventional ideas and habits make troublesome to introduce or successfully control, but it can hardly be intrinsically a minor issue. It may not be so immediately economical as the same amount of effort to discover early the great achievers for society, give them the opportunities they need, the rewards they deserve and the conditions of life which will keep them at work for humanity, but it can hardly be less economical than Professor Ward's random offering of higher education to all men indiscriminately.

The working educator will be most interested in the third pillar for intellectual egalitarianism, the thesis that knowledge of science rather than mental discipline,

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moral development or training in the arts and industries should be the aim of schools. It is cheering in these days to find that Professor Ward stands manfully to his post as a defender of the value of mere knowledge.

The sentimentalists and one class of incoherent thinkers demand that the schools shall primarily refine the soul. The scholastics and another class of incoherent thinkers demand that the schools shall primarily create intellectual capacity. The newest educational doctrine demands that the schools shall primarily teach certain constructive arts and crafts. Professor Ward has long been the most vigorous champion of the social value of scientific knowledge, and in this latest book calmly disposes of the disciplinists by such statements as: "Mathematics, too exclusively pursued, destroys both the reason and the judgment." "The phrase itself, 'development of the mind,' so constantly used, is meaningless." "The power, value and real character of mind depend upon its contents." The sentimentalists and the advocates of constructive activity he ignores.

Perhaps it is wrong to complain of the immoderation with which Professor Ward espouses one and repudiates another doctrine; for it is in part this zeal which makes his books so stimulating and so distinguished among the commonplace products of the majority of educational theorists. The slaughter of the sentimentalists at least ought to be pardoned. It is perhaps justifiable to be dogmatic against a mere dogma. The denial of the doctrine of mental discipline, though of course an exaggeration, is not so wild as the one it opposes. Still an impartial account of the experimental evidence concerning the influence of forms of special training upon the general capacities of the mind would have been a less objectionable and equally effective defence of the value of quantity and quality of knowledge. The moment we replace the rhetorical question, "Does or does not special training discipline the mind at large," by the only pertinent question of fact, "just how far and in what ways does the training of one function influence others," we lose an exciting debate, but gain a real insight.

To ignore the advocates of constructive work in education is a more serious matter. It is hardly true that the ability to do things in art and industry can be trusted by society to look after itself—to be sufficiently acquired as a result of instinctive appetites and economic rewards. But even if this were true, the fact remains that a large part of the world's population can learn particular habits of dealing with the physical environment, but cannot learn the general principles of science. If Professor Ward, instead of writing his admirable books, had begun twenty years ago to teach to a dozen six-year-old sisters of, say, the servants in his club, the principles of astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and sociology, together with the prerequisite information about reading, writing, mathematics and the like, in the order and after the plan which he recommends, he would have at least amended his general doctrine to read, "All knowledge for all men —except the sisters of Cosmos Club house-servants; for most of *them* particular habits of conduct, and particular acts of utility."

In thankfulness that Professor Ward chose to advance knowledge and to add to the opportunities of the few rather than to equalise knowledge and try to teach all the fundamentals of science to a dozen of the many, and in fear lest he should to our loss spend his next decade with such a pragmatic consequence of egalitarianism, I hasten to suggest a less costly experiment. Let Professor Ward take at random any hundred six-year-olds entering school and any teachers that he may select, and direct the teachers to try to teach all these children within six months or so nothing more than the meanings of *six, nine* and *twelve,* or of *because, although, if* and *unless,* or of *animal, vegetable* and *mineral,* or let him take at random any hundred of the picked children who have had intellectual ability and interest enough to enter high school, and as before try to have each and every one taught in a year or so nothing more than the fundamental laws of astronomy. Children will fail in the first experiment who nevertheless could at the time learn to amuse and care for a baby brother, or to set a table or to make a presentable

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drawing. Boys will fail in the second experiment who could at the time learn to help grind a lens or make a telescope's tube or build the walls to support it.

We may value knowledge of the general principles of all science ever so highly for those who can get it, but there remains to justify the use of industries and arts in education the fact that there are many who cannot or will not get it, or at least an amount of it as valuable as the particular habits they could in the same time acquire.

On the whole, though the administrators of education will profit greatly from a careful consideration of Professor Ward's defence of intellectual communism, the profit will come from the realisation of problems rather than from the acceptance of the particular solutions which he offers. Life and education are so complex and individual differences in the human beings who are to be managed are so many and so great that any one single doctrine that is clear and unqualified is likely to be wrong. This seems to be the case with the doctrine that the one chief efficient means of social improvement which is susceptible of social control is the equal distribution of knowledge. Right or wrong in its main contentions, the *Applied Sociology* is, together with appropriate parts of the *Pure Sociology,* the most impressive treatment of the general principles of education since Spencer's. Those who, like the writer, are puzzled to fit the facts to its doctrines and those who heartily accept it will equally enjoy it and equally admire it as a further example of the author's great gifts as a thinker and as a writer.

Edward L. Thorndike.

REVIEWS

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF THE OXFORD TRANSLATIONS*

These two translations are sure of a cordial welcome from classical scholars as well as from those who must read the Greek and Latin writers in an English form.

Although Longinus *On the Sublime* is the current designation of the former work, both the authorship and the date of the treatise are uncertain. The weight of evidence is decidedly against the tradition that it was written by Cassius Longinus, the celebrated rhetorician and the minister of the ill-fated Zenobia, and in favour of a date some two centuries earlier. Furthermore, *On the Sublime* would not ordinarily convey to the English reader the meaning of the Greek title, and would still less suggest that the work has to do with literary style. Both these points are discussed at length in the Introduction to Mr. Prickard's translation, which closes with an apology for adding a new version to those already in existence, an apology which will readily be accepted in the case of so valuable and so interesting a work, particularly since his translation is based on a new text, that of the Oxford Classical Series.

The exceptional interest of this work, both on account of its style and content, and because of its richness in quotations from the classical writers, is too generally recognised to require more than a passing notice. A readable, and, so far as it has been tested, an accurate, translation is preceded by a helpful analysis of the contents of the work, and is illustrated by numerous footnotes. An Appendix gives: I. Specimen Passages Translated from the Greek Writers on Literary Criticism: Dionysius of Halicarnassus on the Smooth Style; Plutarch, How a Young Man should Read Poetry; Dion Chrysostom, The Defence of Phidias; Lucian, How not to Write History (taken from the translation of the Fowlers—see THE BOOKMAN, April, 1906, p. 214); Cassius Longinus on the Timæus of Plato and on Style. II. The Treatise on Sublimity and Latin Critics. III. Passages Translated from Bishop Lowth's Oxford Lectures on Hebrew Poetry. The work closes with an index, in which Alvadæ is misprinted for Aloadæ. There are some inconsistencies in the spelling of Greek names, such as Meidias in the index, Midias in the translation, and Cleitarchus beside Phidias, Heraclides and Heraclidæ. There is also a misprint in the title given in the first footnote on page 79, and in these days it seems odd to quote Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities on the walls of Messene (p. 26, footnote). The book contains in a convenient form the material necessary for an intelligent reading of this interesting treatise

*Longinus on the Sublime, translated by A. O. Prickard, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. With Introduction, Appendix, and Index. Oxford, Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde), 1906.

Propertius, translated by J. S. Phillimore, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. *Idem.*

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It is inspiring to find a professor of Greek who has not only given us an excellent translation of Propertius, but is credited as well with an Index Verborum of that author and with texts of Propertius and of the Silvæ of Statius. Professor Phillimore bases his version on his own text (Clarendon Press, 1902), but with some divergencies, which are noted at the bottom of the page. The Preface contains an admirable discussion of the general question of translation. The author's choice of a prose form is to be commended, for in spite of the possible objections which he points out, the sense of the original, especially in the case of so difficult a writer as Propertius, can better be given in prose than in metre of any sort. Equally wise is his decision not to attempt to give a poetic colouring to his rendering by introducing "quaint archaic vocables spotted about in sentences of quite modern rhythm and construction." Contrary to the usage in the other volumes of the series, no account of Propertius is given, and there are no notes except for the occasional footnotes on textual variants. There is no index, except one of the first lines of the original Latin. The only explanatory matter is found in the English titles of the elegies, which give the person to whom the poem is addressed and its subject. A commentary will not be missed by Latinists, but the non-Latinist, for whom the book is also made, will surely need some help, and will look for it in vain in the handbooks accessible to him.

Whatever may be thought of the form of the translation, it is clearly the work of one who knows the Latin language as well as that of Propertius. The force of words and of word-order, and frequently even of the syntax, is brought out with rare skill, and the rendering is always faithful to the text, although the text is occasionally not a familiar one. At the same time the version is a readable one, and is written in idiomatic English. If a criticism may be made, it is that the style is now and then too colloquial. *John C. Rolfe.*

EDUCATIONAL BOOK NOTES

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

*Songs Every Child Should Know,** edited by Dolores Bacon, in the series What Children Should Know, is certainly equal to any, if not superior to all others, in merit. More than one hundred songs with music are given. Songs of sentiment, folk song, cradle songs, nonsense songs, national hymns, war songs, patriotic songs, Shakespearian songs, all find a place. The judgment used in the selection of these songs is as good as the taste displayed is broad and catholic. Neither musical excellence nor mere popularity are taken as the sole criterion. There are many songs present that might offend musical taste, but whose popularity or genuine folk feeling demands their inclusion in such a collection. Brief introductory notes to each song add much to the educational value of the collection, while complete indexes by title, by composers, and by authors, as well as a very convenient form, add to the serviceableness of the volume.

EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY.†

Dr. Davidson's book is a new interpretation of the Herbartian psychology in this sense, that it makes the systematic endeavour, with no small measure of success, to trace the groundwork of that psychology in the philosophy of Leibnitz, whereas the appeal has usually been not to Leibnitz, but Kant. The author rightly observes that Herbart's psychology, as applied to education, has the validity of an empirical rule. It has stood the test of experience, but it cannot satisfy the inquiries of the philosopher. It appears to be sound pedagogy, but we scarcely know how. Such a state of things is intolerable, and Dr. Davidson has attempted to better it by founding the Herbartian psychology upon the Leibnitzian philosophy.

There is here a curious hiatus, for it is difficult to find any reference, or any reliable indication, to show that Dr. Davidson has studied the Metaphysic of Herbart, with which it would surely be more natural to connect the Herbartian Psychology than with the Monadology of Leibnitz. The omission is, however, not vital, since Herbart's Metaphysic is most nearly related to that of Leibnitz; and it is probably intentional, since the part of Herbart's philosophy which is not Leibnitzian is Kantian, and the Kantian standpoint has been deliberately abandoned in order to arrive at a new interpretation. Let us consider for a moment the book as it is. It connects the Herbartian psychology directly with the Leibnitzian metaphysic, instead of mediately through the metaphysic of Herbart.

In so doing, it succeeds very well in explaining the Herbartian psychology, but hardly in justifying it. This distinction has not been kept clearly in mind; and the author has, of course, the advantage, if any of his positions be challenged, of being able to claim that such and such a thing is said, not in justification, but in explanation. On the other hand, the tone of the whole is so sympathetic that a general justification is clearly intended. This

* Doubleday, Page and Company., New York.

† A New Interpretation of Herbart's Psychology and Educational Theory. By John Davidson, M. A., D. Phil. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

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point is important, because while an explanation of the Herbartian psychology is merely of academic interest, its justification is fraught with the popular and practical interest that is attached to the theory of education. Unfortunately, no psychology can be justified by a metaphysic. The Leibnitzian philosophy may help us to understand the Herbartian psychology, but it cannot justify it, having enough to do to justify itself. Only in one sense can a metaphysic justify a psychology, and that is from the point of view that all systems of metaphysic have a certain limited validity, in that all are verbal descriptions of the same reality from different points of view.

There are certain weaknesses in the Herbartian psychology so fundamental that the sooner they are abandoned by their apologists the better. There is (1) his theory of the soul as originally purely negative in its properties, whereas we know that it is born charged with the weight of ages of heredity. There is (2) his treatment of ideas as mechanical and independent entities, instead of phases of the soul's activity. There is (3) his conception that the will takes its rise in the circle of thought, whereas genetically thought appears to have arisen as a means of control, so that will is a primary mode of self-activity. The second and third of these Herbartian conceptions have a valid as well as a false side, and for the latter, which, if it were true, would be a very convenient principle in pedagogy, Dr. Davidson has made out an excellent case. It is indeed an end to be desired that thought should in cases of deliberation control the will; but apparently the habitual will, which we call character, is hardly achieved by habitual thought except where there has also been cultivated the habit of reconciling thought with action. In like manner Dr. Davidson's able defence of the Herbartian theory of interest seems to fail as an answer to the objection, that interest is the hedonic aspect of attention, and that attention is not merely a matter of the interaction of apperception masses, but has also the aspect of an original mode of a self-activity. Ideas feed and develop, but they do not create interests.

PEDAGOGY

Successful Teaching. "Fifteen Studies by Practical Teachers,"* with an introduction by James M. Greenwood, Superintendent of Public Schools, Kansas City, Missouri, and *The Recitation,*† by Samuel Hamilton, Ph.D.

The first-named book is, as the title indicates, a collection of short essays by fifteen different teachers, and does not pretend to be a systematic or exhaustive presentation of the problems of teaching. There is much in the book that is fresh and interesting, little that is valuable to one who is familiar with current literature in education. In some cases the authors show a lack of knowledge of the literature of their subjects. The literature of methods in teaching has of late years become so highly specialised that one no longer expects to find in a single volume a discussion of general and special methods for all of the work of the elementary school. The book will prove valuable as an additional book of reference to teachers who have available the more systematic and exhaustive treatises.

In marked contrast with this book is the work by Dr. Hamilton on "The Recitation," issued in Lippincott's Educational Series. The author considers the recitation in its unity, in its parts, and in its methods. In the main, the treatment is similar to that in the other books which have been written on this subject. The author has, however, added certain chapters, those on "Preparation for the Recitation or the Art of Study" and "Thinking in the Recitation" being particularly worthy of mention. The topical outline at the end of each chapter adds much to the value of the book from both the instructor's and student's point of view. On the whole, the author has succeeded in his task, simplifying and clarifying for the younger members of the profession the topics upon which he has written.

Professor Levi Seeley's new book, entitled *Elementary Pedagogy,** adds one more to the list of educational works, already too numerous, which are chiefly compendiums of the ideas of others with a modicum of the writer's own thought. The style of the book is discursive, and the quotations are frequent and lengthy. "The main purpose of the school is to furnish instruction," declares the writer (p. 98), and this sounds the keynote of the work. Professor Seeley out-Herbarts the Herbartians in his emphasis upon the function and importance of the teacher, as the purveyor of knowledge, but ignores the newer educational thought wherein the child, as a self-active being, striving for self-expression, directs the whole trend of the educative process. In plan of organisation and continuity of development, the book is dinstinctly weak, as is revealed by a survey of the headings of the chapters. As a work for beginners, however, the book may contain some valuable suggestions.

Professor Horne's *Psychological Principles of Education*† is a worthy sequel to his *Philosophy of Education.* It ranks high among books on pedagogy in dignity and accuracy. It is extremely well written. The author's general aim is to deduce from the fundamental facts of general psychology precepts concerning the proper ideals and methods of school work. He does not make extensive use of either the recent empirical studies in educational psychology or those researches and discussions whose topics fall midway between sociology and psychology. The book is thus more like the books which have been written on the subject in the last quarter century than those which will be written during the next. The features which do most distinguish its subject matter from that of the earlier books

* Funk and Wagnalls, New York.
† Lippincott, Philadelphia.

* Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York, 1906.
† The Psychological Principles of Education. By H. H. Horne. The Macmillan Company, New York 1906. Pp. xiii + 435.

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are its emphasis upon emotional education and the inclusion of a separate section, Part V, on Religious Education, or Educating the Spirit in Man. In this latter the author has given the most helpful discussion of the topic within brief compass that has so far been written.

SUPPLEMENTARY TEXTS

The tendency to enrich various school subjects by the introduction of much new material has reinforced the tendency to make reading and all language work a by-process to other subjects of study and resulted in the production of a multitude of supplementary texts in every line. Several recent issues represent various school subjects.

*Little Stories of France,** by Maude B. Dutton, is a collection of two score very brief stories or sketches compassing the entire history of France and presenting to the child the leading events of French history in attractive and simple form. While the book is not primarily biographical, yet each epochal story centres around some prominent historical figure.

A much more extensive and pretentious work is *Views in Africa*† in the Series of Geographical Readers by Anna B. Badlam. Seventy chapters of near 450 pages are given to a minute yet interesting description of every feature of importance in the school study of the subject. The chief defect of the book is that it sounds bookish and lacks the freshness that would come from personal observation and experience.

*Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles and Birds,** by Charles F. Holder, is one of many similar works for children. This one has the merit of clear and attractive style, and of that vitality which comes from intimate first-hand knowledge of the subject.

ENGLISH TEXTS

Exposition in Class Room Practice, by Theodore C. Mitchell and George R. Carpenter,* is a clear and interesting manual for teaching this important high school subject. If the book has any fault it is its length of 375 pages. But there is plenty of opportunity for judicious selection by the teacher.

Our Language is a series of three elementary language books published by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia. The first book is by Mrs. Lida B. McMurry and F. T. Norvell the second and third (the latter a grammar) by Professor C. Alphonso Smith. In the first two the authors have wisely aimed at presenting the usual, that is the necessary, things. The presentation is clear and interesting, and the books attractive. The grammar has the advantage of being written by an English scholar, wise enough to eliminate the veteran grammatical fallacies and to include not too much of the newer ideas.

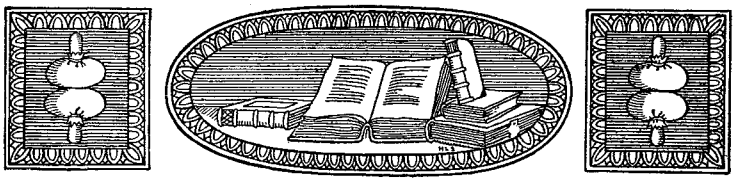
From the press of the American Book Company comes a new series of school readers, edited by Stratton D. Brooks. The First Reader proceeds along the conventional lines, with considerable care for the right recurrence of familiar words, with selections centring around the interests of childhood, but with no attempt at presenting anything like literature. The Second Reader introduces the world of familiar folk-lore, familiar natural history, and children's poetry. The three remaining books of the series present well-chosen examples of general literature. The press work is well done, and the illustrations attractive.

English Studies in Interpretation and Composition, by O. I. Woodley,* is a high-school book in composition in which the special feature is the attempt to unify the teaching of literature and composition. The idea is well conceived, but not very effectively carried out. There are also some lapses in scholarship which seem to indicate haste or carelessness in the making of the book.

Playmates† is the title given by the B. F. Johnson Company to a primary reader which possesses greater continuity than is usual with such texts, and deals in an attractive way with the child's surroundings.

* American Book Company.
† Silver, Burdett and Company.

* Macmillan Company.
† B. F. Johnson Company.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW YORK CITY.

D. Appleton and Company:

Three Speeds Forward. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Another automobile story written in Mr. Osbourne's pleasing style. The unfortunate circumstance which ostracises the hero from the select "400," the romance which results from a fortunate circumstance, the measures taken to win over the young lady's father, and the happy effect it has are all important parts of a story, whose chief fault is said to be its brevity.

The Little King of Angel's Landing. By Elmore Elliott Peake.

A steamboat explosion causes the separation of the little hero of this tale from his parents. His experiences until a reunion takes place is the story.

A Midsummer Day's Dream. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

The hero of this fanciful tale arrives at Temple Park during an outdoor moonlight rehearsal of Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* He loses his way and comes upon a slipper which has been dropped. After overcoming many difficulties he identifies the owner and the heroine of the story. Upon this foundation is built a tale of youth, love and romance.

Hearts Triumphant. By Edith Sessions Tupper.

The tangled love affairs of two women and one man form the basis of this story. While the tale is distinctly a romance, both Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton appear as characters.

Thirteen Men. By W. A. Fraser.

A collection of thirteen stories of life in Canada and the East Indies. Some of the titles are: The Turbulents, The Net of Leo, Mahnet, The Capture of Sheitan, The Stealing of the Buddha Pearl, the Home-Coming of the Nakannies, etc.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Mr. Pickwick's Christmas. By Charles Dickens.

"An account of the Pickwickian's Christmas at the Manor Farm, of the adventures there; the tale of the goblin who stole a sexton, and of the famous sports on the ice, as written in the 'Pickwick Papers.'" George Alfred Williams has written an introduction for the book and has made the illustrations in colour and line. The volume presents an attractive appearance.

Power Lot. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

A story of the seashore, by the author of *Cape Cod Folks.* The book takes its title from a little town on the coast of Nova Scotia; one of the ports from which Captain Jim Turbine, the storyteller, sails his boat. The plot deals with Captain Jim's hopeless love for Mary Stingaree; with Robert Hilton, a rich young man who is brought to Power Lot to cure him of drunkenness; with the reclamation of Hilton, and the part Mary plays in this reclamation; and with the romance which develops.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain. 2 vols. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

Samuel de Champlain himself wrote the narration of his voyages and explorations from 1604 to 1616. The translation has been made by Annie Nettleton Bourne. In the work the editor has also included the description of a voyage undertaken in 1603. The volumes are illustrated.

W. F. Brainard:

The Land of To-morrow. By J. Orton Kerbey.

"A newspaper exploration up the Amazon and over the Andes to the California of South America." Mr. Kerbey has given a great deal of information concerning the unknown interiors of South America and the social and intellectual conditions of the unknown regions along the altitudes near the equator in Peru and Bolivia. This information has been gathered while searching for rubber. Directions are furnished for reaching the region, and advice is given as to cost and means of travel. Over fifty illustrations from photographs embellish the book.

F. M. Buckles and Company:

The Duchess of Padue and Salome. By Oscar Wilde.

A new edition of two of Oscar Wilde's works issued uniformly with a previous book containing "Lady Windemere's Fan," "An Ideal Husband," "A Woman of No Importance" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

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The Century Company:

Fairy Stories Retold from St. Nicholas.

Sixteen stories, published in *St. Nicholas* within the last twenty-five years, are included in this volume. The work is well illustrated.

Don: A Dream. By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

"A story of love and youth." A Canadian young man of high ideals, but dreamy and unpractical, is the hero of this tale. The story describes the comedy and tragedy which are enacted in the lives of a youth and the girl he loves who come to New York to earn a living.

Addresses of John Hay.

The title adequately describes the nature of this book. There are twenty-four addresses included and a portrait of John Hay appears as the frontispiece. Some of the titles are: Franklin in France, A Partnership in Beneficence, American Diplomacy, A Festival of Peace, Lincoln's Faith, America's Love of Peace, etc.

Campaigning with Grant. By Horace Porter.

"The object aimed at in this narrative is to recount the daily acts of General Grant in the field, to describe minutely his personal traits and habits, and to explain the motives which actuated him in important crises by giving his criticisms upon events in the language employed by him at the time they took place." The volume is well supplied with illustrations.

Further Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins. By Captain Harold Hammond.

The second volume of Pinkey Perkins's adventures are said to be quite as humorous and natural to a mischievous country lad as the first. George Varian has made a number of illustrations for the book.

The Bible for Young People. Arranged from the King James Version.

Here are told the "sweet and simple stories of the Bible in the Bible language, omitting only genealogies and doctrines, and whatever is generally regarded as unprofitable to young readers. . . . One of the features which will be appreciated is the table of contents, giving the subject of each book and its subdivisions, so that one may readily turn to any Bible story of which he is in search." There are twenty-four full-page illustrations from old masters. The book is a reprint.

A Modern Madonna. By Caroline Abbot Stanley.

A story based upon a law which, until ten years ago, was enforced in the District of Columbia. This law permitted a man to will the custody of his child to whomever he chose. The widow of a man, with whom she was very unhappy, finds that her husband struck his cruelest blow when he willed their baby to his brother. How this affects the mother and her tragical life is the story.

T. Y. Crowell and Company:

The Open Secret of Nazareth. By Bradley Gilman.

The Holy Land is described in letters, written by Dr. Gilman to a friend at home, while visiting in that country. Dr. Gilman travelled in several places, but the greater part of his time was spent in Nazareth. There are a number of illustrations from photographs.

Swinburne's Poems. Selected and edited by Arthur Beatty.

One of the new additions to the "Handy Volume Classics." A portrait of Swinburne is the frontispiece.

Stories from Dickens. By J. Walker McSpadden.

The stories of the best known of Dickens's boys and girls are separated from the big books and are told in this classic. There are Oliver Twist, Little Nell, Little Dorrit, David Copperfield, Paul and Florence Dombey, etc. Several pictures illustrate the volume.

Every Man a King. By Orison Swett Marden.

Dr. Marden in his latest book makes a plea "for the mastery of self and the training of latent forces to the highest ends." Some of the chapters are upon: How Mind Rules the Body, Mastering Our Moods, The Power of Cheerful Thinking, Building Character, How to Control Thought, etc.

Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Hawthorne's English notebook is the basis upon which this work is built. The new edition is praiseworthy from a typographical point of view and contains several half-tones.

The Spirit of Democracy. By Charles F. Dole.

The purpose of this book is to show what real democratic government is. In it the author endeavours to show that the "certain spirit of humanity or good will which all the clearest thinkers are coming to agree is the essential factor in civilisation" is the clew for understanding and working out the experiment of democracy.

Stories from Scottish History. By M. L. Edgar.

These stories are based on Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. An addition to the Children's "Favourite Classics" series.

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Tales from Herodotus. By H. A. Havell.

One of the "Children's Favourite Classics" series. In this small book the youth are made to feel that the "Father of Historians" was a real personage, instead of a mere name. The work is illustrated.

Christmas Making. By J. R. Miller.

A poem, by Phillips Brooks, opens this volume. Then follows an article on Christmas Making, a Christmas Prayer for the Lonely, and a Prayer for Christmas Morning.

Does God Comfort? By One Who Has Greatly Needed to Know.

In this small book an anonymous author tells why the soul was a questioning soul, why it sought God, how it found Him, and what the seeking and finding won for it as its years passed by.

Tannhäuser. By Richard Wagner. Retold by Oliver Huckel.

A companion volume to *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin*, with which it is closely connected. *Tannhäuser* is a parable of the redemptive power of a pure and unselfish love."

American Character. By Brander Matthews.

An essay in answer to a foreign criticism that "the ambition of the American's heart, the passion of his life, is money."

The Personality of God. By Lyman Abbott.

The aim of this little book is to present a compact view concerning the personality of God which Mr. Abbott has for many years expressed in his sermons and writings.

The Challenge of the Spirit. By Ellis A. Ford.

A small book in which the author sends "a message of faith and cheer."

The World's Christmas Tree. By Charles E. Jefferson.

A plea for the true spirit of Christmas is made in this book. Dr. Jefferson urges that each person should hang something upon the tree of "Opportunity" for the benefit of mankind.

Meg and the Others. By Harriet T. Comstock.

A story intended to be of special interest to girls. The heroine, an old-fashioned girl, lived many years ago, and her adventures and experiences are told to some other girls by their grandmother.

Joey at the Fair. By James Otis.

This new story by Mr. Otis, a favourite writer of tales for boys, is one of farm life in New England. Joey's experiences at the county fair, where he has endeavoured to secure first prize for a pet calf, is one of the main features of the story.

The Tenting of the Tillicums. By Herbert Bashford.

The annually increasing popularity of camping insures interest in stories of that life. The campers described in this story are an Indian and four boys. The scenes are laid on the shores of Puget Sound. Their adventures are quite exciting.

All the Year in the Garden. Edited by Esther Matson.

A nature calendar. This is really a year-book with an out-door thought, in either prose or poetry, for every day. Several illustrations add to the pleasure of the book.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Battle of the Weak. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.

A loveless marriage and its results are here vividly portrayed. The hero is a wild, untamed youth. He loves and is loved by the wife of the country physician. The bitterness through which all pass before happiness finally comes supplies the story.

Billy Bounce. By W. W. Denslow and Dudley A. Bragdon.

A juvenile. "The theme of the book is Billy's search for and exposure of all those people and things that are popularly used by nurses and some thoughtless parents to frighten the little ones with." The illustrations are by Denslow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Key of the Blue Closet. By W. Robertson Nicoll.

This collection of articles cover thirty different subjects. Some of these are: The Man with a Cold, One Lights a Candle Called Patience, "Never Chew Your Pills," Swelled Head, Concerning Spectacles, The Art of Packing, Sailing against the Wind, The Key of the Blue Closet, etc.

Brains and Personality. By W. Hanna Thomson.

"The object of this book is to acquaint the general reader with the remarkable discoveries of modern physiological science of the specific relations of certain areas on the surface of the brain to special mental functions. One of the first results of these discoveries is to impart an entirely new aspect to the important subject of Education."

Emma, Lady Hamilton. By Walter Sichel.

The many new manuscripts which have passed into the national collection

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during the last two decades and the new and important evidence now existing have cast new lights upon the character of Lady Hamilton, upon the whole story of her life, and upon the history of Naples. In Mr. Sichel's book he has included the new material, an appendix of notes, new letters, and a frontispiece of his subject taken from an original sepia study. There are a number of illustrations in the work.

Through Five Republics of South America. By Percy F. Martin.

A critical description of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay and Venezuela in 1905. The author states the object of his book as twofold. "First, I believe it is timely, in view of the enormous advances made by the South American Republics of late years, and the amount of British capital invested therein. Secondly, I have in my journalistic capacity been enabled to gather much information of value, which I have found no opportunity for utilising in the newspapers I have represented, but which, accompanied by illustrations and somewhat fuller descriptions, should be acceptable as a critical account of the countries visited." The work is embellished by one hundred and twenty-eight illustrations and three maps.

Charles Dickens. By G. K. Chesterton.

A critical study of Dickens, intended "as a general justification of that author, and of the whole of the gigantesque English humour of which he was the last and not the least gigantic survival." Each of the novels are treated in turn and a general estimate of the influence of Dickens given.

A Little Girl in Old Quebec. By Amanda M. Douglas.

The eleventh of the "Little Girl" series. The life and customs of the inhabitants of this quaint French city are interwoven into the tale, which ends in a romance.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Burglars' Club. By Henry A. Hering.

In order to gain admission to the "Burglars' Club" a daring burglary must be successfully accomplished. The doings of this club are chronicled in the twelve short stories included in the volume. There are sixteen illustrations by F. H. Townsend.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Witch's Gold. By Hamlin Garland.

A new and amplified edition of an old story, *The Spirit of Sweet-water.* The moral development of a man who has come into possession of great wealth is the theme of the tale. W. L. Taylor has supplied the illustrations and H. A. Linnell the coloured decorations.

Songs Every Child Should Know. Edited by Dolores Bacon.

"A selection of the best songs of all nations for young people." The songs included do not all have a technical musical value—some are a reflection of a time or period in the musical development of a nation; others have been included because they have qualities which have resulted in popularity. The air and several verses are given to each selection.

Dixie, After the War. By Myrta Lockett Avary.

"An exposition of social conditions existing in the South during the twelve years succeeding the fall of Richmond." The race problem and other problems are presented by a Southern woman who had many opportunities for obtaining valuable information. Mrs. Avary has recently taken a tour through several of the Southern States for the purpose of gathering fresh data and substantiating information already possessed.

The Cynic's Word Book. By Ambrose Bierce.

A number of words beginning with the letters of the alphabet between A-L are here defined by the "Cynic." For instance: *Diplomacy* is "The patriotic art of lying for one's country." *Liar,* "A lawyer with a roving commission." *Impostor,* "A rival aspirant to public honours."

Duffield and Company:

Mother Goose: Her Book. With Pictures by Harry L. Smith.

Juvenile. The Mother Goose rhymes are here published in an attractive edition. There are several full-page coloured pictures.

Little Nemo in Slumberland. By Winsor McCay.

Juvenile. The readers of the comic section of the New York *Herald* need no introduction to Little Nemo. Each page of the book, by a series of several pictures, tells a story.

The Jessamy Bride. By Frankfort Moore.

A gift-book edition of a pretty story published ten years ago. C. Allan Gilbert has made six full-page illustrations in colour for the volume.

Chinatown Ballads. By Wallace Irwin.

The customs and artifices of the Chinese in America are portrayed in the seven humorous poems in this collection. They are written in dialect.

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On Reading. By George Brandes.

An essay in which the author discusses the pleasure to be found in books. The article first appeared in *The International Quarterly.*

Misrepresentative Women. By Harry Graham.

A companion volume to *Misrepresentative Men* and *More Misrepresentative Men.* Among those whom the author hits are: Eve, Marie Corelli, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Christopher Columbus, Dame Rumour, etc. Dan Sayre Groesbeck has made the characteristic drawings.

Pride and Prejudice. By Mrs. Steele MacKaye.

With Jane Austen's novel as a foundation the widow of a well-known theatrical manager and the author of *Hazel Kirke* has produced a four-act comedy.

At the Sign of the Sphinx. By Carolyn Wells.

A collection of charades in verse. There is an appendix giving answers to the one hundred and twenty puzzles.

Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth. By George Brandes.

This book is precisely what the title indicates. Many interesting experiences are scattered throughout the life of this well-known Scandinavian and his friendship for Ibsen is a strong feature.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Manual of Common Butterflies and Moths of America and Europe. Prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller.

A Manual of Common American and European Insects. Prepared under the supervision of William Beutenmüller.

In the first book there are one hundred and fourteen reproductions, and in the second one hundred and forty-seven, presented in the natural colours with both common and scientific names.

A New Appraisal of Christian Science. By Joseph Dunn Burrell.

This little book gives the facts generally known about Mrs. Eddy. While the work is hostile to the faith, it is said to be a calm and reasoned review of its origin and growth.

The Grafton Press:

Historic Hadley. By Alice Morehouse Walker.

"A story of the making of a famous Massachusetts town." The tale has for its basis town records, every available historical document and familiar traditions. The work is well illustrated.

Harper and Brothers:

The Gentleman Ragman. By Wilbur Nesbit.

"Johnny Thompson's story of the emigger." The story of a typical inland village is told from a boy's point of view. The tale abounds in humour and introduces the reader to several interesting characters; among them are the country editor, the village poetess and Squire Miller.

Ann Boyd. By Will N. Harben.

The farmer folk of the South again take a prominent part in Mr. Harben's latest book. The heroine, who finds herself without a friend, whose husband even has turned against her, wins back power, position and a united home by sheer force of will.

Selected Lyrical Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

In addition to the verse first published in the collection, "Poems and Ballads," many others of Swinburne's early and later lyrics are included in this volume, to which the poet is indebted for his fame. There are seventy-five selections in all.

Buchanan's Wife. By Justus Miles Forman.

Mr. Forman, whose romances have usually been laid in France, has changed the scenes of the present story to the American stage. The plot turns on a loveless marriage, into which the heroine is forced in order to give financial assistance to her family. Buchanan cruelly insists that the former lover of his wife shall visit them, and then tortures her before him. The strange disappearance of Buchanan, the finding of a body, the marriage of Beatrix to her former lover and its tragic results are parts of the story.

The Crystal Sceptre. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

In Mr. Mighels's latest story the hero has been stranded on an unknown island as the result of an accident while on a balloon trip. His adventures on this island, the inhabitants and the difficulties he has to return to civilisation are told in a manner to interest boys.

The Aristocracy of Health. By Mary Foote Henderson.

A practical "study of the science of health through hygiene, and teaches people how to be strong, self-reliant, successful, long-lived and happy." Considerable space is given to the correct diet, and common drugs and stimulants are discussed with an explanation of their effects upon the system and

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the liability to different diseases as affected by their use.

Henry Holt and Company:

Audrey Craven. By May Sinclair.

The success attained by *The Divine Fire* has caused several of Miss Sinclair's earlier works to be republished. *Audrey Craven* is one of these.

The Young Folks Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. By John Denison Champlin.

A new edition of a work published over a quarter of a century ago brought down to date. More than five hundred new articles upon persons and places which have become prominent of late years have been added.

Ancient Law. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine.

The fourth American edition of *Ancient Law,* its connection with the early history of society and its relation to modern ideas. Sir Frederick Pollock has added an introduction and explanatory notes.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Historia Amoris. By Edgar Saltus.

"A history of love, ancient and modern." The book is divided into two parts. Part I., which deals with ancient love, describes love as presented by Isthar, by Sappho in "the initial love tragedy of the Occident," by Aspasia, by Antony and Cleopatra, etc. Part II., modern love, is described in The Pursuivants of Love, Love in the Seventeenth Century, Love in the Eighteenth Century, The Parliaments of Joy, etc.

John Lane Company:

Stray Leaves. By Herbert Paul.

A series of essays on Bishop Creighton, George Eliot, The Study of Greek, The Novels of Peacock, The Religion of the Greeks, Bishops and Historians, Horæ Subscivæ, Charles Lamb, The Author of *Ionica,* Winston Churchill's *Life of Lord Churchill.*

Night and Morning. By Katrina Trask.

The beatitude of Love and Life is the argument of this story, told in verse. The work is divided into two parts, Night and Morning.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

My Impressions of America. By Charles Wagner.

No pretensions are made by the author at saying anything new about America in this book. He claims it to be "merely an echo of impressions gathered in their midst by a guest to whom they gave such a welcome as few men have ever received." Mary Louise Hendee has made the translation.

A Good Samaritan. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

Breezy. By J. George Frederick.

The Pets. By B. Henry Wallace Phillips.

These humorous stories are issued in the "Comic Masterpieces" series, of which *Pigs is Pigs* was the first volume. The first tells the adventures of a genially intoxicated youth and his young ministerial friend, who sees him to his home. The success of a young clerk in a grocery store is the theme of the second. The third is a laughable tale of some unruly birds, animals, and reptiles, which are termed "pets."

The Pettison Twins. By Marion Hill.

Nine humorous stories about the Pettison Twins are told in this volume. While the stories are about children, they are intended for adult readers. F. Y. Cory has supplied a number of characteristic illustrations.

A Sailor of Fortune. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

That Captain Osbon, the hero of this tale, was a man of adventure will be seen by reading his reminiscences of the wars against the pirates of China, of his relations with King Edward VII., of the parts he took at Fort Sumter and with Farragut in the Civil War, of his position as Admiral in the Mexican Navy, and of his experiences in the late Spanish War.

The Macmillan Company:

Poems. By Coventry Patmore.

An introduction by Basil Champneys has been added to this reprint. A copy of what is considered Coventry Patmore's best photograph is given as the frontispiece. The volume contains all of the poet's verse.

A Book of the Rhine. By S. Baring Gould.

This book is not designed to be used as a guide book; its purpose is, rather, to enable the traveller to understand the meaning of what he sees, and how things came to be as they are now seen. There are no detailed histories of the towns and territories, but sufficient data to give a good idea of the past. The volume contains many illustrations.

The Nature of Capital and Income. By Irving Fisher.

"This book is an attempt to put on a rational foundation the concepts and fundamental theorems of capital and income. It therefore forms a sort of philosophy of economics accounting, and, it is hoped, may supply a link long missing between the ideas and usages

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underlying practical business transactions and the theories of abstract economics. . . . The aim has been to preserve a definite sequence by which each step prepares the way for those which follow."

Edward Young in Germany. By John Louis Kind.

In this monograph the author has endeavoured "to record more fully than has hitherto been attempted the history of German interest in the works of Edward Young, and to trace in detail the influence which they have had upon German literature." This paper-covered volume is number three in the second volume of Columbia University Germanic Studies.

A Book of English Gardens. By M. R. Gloag.

Three articles on gardens in general and thirteen particular gardens comprise this volume. Some of the gardens of which a description is given are Abbotsbury, Dorsetshire; Beckett, Berkshire; Ham House, Surrey; Sutton Place, Surrey; Brownsea Island, Dorsetshire, etc. The volume is well illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. 4 vols. Vol. II. By Henry Charles Lea.

The second volume of this work deals with the Jurisdiction, Organisation, Resources and Practice of the Spanish Inquisition. Under the first sub-head, Heresy, The Regular Orders, Bishops, The Edict of Faith, and Appeals to Rome are discussed; The Inquisitor-General and Supreme Council, The Tribunal, Unsalaried Officials, and Limpieza are discussed under the second; the third subject deals with Confiscation, Fines and Penances, Dispensations, Benefices, and Finances; while "Practice" covers the Edict of Grace, The Inquisitorial Process, Arrest and Sequestration, The Secret Prison, Evidence, and Confession.

The Railway Children. By E. Nesbit.

A tale of adventure for young readers. The story is said to differ from the fanciful tales with which the author has been wont to delight children.

A Sailor's Garland. Selected and edited by John Masefield.

A glance at the title is sufficient for the prospective reader to be assured that only poems which relate to the sea in some way are to be found in this collection. There are verses of sailors and of life at sea, those which illustrate our sea history, poems of mermaids and spirits of the sea, poems of pirates and smugglers, etc.

Merrylips. By Beulah Marie Dix.

A little girl who is compelled to masquerade as a boy and take part in battles is the heroine of this story for young readers. Her exciting adventures make a very interesting story.

A Wanderer in London. By E. V. Lucas.

Mr. Lucas takes the reader through London, describing the many places of interest, such as the Apsley House, Piccadilly, the Devonshire House, Berkley Street, Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, the Strand and Covent Garden, St. Paul's, the Tower, British Museum, Westminster, etc. There are sixteen illustrations in colour and three dozens in monotone.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia. By John S. Patton.

Mr. Patton presents a light of the ex-President which is not generally known. The history of the University of Virginia, which is the result of a great effort on the part of Jefferson and Cabell, is brought down to date. This history necessarily deals with many prominent men of affairs.

Lyrics of Love. By H. R. R. Hertzberg.

A collection of sixty-five poems, many of which have previously appeared in daily newspapers.

James Pott and Company:

Where Shakespeare Set His Stage. By Elise Lathrop.

The author makes no attempt to criticise the twelve plays selected for this work. She does attempt to discover, where possible, "the exact period at which the action of the drama might have taken place, or when this is not possible, the anchronisms which prevent it have been mentioned and considered." Considerable care has been given to the reliability of dates. The plays discussed are *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* The volume is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Some Literary Eccentrics. By John Fyvie.

In his prefatory note the author says that the eleven "Literary Eccentrics" here presented range from "just that spice of singularity which raises a man above the commonplace to an excess of morbidity, which places him on the border-line of insanity." The eleven are Thomas Amory, Thomas Day, William Beckford, William Savage Landor, William Hazlitt, Henry Crabb Robinson, Charles Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, George Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville. There are ten illustrations.

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Fleming H. Revell Company:

Makers of English Poetry. By W. J. Dawson.

Makers of English Prose. By W. J. Dawson.

These two volumes complete the trilogy, the first of which, *The Makers of English Fiction,* was published about a year ago. The author gives the aim of his work as an attempt "to put before the reader in a compact form what can be said of the character and worth of writers who have made English literature glorious. The estimate may be imperfect, the verdict may be wrong; but it will be honestly given, as far as the knowledge and conviction of the writer are concerned; to which it is only necessary to add that every wise reader will reconsider the verdict for himself, and will, as far as his opportunities allow, avail himself of those legitimate sources of information on which any estimate of any writer must be based."

S. H. Hadley of Water Street. By J. Wilbur Chapman.

A companion and succeeding volume to *Down in Water Street.* The names of Water Street Mission and Jerry McAuley's Mission are familiar to almost every one who knows anything about New York City. In writing the life of S. H. Hadley, the story of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission is continued from Jerry McAuley to the present time. Seventeen illustrations add much to the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Works of George Meredith. 8 vols.

The last eight volumes in the Pocket Edition of George Meredith's works. The titles are *One of Our Conquerors, The Tragic Comedians, Evan Harrington, The Shaving of Shagpat, The Amazing Marriage, Lord Ormont and His Aminta, Short Stories* and *Poems.*

Two-Legs. By Carl Ewald.

This parable, which Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has translated from the Danish, tells the fanciful story of the various stages of man's conquest of the animal kingdom and of his translation from a state of savagery to civilisation.

The Perfect Tribute. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

An appreciation of Abraham Lincoln, interwoven in which is a pathetic little tale.

The Distractions of Martha. By Marion Harland.

As Martha, the heroine of this tale, begins her married life, she follows closely a set of theoretical rules gathered from various so-called authentic sources. These rules do not prove practical at all times, and while Martha scores a few triumphs, her failures predominate, until she discards new-fangled notions and takes pattern after her ancestors.

A Whimsey Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

"It is whimseys of manner, not matter, that are offered in this collection." The verses are arranged under the following headings: Logical Whimseys, Shaped Whimseys, Alphabetical Whimseys, Typographical Whimseys, Lipograms, Alliterative Whimseys, Acrostics, Enigmas and Charades, Anagrams, Palindromes, Mnemonics, Catalogue Whimseys, Tongue Twisters, Monorhymes, Interior Rhymes, etc.

The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales. By Louise Seymour Houghton.

The folk-lore stories of Russia, clothed in simple language and set in a slight background of peasant life of portions of the southern part of that country as it exists to-day are here told. The forty or more stories are illustrated by W. T. Benda.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Wild Flower Book for Young People. By Alice Lounsberry.

In the language of a little girl, and with all botanical terms and difficult words omitted, is told the story of the wild flowers she sees while living in the country. While the book is designed especially for young people, readers of mature years may learn much from its pages. There are seventy-seven full-page illustrations in the work.

The Cattle-Baron's Daughter. By Harold Bindloss.

The strife between the herdsmen and the homesteaders for the possession of the plains is the basis of this exciting story. The principals are Hetty Torrance, who is loyal to her cattle-owning father; Larry Grant, the leader of the homestead boys; and Flo Schuyler, who plays an important part.

Benjamin R. Tucker:

Carlotta Cortina. By Francis du Bosque.

A story reprinted in pamphlet form.

Thomas Whittaker:

Briefs for Our Times. By Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

A series of short essays on various religious subjects. A short text prefaces each sermon.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Ginn and Company:

Stories from Famous Ballads. By Grace Greenwood.

These stories are edited by Caroline Burnite and reprinted in the hope that girls may appreciate their simplicity and beauty and be led to read the romantic ballads in their original poetic form. There are nine stories, each one of which is illustrated.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Borrowed Sister. By Eliza Orne White.

A book in which little girls will find entertainment. The story is illustrated by Katherine Pyle.

American Hero Stories. 1492-1865. By Eva March Tappan.

"This volume contains five accounts of voyages and explorers, ranging from Columbus to Lewis and Clark; stories of five colonies of marked dissimilarity—Virginia, Quebec, Plymouth, New York, and Philadelphia; brief lives of four prisoners of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and fifteen short stories of war times." There are many illustrations.

Charles Godfrey Leland. 2 vols. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

This biography of Hans Breitmann, as Leland was commonly called, contains many letters and anecdotes. To Mrs. Pennell, his niece, he left all his papers, letters and manuscripts. These have enabled her to write a valuable memoir. Mention is made of a large number of well-known people, among whom are Robert Browning, Lord Houghton, Jean Ingelow, Walter Besant, Washington Irving, Bulwer Lytton, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Dickens, etc. The volumes are copiously illustrated.

John Gilpin. By William Cowper.

A reprint of Cowper's well-known poem, embellished with thirty-two original wood-cut engravings by Robert Seaver.

Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier.

This charming winter classic is published in an elaborate holiday attire. Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking, and Edmund H. Garrett have supplied the drawings, Herbert W. Gleason the photographs and Adrian J. Iorio the decorations.

Little, Brown and Company:

Playtime. By Clara Murray.

A book for very small children, designed to serve as a primer. The illustrations are in colour.

Long Ago in Greece. By Edmund J. Carpenter.

"A book of golden hours with the old story-tellers." Twenty classic tales are retold in such a way as to interest young readers. Among the titles are The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, adapted from Homer; A Celestial Runaway, adapted from Ovid; Hero and Leander, adapted from Musæus; Narcissus and His Shadow, adapted from Ovid; Cupid and Psyche, adapted from Apuleius, etc. The work is illustrated.

Lyrical Poems of Robert Browning. By A. J. George.

In this collection the author has included those poems which "reveal the principles which formed the mind and fashioned the art of this great teacher in his happiest moments and highest ideals." The poems are arranged in chronological order, and are supplied with biographical and literary notes.

Pelham and His Friend Tim. By Allen French.

A book for boys. Pelham and his friend Tim have some very exciting adventures as the result of a mill strike. There are five illustrations.

Blackie: His Friends and His Enemies. By Madge A. Bigham.

"A book of old fables in new dresses." Blackie is a rat, and his friends and enemies include cats, grasshoppers, frogs, ants, birds, goats, a fox, an elephant, a monkey, a lion, fish, etc. Clara E. Atwood has illustrated the book.

Roberta and Her Brothers. By Alice Ward Bailey.

A young girl, who endeavours to take a mother's place in the lives of her brothers, and who has their interests at heart more than her own, is the delightful heroine of this story. Dancing, baseball and the sports of youth enter into the tale.

In Eastern Wonderlands. By Charlotte Chaffee Gibson.

A visit to the Orient inspired this book. The trip was taken by three children and their parents. Among the places described are Honolulu, Tokio, Kioto, China, Ceylon, India, the Himalaya Mountains, Benares, Delhi, Bombay, Egypt, etc. The volume is illustrated from photographs.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Camp on Letter K. By Clarence B. Burleigh.

Two boys who camp in Aroostook County, where smuggling across the Canadian line has been prevalent, are the heroes of Mr. Burleigh's story, which is the first in the "Raymond Ben-

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son" series. A public service which the boys render, involving the leading smugglers of the district, is an important feature.

When I Was a Boy in Japan. By Sakao Shioya.

In this book the author has endeavoured to give an interesting account of his life from infancy to about fourteen years of age. In telling the story of his boyhood, which he has assumed to be a typical one, he has given a picture of the customs and the spirit of Japan.

Jimmie Suter. By Martha James.

The first volume in the "Pigeon Camp" series. This book for boys tells of an interesting friendship between Jimmie Suter, a poor boy, and Rand Cotter, the son of a rich man.

Dave Porter in the South Seas. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The young readers who last year enjoyed *Dave Porter at Oak Hall* will now be glad to go with him on a long trip to the South Seas. The many adventures with which he and his two school chums meet will be found very entertaining.

Two Cadets with Washington. By W. O. Stoddard.

In the first volume of the "Revolutionary" series a drummer-boy and a fifer were taken through the battle of Bunker Hill. This second tale tells how the drummer-boy rises to be a cadet, becomes the friend of James Monroe, and how they serve under Washington.

Little Miss Rosamond. By Nina Rhoades.

Little girls will be interested in Rosamond's visit to the seaside home of her uncle. Bertha G. Davidson has illustrated the story.

Five Little Peppers and How They Grew. By Margaret Sidney.

A book which has been popular with young people for years is here presented in holiday attire. Herman Heyer has made the illustrations in colour.

With Mask and Mitt. By A. T. Dudley.

As may be easily imagined from the title, baseball is a prominent feature of this story. There is in the tale a combination of athletic science, fun, and character-building.

Four Boys in the Yellowstone. By E. T. Tomlinson.

The tour which four boys, who have formed a close friendship in a New England preparatory school, take in a private car to Yellowstone Park is the foundation upon which Mr. Tomlinson has laid his latest story for boys. This tale begins the "Our Own Land" series.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

Perkins of Portland. By Ellis Parker Butler.

A collection of eight short stories, the hero in all being "Perkins the Great." The first tale gives the book its title. Others are The Adventure of Mr. Silas Boggs, The Adventure of the Lame and the Halt, The Adventure in Automobiles, The Adventure of the Poet, The Adventure of the Princess of Pilliwink.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Laird and Lee:

Diary and Time-Saver for 1907.

In addition to being serviceable as a diary, this small book contains many useful bits of information, such as moon changes, statistics, maps, course of treatment in case of emergencies, etc.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Day's Journey. By Netta Syrett.

A tale of jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding, separation, and eventually reunion. The hero, a man who feels that his talent for literary work is being thwarted at home, leaves his wife and forms a friendship for a beautiful girl. During the separation the wife writes a book which meets with wonderful success. This book is the means of awakening the husband to his sense of duty, and he returns to his wife, who receives him, but on such terms as to teach him a lesson in humility.

A Hundred Years Hence. By T. Baron Russell.

This book was at first intended "to be no more than an attempt to foresee the probable trend of mechanical invention and scientific discovery during the present century. But as the work took shape it was seen to involve a certain amount of what may be called moral conjecture, since the material progress of the new age could not very well be imagined without taking into account its mental characteristics. In these expectations of an optimist a great ethical improvement of the civilised human race has been anticipated, and a rate of progress foreseen which perhaps no previous writers have looked for." The foregoing quotation from the title-page gives a general idea of the scope of the work.

McDonald of Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye.

A tale of two shores. The story of Ranald McDonald, written at his request, is based on personal statements and letters of McDonald and other old

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Hudson Bay men, on the record of voyages of the *Morrison* and *Himmaleh*, on government reports and depositions, on various papers now in the hands of Canadian historical societies, on Perry documents and reports of American and European statesmen, and on newspaper and other references to him. The book is illustrated.

Gems of Wisdom for Every Day. Selected by H. B. Metcalf.

A cloth-covered book, printed in two colours. For every day in the year there is a short quotation from some well-known source.

Kakemono. By A. Herbage Edwards.

By giving the sub-heads of these sketches of Japan and Japanese life one can obtain a good idea of the scope of this work. They are The Faith of Japan, Lord Fuji, The Art of the Nation, Scenes in Rain and Sunshine, The Land of the Gods, and The Heart of the People.

William of Orange. By George P. Upton.

Gudrun. By George P. Upton.

The Nibelungs. By George P. Upton.

Barbarossa. By George P. Upton.

Four additional volumes in the series known as "Life Stories for Young People." There are now twelve volumes in the series. Each book has a frontispiece.

The Renewal of Life. By Margaret W. Morley.

Advice is here given as to how and when the facts of the origin of life should be told to the young. The volume is illustrated.

The Public Publishing Company:

The Confessions of a Monopolist. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.

This story of "getting something for nothing explains the lust for franchises, mining rights, tariff privileges, railway control, tax evasions. All these things mean monopoly, and all monopoly is bottomed on legislation."

Syndicate Publishing Company:

Cæsar's Column. By Ignatius Donnelly.

A paper-covered edition of a "story of the future," written a number of years ago.

American Baptist Publication Society:

The Promotion. By John M. Dean.

A story of the Philippine War. This tale is a departure from previous work by the author, who has hitherto written stories of a religious nature.

The Self-Effacement of Malachi Joseph. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

In the belief that there is as much love and hatred in the country as in the city, the author attempts the presentation of certain conditions that hold in the life of the more remote villages.

Lectures on Homiletics. By Henry C. Graves.

A series of lectures on various phases of homiletics, such as Discipline, Texts and Themes, The Literary Character of the Sermon, The Delivery of the Sermon, Preaching and Worship, etc.

The Egerton Press:

The Name of William Shakespeare. By John Louis Haney.

A study in orthography. The aim of this work is "to present in convenient form the principal facts that have been elicited concerning the origin and etymology of the name and the vicissitudes" of the orthography of the name of this poet.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year-Book—5667. Edited by Henrietta Szold.

The central feature of this year's book, which, according to our reckoning, covers the time between September 20, 1906, and September 8, 1907, is the table of massacres of Jews in Russia. The recording of Jewish activities in the United States each year is the purpose of the books. Two new lists have been included this year—a record of the works produced by Jewish artists in the United States during the current year, and an enumeration of notable articles which have appeared in the Jewish press since last August, together with articles of Jewish interest in the secular mediums.

Stories and Pictures. By Isaac Loeb Perez.

A story of the common Jewish people in their own dialect, translated by Helena Frank. In the numerous tales which are told in this volume the author is said to take up the cause of his heroes and plead it for them, as well as to picture life as it really is.

The John C. Winston Company:

The "Bishop" of Cottontown. By John Trotwood Moore.

A vivid picture of child labour in Southern factories is given in this book. The "Bishop" is the name given to the spiritual adviser of Cottontown, although the man holds no church office. There are a number of romances, and although there is much trouble throughout the story, the ending is a happy one.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Guarded Flame. Maxwell. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sands of Pleasure. Young. (Estes.) $1.50.
6. The Spirit of Bambatse. Haggard. (Longman.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN,

Second List.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 75c.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In Cure of Her Soul. Stimson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Pretty Ways of Providence. Pearse. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

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CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Throwback. Lewis. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Tracer of Lost Persons. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Buchanan's Wife. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Truth About Tolna. Runkle. (Century.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard the Brazen. Brady and Peple. (Moffatt, Yard & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Girl from Tim's Place. Munn. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Power Lot. Greene. (Baker & Taylor Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Fenwick's Career. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Garden of Allah. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 75c.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (Musson Book Co.) 50c.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (William Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Musson Book Co.) $1.25.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Poole Publishing Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dixie After the War. Avary. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.75.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	302
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	222
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribners.) $1.50	188
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50	176
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	142
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	84

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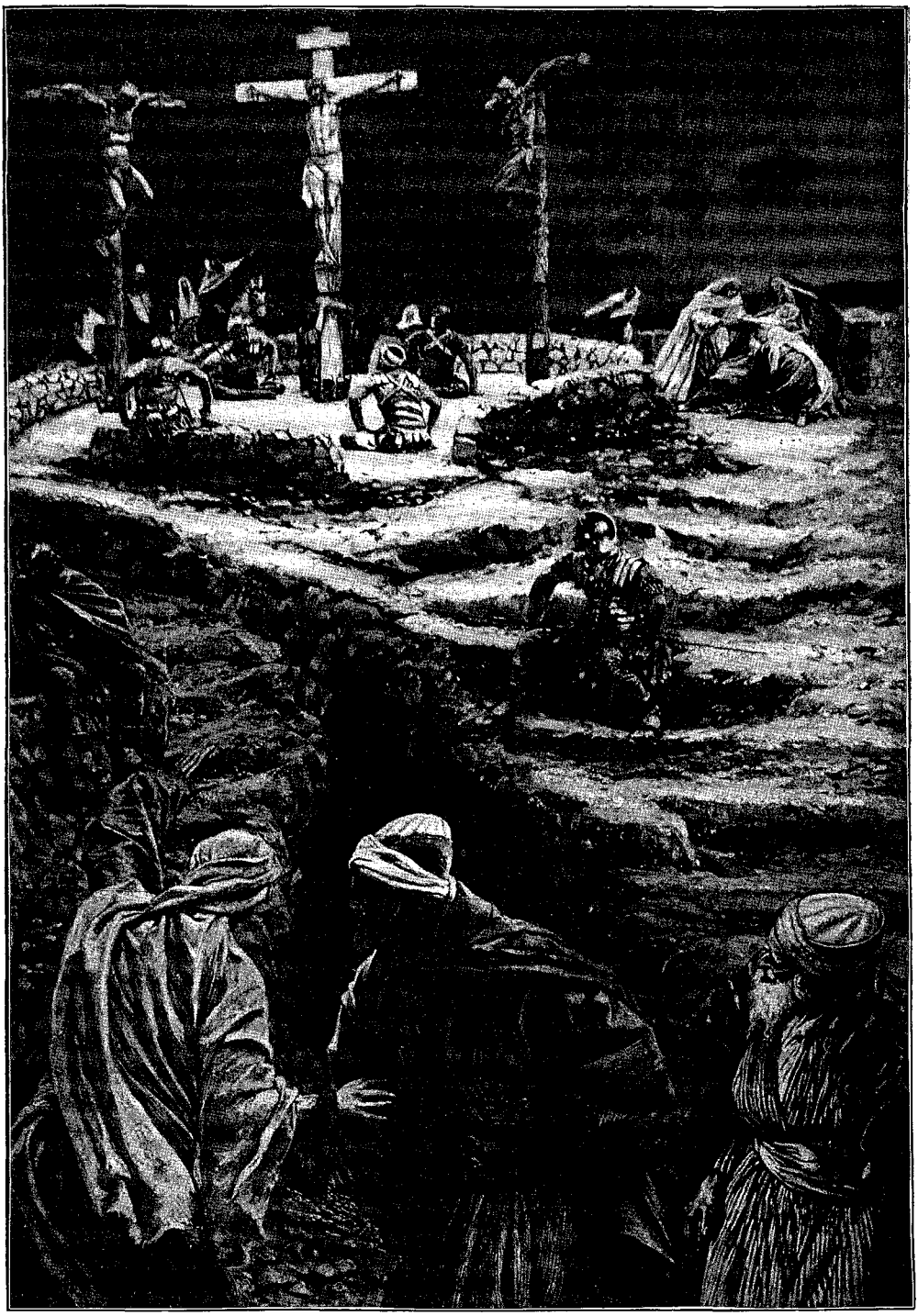

"THE LITTLE BIRD BEGAN TO FEEL A STRONGER AND STRONGER PITY FOR THE THORN-CROWNED SUFFERER"

From the painting by J. J. Tissot. (See "Robin Redbreast.")

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